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The Nissan 240 SX. There's never been a sports car quite like it.

Except for this one.

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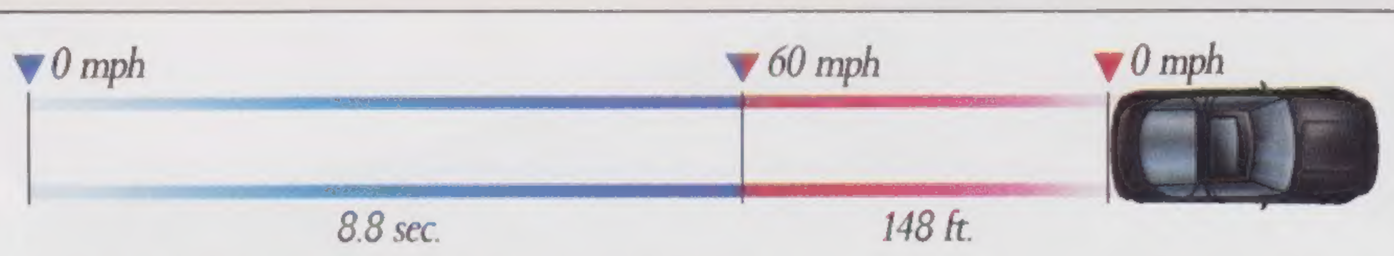
Instead of starting with a coupe,

The 240SX Fastback (shown here with our optional SE Sport Package).

and adding a few "performance features," the engineers at Nissan® started with a sports car—and added a trunk.

As you can see, the beautifully-sculpted result is the new 240SX™ Coupe, an automobile with the same powerful 12-valve, 140 hp engine, the same cutting-edge suspension, the same performance technology that Nissan built into the 240SX Fastback, one of the most talked-about sports cars to come down the track in a long time:



According to Road & Track test data, the 240SX can take you from 0 to 60 in 8.8 seconds. Thanks to power disc brakes on all four wheels, the numbers from 60 to 0 are equally impressive.

"Nissan's new multi-link rear suspension . . . gets most of the credit for the 240SX's phenomenal road manners . . . . Lift off the throttle in the middle of a high-g turn and the 240SX quietly tightens its line." *(Road & Track)*

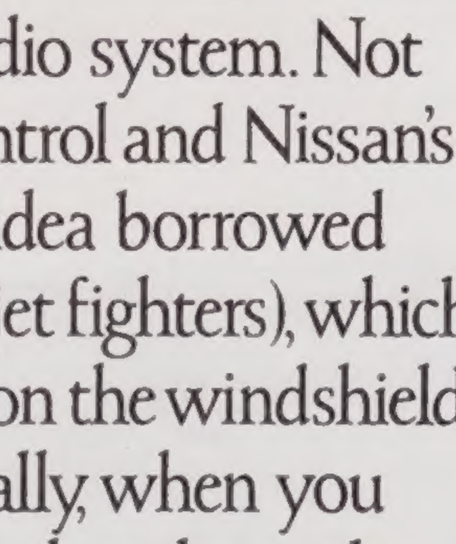
"It's the degree of balance and finely polished finish of the car's styling, layout, and performance that make this 240SX a real standout." *(Motor Trend)*

"Interior design has a flowing, show-car quality." *(Road & Track)*

"The twelve-valve four punches out plenty of low- and mid-rpm power, so that lane changes are little more than a flex of the right foot away." *(Motor Trend)*

What more can be said?

Only that when Nissan designed their new sports cars, they didn't put all of the power under the hood.



*Rear-wheel drive helps give the 240SX its superb handling characteristics. In fact, it can actually out-turn cars with four-wheel steering.**

The Coupe's list of options, for example, includes power windows, power door locks, dual power mirrors, power sliding-glass sunroof, and a powerful, 25-watt AM/FM cassette audio system. Not to mention cruise control and Nissan's head-up display (an idea borrowed from the cockpits of jet fighters), which indicates speed right on the windshield.

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COVER LOOK *The new cover up: Yves Saint Laurent's tuxedo jacket (another view, page 181), on model Karen Alexander. In hot weather: the barest makeup. Here, from Yves Saint Laurent Beauté: Teint Liquid Creme Foundation #5 in Toasted Bronze; Automatic Lip Gloss #1 in Transparent Glow—both with sunscreen. Wool grain de poudre jacket and mother-of-pearl earrings by Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Isaia NYC cotton bikini. Details, last pages. Hair, Julien d'Is; makeup, Stéphane Marais for L'Agence Bruno, Paris. Fashion Editor: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele. Photographer: Peter Lindbergh.*

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

The color scheme, page 142

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VOGUE

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OBERTO GILI, The Prado Museum, Madrid

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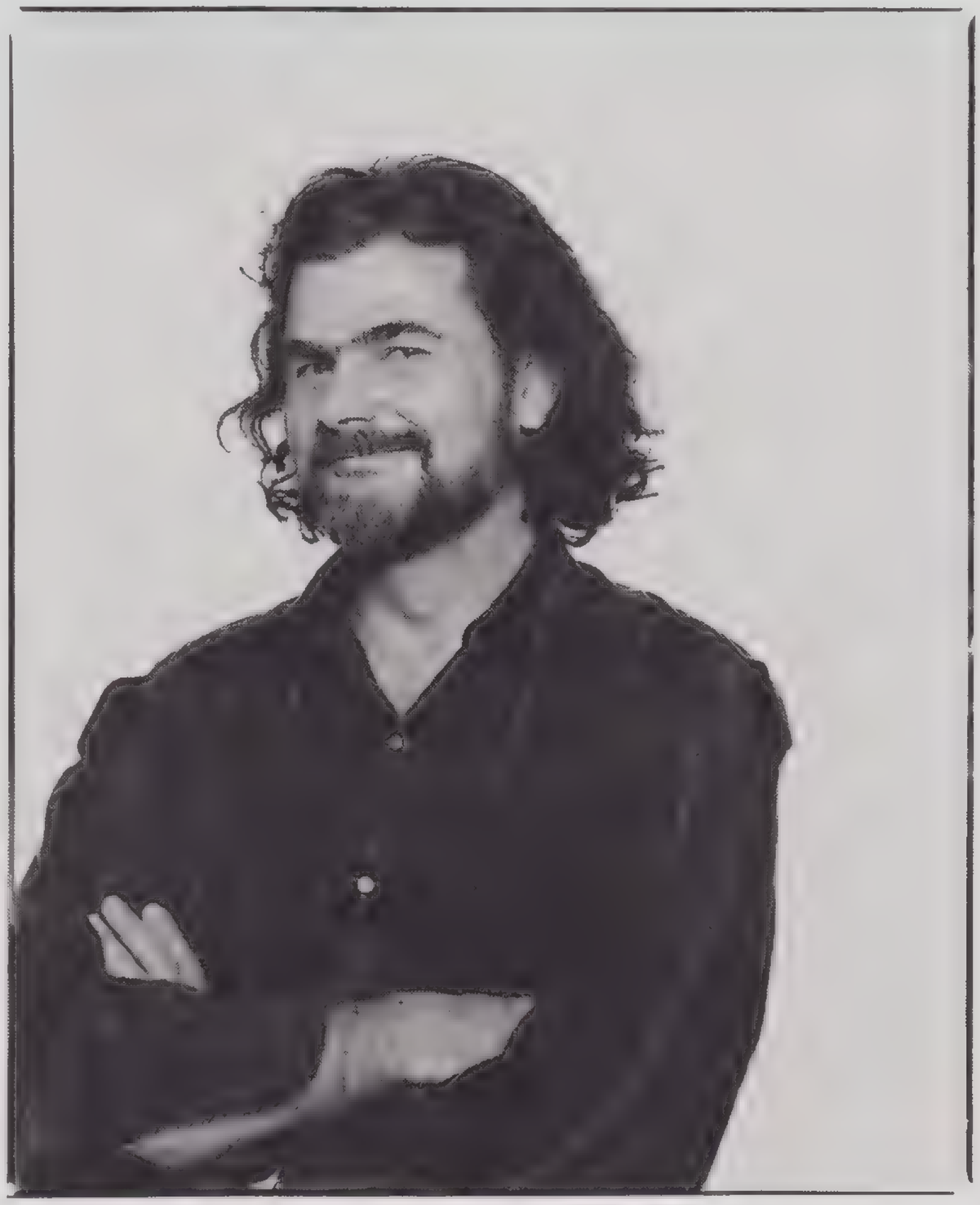

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

When American Photographer *set out to create a series of books devoted to different aspects of photography, they chose to lead off with fashion, and they chose to focus on Patrick Demarchelier. "We wanted a photographer who was absolutely on top of his work," explains Henry Horenstein, who put the Master Series together. "Someone who was known and admired throughout the profession, if not to the public at large; a working photographer who was not yet an icon."* Fashion Photography: Patrick Demarchelier, *out this spring from Little, Brown, gives equal time to a portfolio of the photographer's work and an onhand study of him* at *work. Demarchelier is comfortable with the former, but a little apprehensive about the latter. "It is very good for me, of course," he says, "but I was afraid it might be boring for everybody else. A whole section by a writer who followed me around putting down everything I said? All those 'I ams' and 'I ams?' I thought 'this is getting very pretentious.'" In spite of living in Manhattan for over a decade, Demarchelier retains more than a trace of his native Normandy in his accent. And in spite of being one of the world's foremost fashion photographers, he admits that he is "not all that into clothes. I'm into the image of the model, and casting that model is as important as casting a movie. I'm not at all interested in plastic mannequins. To me, they are a lot like classic clothes. There's not much I can do with either. I need extremes, maybe even sloppy clothes. Then it's a portrait, not just clothes on a model." Demarchelier's portraits kick off the new year's fashion predictions in this month's issue.* (Contributors *continues, page 28*)

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

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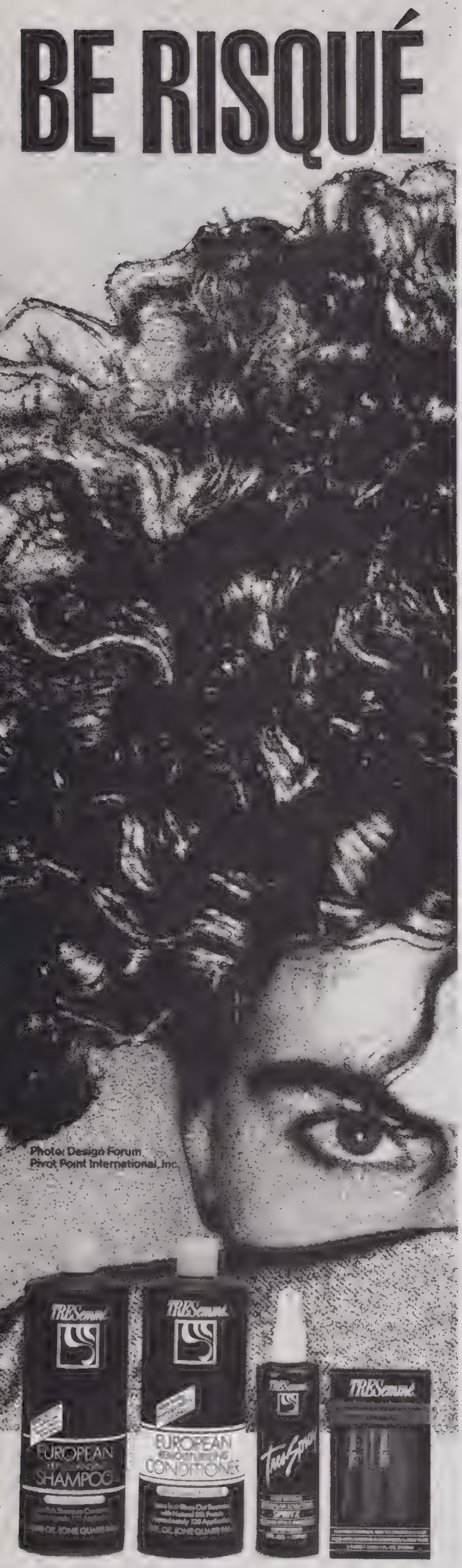

VOGUE

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JOHN LELAND

"I used to go to concerts all the time," says John Leland, "but then last summer I had a baby. . ." You had a baby? "Yeah, so I don't get around as much. Instead I listen to about twenty-five new releases a week." Don't they all begin to sound the same? "To the casual listener Michael Jackson and Whitney Houston begin to sound the same. But when you do it for a living, as I do as a senior editor for Spin, *you sort them out." What do you listen to for pleasure? "Rap and jazz. There's a great bond between the two." Any favorites? "Big Daddy Kane, the Henry Threadgill Sextet." The newest star on the horizon? "Bobby Brown. That's why I write about him in this issue." Do you play any instrument? "I used to play the drums, but I got too old when I turned eighteen."*

VICKI WOODS

"I'm quite good at interviewing people who don't like to be interviewed, but you have to be aware that you're there because of what you do, *not* who *you are. It's a job, not just two friends chatting. Of course, there's always that underlying hope that some dishy man will reach across, turn off the tape, and ask you to fly to Paris for dinner." So says Vicki Woods, editor of* Male & Femail, *the weekend supplement to London's* Daily Mail, *who encounters John Cleese for us this month. He did not ask her to fly to Paris. "But then I'm a respectable, married English mom. I've never even been to New York City. Still, I think I'd like to see Bloomingdale's before I die."*

Top: JACKIE NICKERSON Bottom: JULIAN BROAD

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Overseen & overheard

What's afoot in Europe, New York

Comfort doesn't always come first in fashion. Witness the latest craze for sneakers without laces started by urban kids: laceless sneakers aren't quicker on the tennis court, but they look more hip. Last summer, young women picked up the idea and donned laceless sneakers with jeans, T-shirts. This spring, designers catch on. Giorgio Armani sends laceless sneakers down the runway. Freelance, the shoe company known to capitalize on street looks, makes the sneakers practical: inside the instep is an elastic band that keeps shoes from slipping off....While fashionable sneakers go without laces, traditional shoes (pumps and slingbacks) get tied up. At Diego Della Valle, ivory suede slingbacks lace up the front with cotton ties....Finding the right shoes to go with the right clothes can be difficult—especially when those clothes are minimal. Manolo Blahnik solves the problem: he creates only one shoe style for Isaac Mizrahi's spare designs—an elongated flat with a wafer-thin sole. For evening, it comes in gold kid; for day, in natural linen....Clog alert: it may be hard to believe, but clogs are coming back. In Paris and Los Angeles, they appear in yellow patent leather with daisy decals. The fashion moral: not all ideas improve with age.

A sable Walkman...T-shirts for the nineties

Just when you thought everything imaginable had been done to everyday basics...now they've been reinterpreted with a sense of humor. For music lovers tired of freezing their ears off: Goldin-Feldman covers Walkman headphones with golden sable—for a mere $1,000. Christiane Paine's black suede backpack resembles a sombrero—replete with pompom fringe. And, at New York City's New Republic, attaché cases are remodeled for urban cowboys: the leather is tooled like a western saddle, silver horseshoe buckles serve as closures....The basic white Hanes T-shirt was the fashion staple of the eighties. For the nineties, however, it looks like the T-shirt will be as designed—and overdesigned—as designer jeans. Already it carries sequins, tassels, faux marble prints; some get embroidered with gold chains. New nineties tees will go to the office slipped under gabardine jackets, to dinner with sequined skirts. ...Americans have long admired Caribbean food, music, and beaches. Now fashion designers are focusing on the tiny island of Jamaica. In Los Angeles, models dance down the runway to a reggae beat for the spring collection shown by the fashion group called Nobody. Fiorucci reinvents the classic crocheted rasta cap—with its ballooned top and small brim—in black cotton, studding it with mirrors and bright embroidered flowers. The design team Debra Moises, known for its Fortuny-inspired pleated scarves, takes the look to a costumey level, weaving up dreadlocks made of straw in bright colors which get attached to barrettes.

Model-perfect designs

Models have hectic lives: jetting to Bermuda for a shoot, to Cannes for a weekend vacation. Necessity has made them the best packers, and Renée Günter knows it. That's why Industrial Wear (P.O. Box 1626, Studio City CA 91604-0626) was born. It's a collection of "industrial strength" clothes that are durable enough to stand up to travel but that have design style. A black cotton jumpsuit is roomy—with five pockets for carrying goodies. A raincoat is cut large so it slides over bulky basics; its mid-calf length covers pants. A backpack in black leather eliminates the need for a handbag. "When I started modeling, I'd lug six bags," says Günter. "Now I take one that slips under the airplane seat."

Dining à la mode...Hot shops in London...Swimming in Chanel

There's an old axiom about food and fashion: if you indulge in one, chances are you can't indulge in the other. But many designers are beginning to realize that customers must be fed more than just great design. This month, Giorgio Armani opens a café as part of his London boutique; and this spring, he reopens the Donney restaurant in his new Emporio store in Florence. New York City's Tucan, a store that stocks clothes by Patrick Kelly, Myrene de Premonville, and Gianfranco Ferre pampers clients' taste buds by ordering in lunch. Surely next to arrive: customer massages and manicures....The shopping has gotten even hotter at London's Brompton Cross. There, boutiques by Katharine Hamnett and Kenzo cozy up to one by Issey Miyake (Plantation). It's also where Agnès B. decided to open her first British shop (across the street from the Conran Shop). To explore as well: the grandest Joseph store, which carries furniture by Comme des Garçons, staples by Azzedine Alaïa, Rifat Ozbek....Chanel addicts can now look forward to a new "fix": the first Chanel swimsuits in three years. For spring: strapless maillots in navy-and-white polka-dotted Lycra. One swimsuit comes with a white camellia pin, another with gold buttons cascading down the side....For Gigli addicts, a fragrance first: Romeo di Romeo Gigli, a soft floral—tinted pink—available this month in Europe.

—PAGE HILL STARZINGER

HELÈNE TRAN

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AD. DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PHOTO: ELLEN VON UNWERTH

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PRESCRIPTIVES

VOGUE'S View

The vest revisited; Martha Plimpton's radical chic; the casual glamour of Old Hollywood; the fringe element

View Editor: **Laurie Schechter**

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. Hair by Suga/Suga salon, NYC; makeup by Giorgio for Suga salon, NYC

The newest accessory: the vest. Right, Michael Kors's, in wool gabardine over a wrap-waist shirt. Details, last pages.

WHEN THE SUIT FITS, WEAR IT.
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View

well vested

Leaving its menswear past behind, the vest moves front and center

Once the stuffy, least-worn member of a man's three-piece suit (and the linchpin of the *Annie Hall* look), the vest is being reinvented by designers with new attention to proportion and ornamentation. Worn over a shirt, it's the perfect alternative to a sweater. When slipped over nothing but skin, "It's an easier, less serious approach to a bare look," says Isaac Mizrahi who takes the vest right into evening in gold lamé or hammered satin. Small, cropped vests are now as decorative as accessories: Anna Sui's short black cotton vest is covered with vivid embroidery reminiscent of that on a matador's bolero; Romeo Gigli's ornately beaded and appliquéd mini-vests for Callaghan resemble bas relief. For warmer weather, a big, buttoned-up vest substitutes for a T-shirt or even works as sleeveless jacket.

—LAURIE JAMES

1. The classic vest on a grand scale; perfect with wider, softer pants. Both to sew yourself: vest, Vogue Pattern #7335; pants, Vogue Pattern #2206.

2. The vest-as-jacket at Ferre. 3. Vittadini's silk carnations. 4. Dolce e Gabbana's proper schoolboy. 5. Spare and draped, by Sybilla. Details, last pages.

GUY MARINEAU, PATRICK DEMARCHELIER, EAMONN J. McCABE. Hair by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup by Bobbi Brown for Orlbe at Parachute
Hair by Roberto Paignini; makeup by Bruneila for Battaglia

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radical chic

For Martha Plimpton style means commitment

Graduates of the sixties who complain about the political apathy of today's younger generation clearly haven't met Martha Plimpton. A veteran of seven feature films, the eighteen-year-old Manhattanite is a one-woman protest march. The day we met, she and a friend were fasting in sympathy for exploited California grape pickers. While some teenagers dream of wealth or fame, her goal is "to render bankrupt the entire Beef and Dairy Council." A staunch animal-rights activist, she refuses to wear or consume any animal products—no fur or leather; no cosmetics tested on animals; no meat, fish, eggs, dairy products, not even honey.

Plimpton appeared in her first play when she was eight and has been working ever since. "It's not that I've always wanted to act," she says. "It's more like inertia." She starred opposite River Phoenix in *Running On Empty*; this year, she'll appear with Jane Fonda and Robert De Niro in *Letters*.

Plimpton's style is funky, but it's a subject she discusses only grudgingly: "My mother taught me a valuable lesson when I was growing up. All my friends had trendy clothes; I wanted trendy clothes. And she said, 'Martha, you don't want to buy anything that is going to go out of style.' I don't have many clothes, but I can wear them anytime." —JEFFREY SHERMAN

(View *continues, page 40)*

1. DKNY's wrapped rayon dress, over a cotton bodysuit. 2. T-shirt; floral-printed vest from Ralph Lauren Roughwear.

3. Ralph Lauren Roughwear's Indian sweater, prairie skirt, and antique petticoats. 4. The politics of dressing: her own fur, but fake, of course. Details, last pages.

SANTE D'ORAZIO Hair by Sajo Suga salon, NYC; make-up by Mayro Melhem

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View

star struck

Hollywood movie-star style makes a comeback

Betty Grable bared her gams in risqué swimsuits; Katharine Hepburn trousered hers. Lana Turner turned heads in sweaters; Greta Garbo sought anonymity behind sunglasses. These screen legends did more than set trends: they declared their independence to wear what they wanted, and they pulled it off with aplomb. That attitude (and the plucky glamour of the clothes that express it) is back again.

In Beverly Hills, the recent down-and-out uniform—a pair of tattered jeans and T-shirt—has been traded for equally nonchalant, but far more elegant, wide-legged pants, suits, and soft strapless dresses reminiscent of old Hollywood. "Those stars had a magic and mystery lost in this age of realism," says actress Virginia Madsen who's likely to show up at a premiere in an old forties dress.

The art of capturing that illustrious quality includes making the results look unaffected. "It's calculated indifference," says Hollywood agent Loree Rodkin, who repackages the acting and dressing styles of up-and-comers.

Though memorabilia from Hollywood's heyday are now commanding high prices (a *Casablanca* poster sold,

1. Carolyne Roehm's star-quality sequins and chiffon. 2. At Donna Karan, it's a wrap. 3. Daryl Hannah, incognito at the '88 Oscars. 4. Off-the-set style: Donna Karan's bodysuit under Reminiscence linen pants.

last year, for $17,500), the current fashion focus is not a rigid return to the past. The shapes are modern, the fabrics state of the art. Pants, in fact, are often the focal point: Carolyne Roehm's are evening palazzos; Donna Karan's are wide-legged and worn with tennis shoes for day. Halter and midriff tops, chignons and sleek side-parted waves are also getting rerun. The essential extra: sunglasses.

—NINA MALKIN

(View *continues, page 42*)

5. A tailored shirt, pants from Laundry. 6. Madonna does Dietrich: her costume from Broadway's *Speed-the-Plow*. 7. DKNY's tennis whites and blues. 8. Calvin Klein's bathing "dress." 9. Ingrid Bergman, Roberto Rossellini in easy shirts, suits. 10. From Planet in L.A.: high-waisted pants, a midriff top. Details, last pages.

PIERRE SCHERMAN. PETER LINDBERGH. SMEAL for Ron Galella, Ltd. ANTHONY SAVIGNANO for Ron Galella, Ltd.
PHILLIP NEWTON. KATHLEEN MCGILLIVRAY Photofest Hair by Sam McKnight for Daniel Galvin,
makeup by Stephane Marais for L'Agence Bruno, Paris Hair and makeup by Sandra Bocas for the Benjamin Salon

fringed in

Tassels and fringe get up off the couch

Historians may not be able to document it, but it seems Scarlett O'Hara was the first to make the connection between curtains and clothes when, impoverished, she ripped down a set of draperies and stitched them into a dress; gold fringe was the only ornamentation.

That sense of irreverence is being captured by designers today. Moschino transforms a gold "pull-cord" into a belt; for Callaghan, Romeo Gigli adds sofa edging to a wrapped shirt. Pepito Albert, whose head-to-toe fringed dresses and pants are so popular that several have shown up at the same Los Angeles party, borrowed the idea from an exhibition of Indian fabrics in San Francisco. "I love fringe because it gives clothes added dimension and movement," he says.

—ASHLEY GRIFFIN

1. The newest necklace or belt: a drapery tie-back from Brunschwig & Fils.
2. Armani's version of a mideastern scarf: transparent gold with fringe.
3. Beaded fringe, from Gigli.
4. It's curtains for the little black dress—Moschino's trimmed with gold.
5. Lacroix's tasseled sandal.
6. On the move—crocheted fringe from Montana.

GUY MARINEAU, CONSTANCE HANSEN. Details, last pages

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Sweater: Donna Karan, Earrings: M & J Savitt
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images

Androgyny *is going strong in the streets and salons, promoted by today's hot stars*

Images Editor:
Shirley Lord

The sexes have been crossing over since ancient times, when kings used kohl and colored their cheeks with flowers.

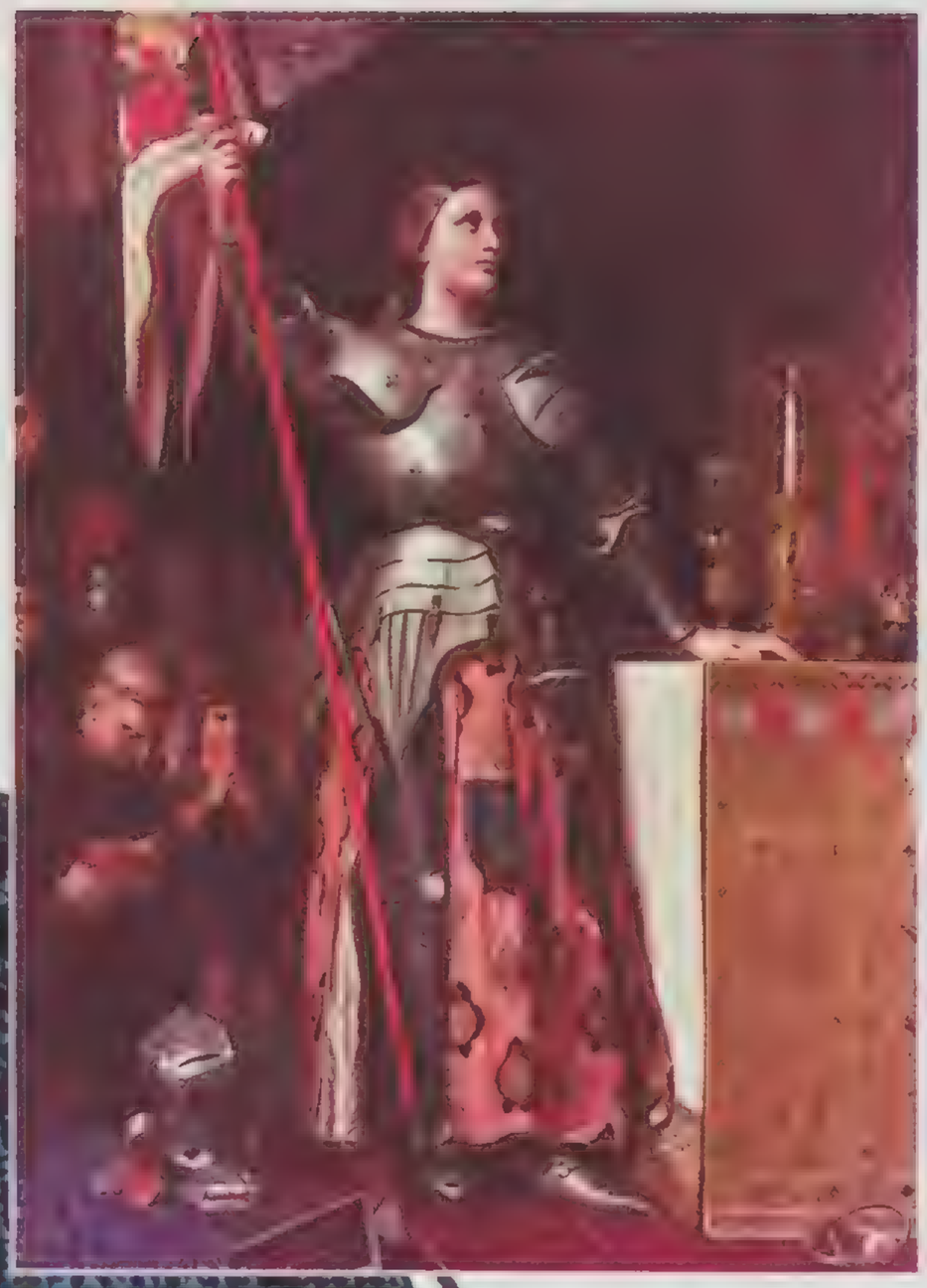
Now, androgyny is back, and the world is no longer divided into barber shops and beauty salons. Men now crowd salons for manicures, and women have wash-and-wear haircuts. Men take aerobics and women have triceps. Both are having liposuction and eyelifts. Neither is shy to admit it.

Why is androgyny in? Increased competition in the workplace has made it important for women not to look overtly sexy, and for men not to look like Rambo.

The number of beauty products going both ways is growing. Fragrance was an early unisex choice with Christian Dior's Eau Sauvage. Now, there are lots of unisex "eaux," the latest, Eau d'Hermès, for anyone who likes it.

Unisex skin care is a natural; androgynous makeup is—so far—subtle. Next month, Guerlain will introduce Terracotta Pour Homme, the first bronzing powder for men. Packaged in what looks like a shaving or rice bowl, depending on your sex, the powder, despite the "homme" on the label, is also being marketed to women.

Ads are androgynous. Condom ads feature women talking intimately about protection, flashing



Hard to tell who's who...from top, Joan of Arc, Terence Trent D'Arby, Molly Ringwald

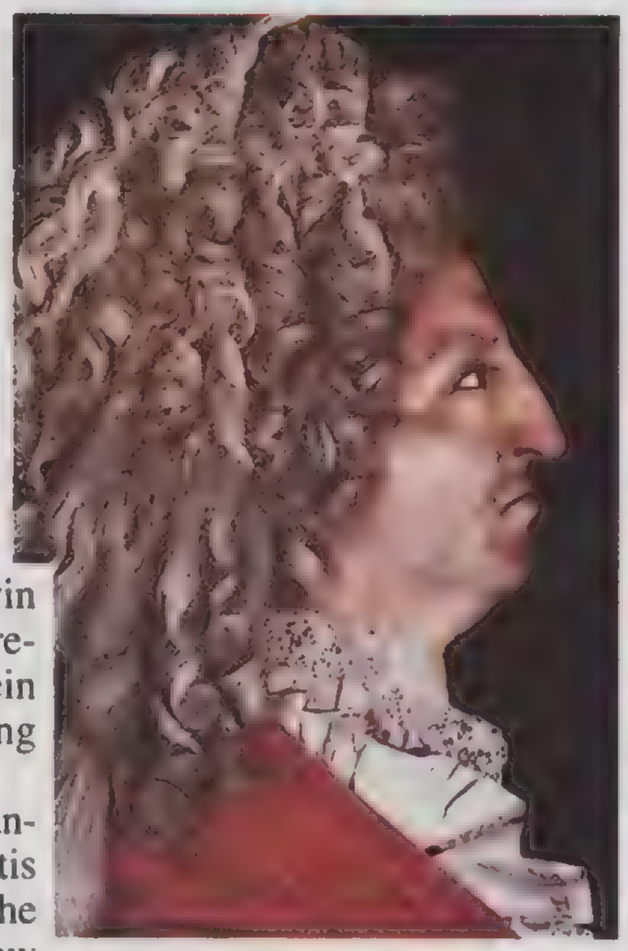
MATTHEW ROLSTON/Outline Press. The Granger Collection

images

little pink and baby-blue boxes. Calvin Klein ads with intertwined bodies reflect intertwined sales: a Calvin Klein spokesman says women are buying men's boxer shorts for themselves.

Movie stars promote today's big androgynous appeal. Jamie Lee Curtis has the body of a sex goddess, yet the toughness to play a convincing New York cop in the movie *Blue Steel*. River Phoenix is a member of the opposite sex, but he is also delicate and vulnerable, particularly in *Running on Empty*.

Hairstyles haven't been so alike since the sixties, when men grew their hair long. There's the Oscar Wilde bob, with a center part, and, the most popular, the Jamie Lee Curtis/River Phoenix look: cropped at the neck and sides, wispy on top. A unisex misfortune: men's haircuts, traditionally cheaper than women's, are starting to rate equal pay. —LISA WOLFE



Androgynous hairstyles—the wisps of River Phoenix, far left; Jodie Foster's crop, below left; long, flowing for Louis XIV, left, and Jim Morrison, below.

The art of concealment

While skin flaws have always been part of the human condition, concealers are a surprisingly recent invention. The first—Max Factor's Erace—appeared in the mid 1950s. Factor began his makeup artistry working on actresses in the early days of the movies, when freckles were taboo and Joan Crawford, peppered from head to toe, wore makeup from neck to navel. Serious flaws such as Jean Harlow's nose-to-cheek scar were disguised with Collodin, a liquid used to dress wounds.

Today, Madonna's beauty spot can come and go at whim with concealers. Should Cher want to hide her tattoo, there's a concealer for that, too.

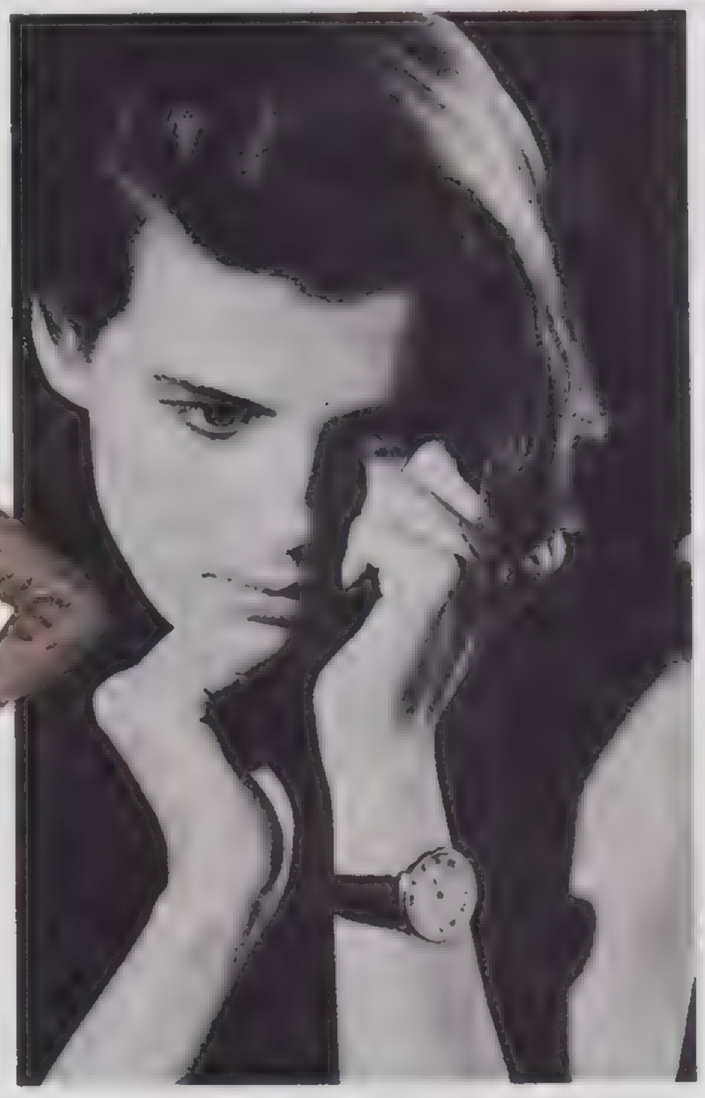
Now, concealers can moisturize, soothe, help prevent sun damage and blemishes. Revlon's new Line Concealer has Luminex, which reflects light so wrinkles are less noticeable. A good troubleshooter is Clinique's Anti Acne Control Formula.

Though concealers are usually touted as long-wearing, the most durable are waterproof, such as Alexandra de Markoff's Face Sculpting Creme Concealer and Maybelline's Waterproof Cover Stick. For serious skin troubles, Dermablend's Cover Creme conceals burns, birthmarks, scars. When applying any concealer, pat it over and beyond the flaw, blend, then powder to set.

What's ahead? Concealers with more therapeutic benefits, and, perhaps, a cover-up freckle remover.

—JODY SHIELDS

A new his-and-her favorite: Oscar Wilde's bob with center part



MATTHEW ROLSTON/Outline Press; The Granger Collection; KEN REGAN/Camera 5, Paramount Pictures

Jose, the model Calvin Klein used in his androgynous ad for Obsession. "Intertwined bodies reflect intertwined sales," says a Klein spokesman.

PAOLO ROVERSI. Hair by Julian Verge; makeup by Brunella for Guerlain

CHARLES FORD. Hairstyling by Christopher Downs; haircolor by Louis Licari; makeup by Sandra Bachas for Benjamin salon

Taking the heat

Drying hair with minimal damage

Remember Lucille Ball under the huge helmet-style hair dryer in *I Love Lucy*? It was a typical scene of the times, and thankfully, it's as old hat as the weekly shampoo-and-set appointment.

Today, high tech has arrived with Belvedere's computer-controlled Climazon 2. You place your head between the lights (see above); dials are set to record texture, length, condition. The computer is then programmed to deliver the right temperature and time needed to produce the best result.

The blow-dryer was accused of causing hair damage when it made its debut in the United States during the early seventies. Why? It wasn't used properly. Hair was pulled too hard and dried too long. The best way to use a blow-dryer? "Use your fingers to scrunch hair for maximum volume. Keep dryer at least five inches away from hair," says trichologist Philip Kingsley. "Stop drying when hair is three-quarters dry."

What's ahead? A much-awaited *noiseless* blow-dryer is in the works. Also a microwave dryer, which also styles hair as it dries in seconds.

—COLLEEN SULLIVAN

(Images *continues, page 48*)

Photo by Tommy Phillips

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Skin futures

"Natural" beauty has never had more help, as new makeups combine precise color with treatment benefits

Natural is as natural does, so the "natural" look starts where it has to start—with skin tone.

"Every skin tone has hints of a primary color—blue, red, yellow," says makeup artist Linda Mason, whose first makeup line is now carried by Barneys New York. "I like to play up whatever base color is there. If skin tone has hints of blue, I use burgundy—which is brown with a blue tint—to define bones. To give the most natural, fresh image, lips can be colored but should have a moist quality, not a high gloss. A rub of berry color does it best (Elizabeth Arden's Luxury Lipstick in Gentleberry, Lancôme's Rendez-vous Rouge A Levres Satin LipColour, Ultima II's LipChrome, Snapshot). To finish, skin should be matte, not too powdered."

Custom blending has begun to take some of the angst out of finding the right powder (Charles of the Ritz renewed its special blending last year). Now Prescriptives, which pioneered the Exact Color concept—matching makeup to skin tone—has added a custom-blended powder to its custom foundation. A fast-moving color house from California, Visage Beauté, is custom-blending every bit of makeup you're likely to wear, from eye shadow to lipstick.

There are other ways to hit "natural." Yves Saint Laurent's Perfect Complexion earns its name with a three-step, five-minute maneuver (one step and one minute if skin is already near-perfect). Revlon's New Complexion Makeup, and L'Oréal's Visuelle Invisible Coverage Makeup are all good examples of thoroughly modern "natural making" makeups.

Serge Lutens, Shiseido's Image Creator, describes the new Shiseido makeup as "makeup designed as skin care. Every color has a demonstrable treatment benefit." Lutens predicts that, "for beauty in the nineties, care and color will be indivisible." Guerlain's new Halo treatment foundation proves the point—like the mouthwash in the toothpaste stripe, a white stripe of skin care runs through it.

Skin care itself has taken "natural" a step further. Some products literally look like food. Princess Marcella Borghese's Cura Natura Nighttime Restorative Facial looks like a delectable late-night snack you apply to your just-cleansed face for skin nightwork. Then there are the new treatment lipsticks that look like sherbert popsicles. Food for the skin? Yes, natural skin care.

—SHIRLEY LORD

(Images *continues, page 50*)

PETER LINDBERGH. Hair by Sam McKnight, makeup by Stephane Marais. Details, last pages

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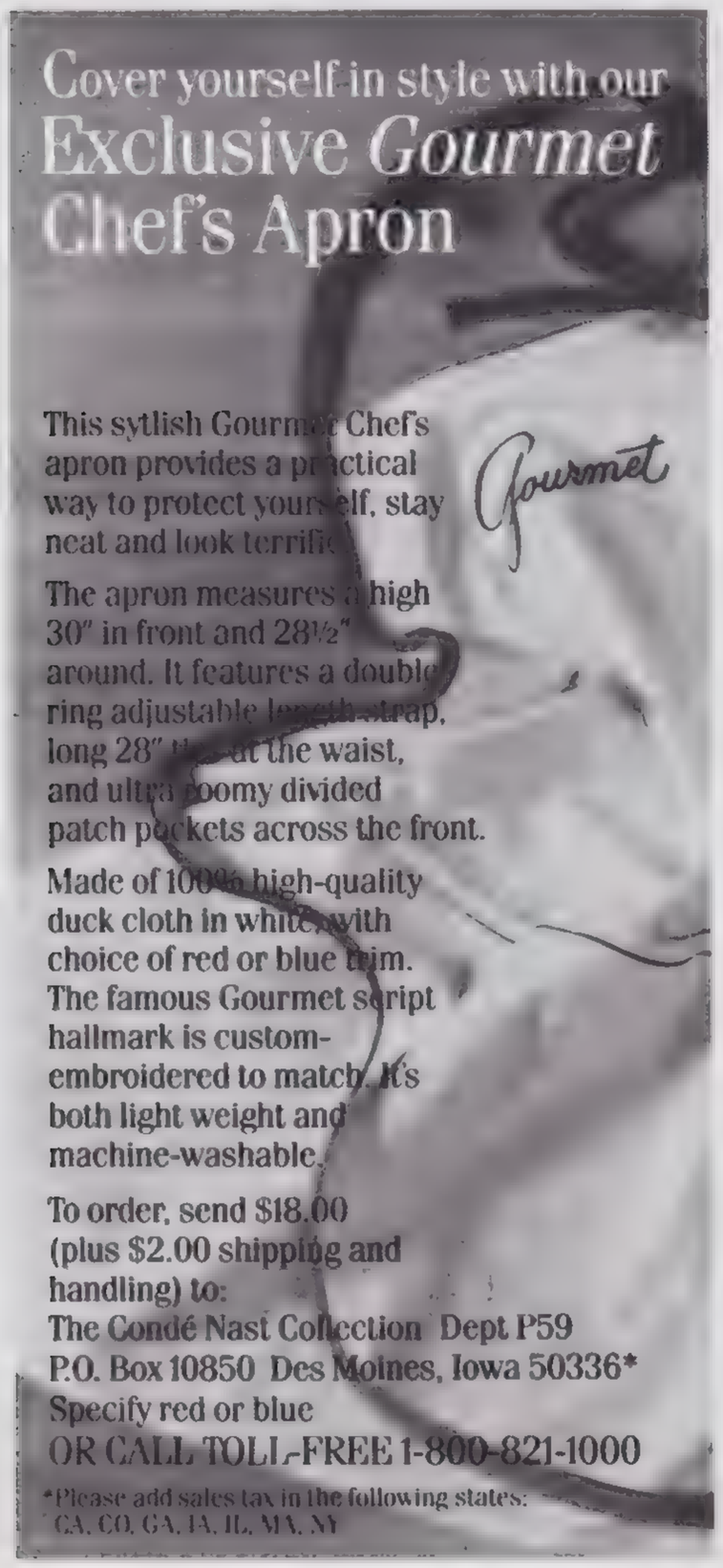
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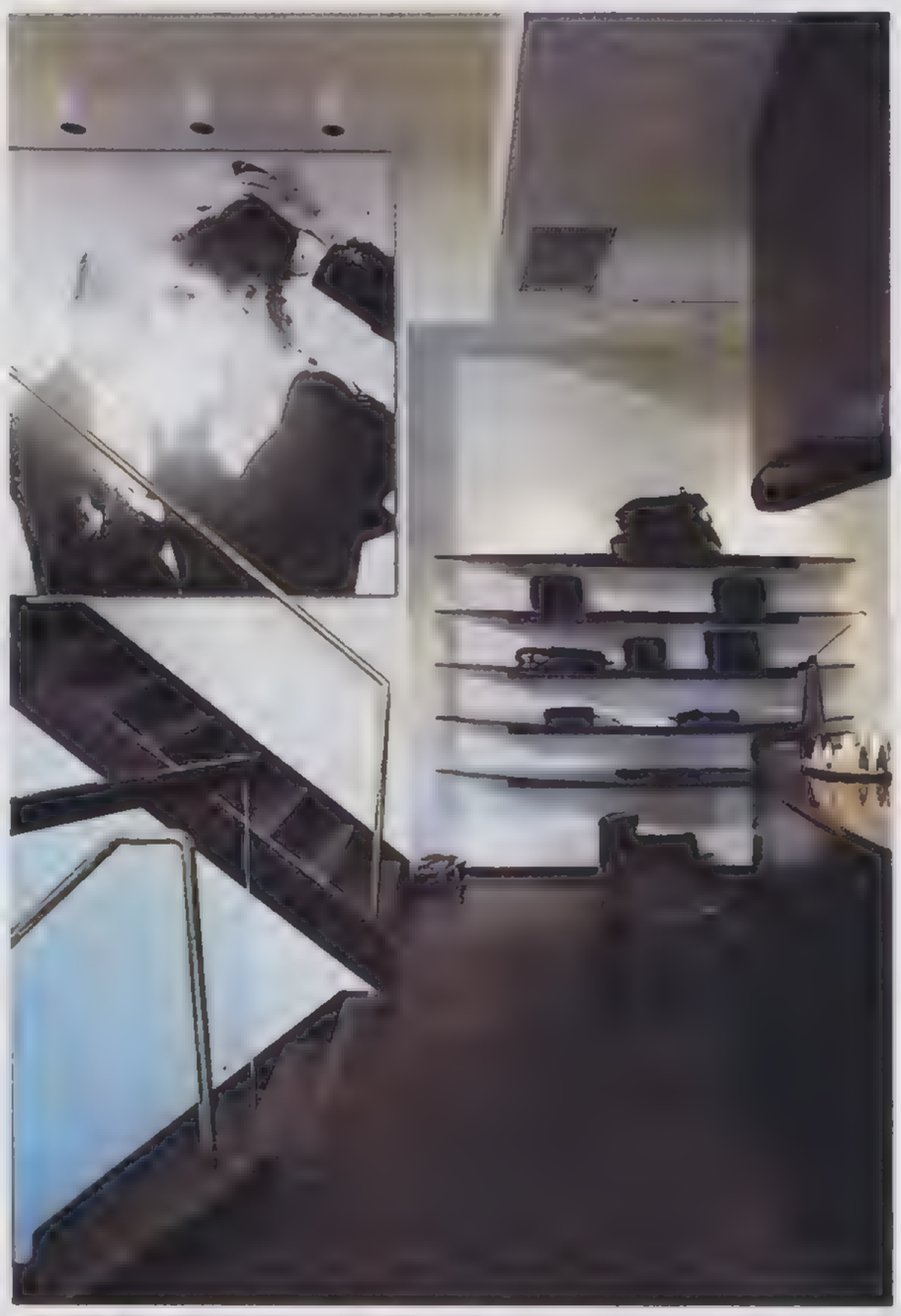
One-stop shopping

Time-saving shops offer minimalist design, full product lines, expert service

Recognizing that women have little time to search for beauty products, innovative beauty merchants have begun to feature everything under one roof. This new one-stop approach is epitomized by Shu Uemura, a Japanese specialty chain new to the United States, which carries its own total beauty line with outposts in Century City, California; Dallas, Texas; and the newest, at 241 Columbus Avenue, New York City. The stock of the trilevel Manhattan emporium is staggering, but because of the minimalist interior design—black, sleek, streamlined—it seems easy to pick and choose. Perhaps the best part is a twelve-foot-long makeup bar on the top level, where everyone is encouraged to experiment, free from the pressure of hovering salespeople.

Britain's Body Shop has also invaded the United States and is supplying a top-to-toe product line that's been a hit in London for years. At the new Body Shop in downtown Manhattan (747 Broadway), pyramids of glycerin soaps in brilliant hues, smelling of lemon, apple, and apricot ($2 each), line the walls, and rows of plainly packaged plastic bottles are explained by informative green signs: Honey Water ($5.60 for 6 oz.), Pineapple Facial Wash ($8.80 for 3.5 oz.), and Peppermint Foot Lotion ($7.50 for 6 oz.). As at Shu Uemura, the sales staff doesn't push, but is well versed and helpful about products when asked. Customized gift baskets can be created on request. With locations in New York, New Jersey, and Virginia, the Body Shop will soon expand to twenty-two other U.S. locations.

Another Manhattan fixture is Kiehl's Pharmacy (109 Third Avenue), offering top-to-toe beauty the natural way. To add new converts to their established client list (Cher, John McEnroe, Tatum O'Neal, Patti Hansen), a highly trained staff explains and dispenses samples freely. The theory: a woman won't buy a new product until she's had the chance to try it.



Shu Uemura in Manhattan

There are 120 different perfumes and essences, like Black Narcissus and New Mown Hay, and unusual skin-care products such as Gentle Rare Earth Oatmeal Rinse-Off.

For one-stop shopping in San Francisco, try The Face Places (339 Kearny St. and 2219 Chestnut St.), where 750 eye shadows, lip and cheek colors (ranging from $4.50 to $5.50) are showcased on huge palettes and in massive glass candy jars. Both Face Places look more like sweetshops than makeup boutiques, and the owners, Jane Blackford and Jean Danielson, give unflaggingly upbeat service. "How to use" is taken care of with expert advice, and almost all service is available on a walk-in basis, doing away with those three dirty words in a busy woman's vocabulary: "By appointment only."—KATHRYN BONN

(Images *continues, page 52)*

MICHAEL MUNDY

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SPF—the numbers game

As SPFs get higher and higher, how much protection do you really need?

Fifty fashion leaders surveyed by the American Academy of Dermatology were virtually unanimous that the dark tan has gone the way of the condor. While naturally dark models are welcome, designers such as Donna Karan and Adrienne Vittadini swore to exclude any obviously tanned models from their shows.

Why do women want to be tanned anyway? It's a conundrum that baffles dermatologists who spend their lives propagating the benefits of shade and sunscreens with high SPFs. They have known for years, as now everyone knows, that the sun, as it tans, ages skin faster than bankruptcy and, worse, is largely responsible for skin cancer.

In the decade since the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) introduced the phrase "sun protection factor" (SPF) in the United States, in an attempt to encourage people to wear new products that could screen or block the dangerous UVA rays, sun care has become a $450 million industry. The choice is now so huge, the sun lover can end up spending more time in the drugstore than on the beach, or slopes.

There's an SPF numbers game going on! Call it an SPF inflation. At the last count Orentreich Group's Waterproof Optima Block 40 SPF topped the list, followed in hot pursuit by Elizabeth Arden's Sun Science Superblock Cream with 34 SPF, Estée Lauder's Sun-Out for Sensitive Skin, and Coppertone's All Day Protection Sunblock Lotion, both with an SPF of 30+. Remember, the sun protection factor is a measure of how long sun-protected skin can stay in the sun without burning. Your skin starts to burn in the sun after twenty minutes' exposure? With SPF 2, it will take forty minutes to burn. But does anyone really need the kind of protection that will multiply by forty the time you can safely sunbathe?

Laboratory testing doesn't factor in activity. With real-life application, an SPF of 23 is likely to end up an SPF of 15

Astonishingly, the answer could be yes. When SPFs are tested in U.S. labs, the FDA requires two milligrams of product for one square centimeter of skin; that's a much thicker application than most people would ever consider using. "Nobody is sitting with calipers on the beach, measuring how much product to apply," explains Jack Mausner, Ph.D., Chanel's senior vice president of research and development. "With real-life application, if you start with an SPF of 23, the chances are you'll end up with an SPF of 15." Gary Dugan, Ph.D., senior vice president, research and development, Elizabeth Arden, says: "Laboratory testing of SPFs in dry, sweatless environments doesn't factor in activity."

Although the SPF measuring system originally came from Europe, until recently lab tests there required only 1.3 milligrams per one square centimeter of skin, so the numbers on European products equaled approximately half those made in America. An SPF 6, for example, more or less equals a U.S. SPF 12. Now, Europeans are in the process of aligning their testing requirements with those required in America. Until that happens, companies like Clarins intend to put both the European and the equivalent American numbers on their sun protection. Sombrero, anyone?

—SHIRLEY LORD

(Beauty *continues, page 54*)

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. Hair by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup by Bobbi Brown for Orlbe at Parachute. Details, last pages

Thanks to Spiegel, the corner office is now a more convenient place to shop than the corner department store. Our Spring Catalog features the latest designs from Ralph Lauren, Gloria Sachs, Adrienne Vittadini, Mikasa, Braun and others. To receive your copy for only $3, simply call (toll-free) 1-800-345-4500 and ask for Catalog 512.

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answers...hair

Hair analysis by mail . . . what you eat and healthy hair . . . "vitamin enriched"—legitimate labeling?

Bogus hair checkups

Many hair analysis mail-order companies solicit customers through ads in health magazines and newsletters. A typical one might read: "Send a sample of your hair to our lab and receive a computer analysis of your body's nutrient deficiencies, excesses, and toxic metal accumulations." Do these tests have any validity?

"They are mostly hype," says Jerome Shupack, M.D., associate professor of clinical dermatology at New York University Medical Center. "None of these claims has been substantiated by scientific research. It's an easy way for these companies to make a quick dollar."

The *New York Times* has reported that a hair analysis received by a woman in Los Angeles stated she had a bad heart valve, abscesses in her pancreas, arsenic in her body, and growths in the liver, intestines, and stomach. The L.A. attorney general's office sued the company for practicing medicine without a license.

Dr. Shupack continues. "There are many factors that influence the contents of your hair—shampoo and hairspray residue, environmental pollution—and these affect the end result. Also, this type of testing doesn't take into account a person's age, sex, or even which part of the body the hair comes from. To believe that hair analysis is an alternative to bona fide urine and/or blood screening testing is completely absurd."

Hair nourishment

Does what you eat affect the condition of your hair? One unusual example of the connection between hair and nutrition is Menkes Kinky Hair Syndrome. Children who are born with this disease—due to an inherited inability to metabolize copper—will have very light-colored, woolly hair. "Only in cases of *extreme* nutrient deficiency can hair be affected by what you eat," says Susan Berkow, Ph.D., staff scientist at the Food and Nutrition Board at the National Academy of Sciences.

"For instance, many of the bogus instant weight-loss powdered products don't contain the necessary amount of vitamins, minerals, or high-quality protein. If a woman goes overboard and consumes only these products—without approval by a nutritionist or physician—hair loss may result because this kind of dieting (and/or the use of diuretics) can result in deficiencies of calcium, iron, magnesium, and zinc.

"In severe cases of bulimia and anorexia, when the body is deprived of protein, hair can become fragile and break easily—but that's not the norm. The majority of people in the United States do not have vitamin deficiencies. The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) has set standards on fortified dairy products to be sure they contain adequate amounts of vitamins A and D. Other foods like bread, cereal, fruits, and vegetables supplement the remaining necessary requirements that help keep the hair (and the skin) healthy."

Fortified shampoos

A new shampoo, Infusium 23, states on the bottle that it is "enriched with panthenol"—a derivative of vitamin B_5. Infusium is not alone. Many shampoos and conditioners state they are vitamin and/or mineral enriched. Alberto VO5's Nutrient Revitalizing Shampoo, which contains vitamin A, has been on the market for over a year; Jacques Dessange offers four different vitamin-boasting shampoos—one is specifically targeted to dandruff sufferers; you can find vitamin E in Helene Curtis's Avantum Triple Clarifying Shampoo, in salons only. Do these ingredients really make a noticeable difference?

"Yes and no," says Dr. Shupack. "Hair is made up of keratin protein. The ingredients in hair products, including ordinary H_2O and vitamins, bind to these proteins and improve hair's *appearance* by making hair shiny, more reflective of light. In other words, it's a good cosmetic effect. Vitamins and/or minerals can't correct any underlying medical problems that can lead to poor hair condition."

—COLLEEN SULLIVAN

(Beauty *continues, page 58*)

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PALM-AIRE

Pompano Beach, Florida

answers...beauty

Eye care: makeup behind glasses . . . lens tips . . . frames that flatter . . .

Girls who wear glasses choose to wear glasses these days. They have become a sought-after accessory, working to accent, not negate eye makeup.

As glasses for the nearsighted are usually concave (thin center, thick periphery), this can "diminish" the eyes. To counteract the effect, eye makeup should be bold, defined. Whatever the natural eye color, upper lids (not lower) should be lined in a neutral brown shade with shadow emphasized in outer eye corners. Mascara helps also. (Princess Marcella Borghese's Lash Stravagante is a good one.)

Glasses for the farsighted are usually convex (thick center, thin periphery), which means eye size is magnified—as well as any accompanying flaws! Eye makeup colors should be muted—gray, camel, taupe, rose, plum are all good. Use liner on upper and lower lids. Avoid frosted colors, which accentuate too much. Don't make the mistake of overdosing on concealer. A more effective camouflage: a light neutral tint to glasses.

Tips for both near- and farsighted: wear reflection-free glasses to make eyes appear clearer, brighter. Extend blusher, blend to temples to "frame" glasses evenly and make them less prominent. Unless you want your eyes to predominate, always wear lipstick.

Choosing the right frames

Your brow should be your "frame of reference." The top rim of the glasses should be on or slightly above brows. (If they are lower, you can have a permanently surprised look.) Remember, similar shapes and colors accentuate one another—if your face is round, round glasses will make it look rounder; wear square or cat-shape frames.

Avoid frames in the pink family if your skin is rosy or ruddy. Olive skinned? Red, blue, brown, black frames—red frames are especially good with black skin. Never match frames to clothes, unless you wear one color family. The best? Frames a shade or two lighter than your hair.

In contact

Contact lens wearers must be extra careful of eye makeup. Mascara and shadow can flake into the eye causing irritation and redness. (In March, Aziza will introduce Contact Lens Eye color specially designed to preclude these problems. Revlon's Special Eyes Micropure Mascara and Maybelline's Great Lash for sensitive eyes are also suited to contact wearers.)

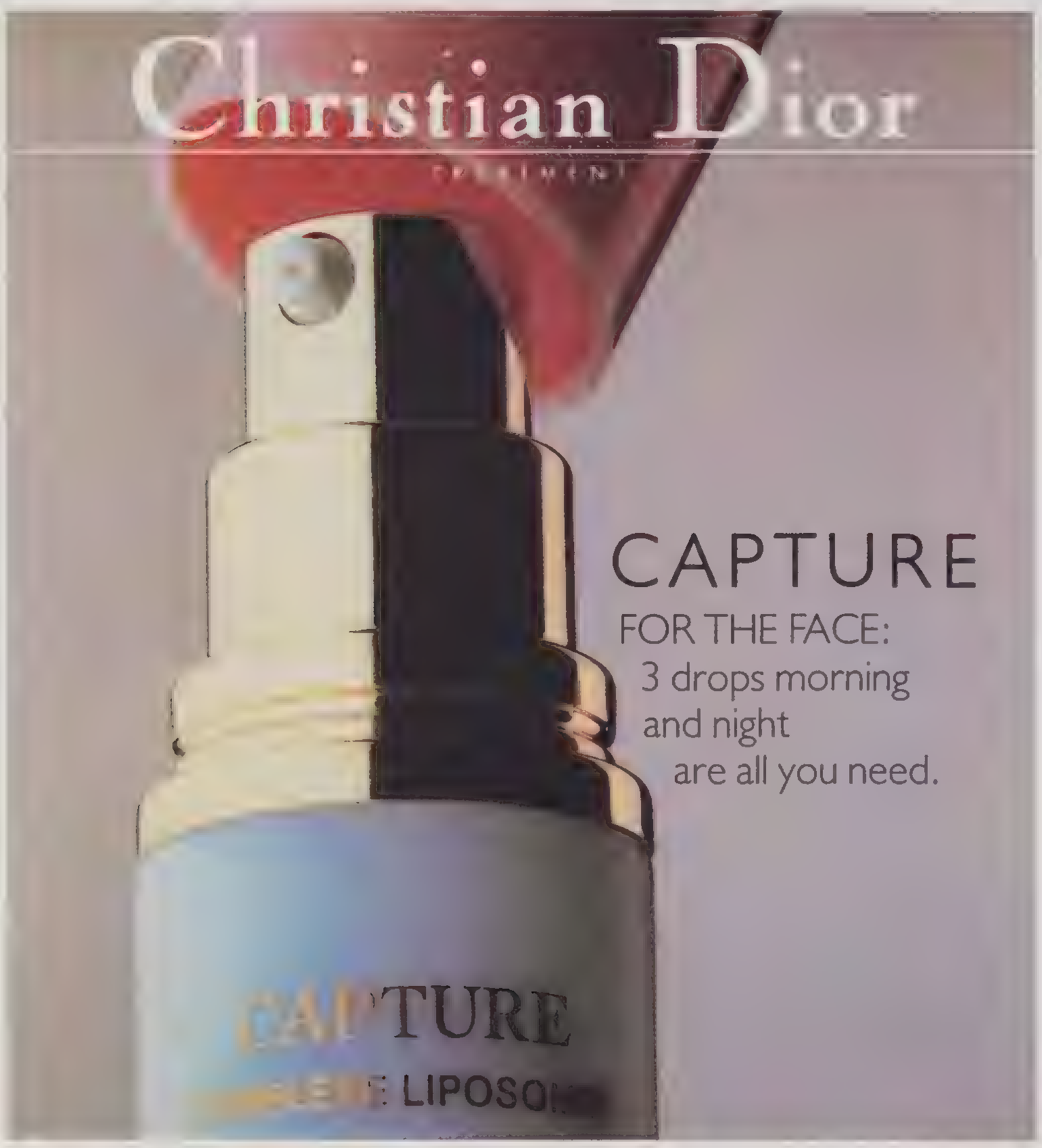
"Contact lens wearers should learn when to opt for their glasses," says Spencer E. Sherman, M.D., assistant clinical professor of ophthalmology at Mount Sinai School of Medicine, NYC. "You should take contacts out and wear glasses whenever you have an allergy, like hay fever, or conjunctivitis (an inflammation of the covering membrane of the eye), because lenses add to eye irritation. It's also a good idea to remove lenses when eyes are unusually dry—for example, when taking certain types of medication (antihistamines or diuretics), or when you're in overheated or air-conditioned environments, such as airplanes."

Johnson and Johnson recently introduced Acuvue, the first disposable contact lens. It can be worn continually for six days, then discarded. Advantages: no fuss over cleansing or reinserting, and reduced chance of contamination and reaction to contact solutions. By prescription only.

Looking after your eyes

Can eye strain be avoided? Dr. Sherman says yes. "Eye strain, including fatigue and headaches, is generally caused by poor lighting; so make sure your room is well lit. If you're working at a computer screen, do it in a moderately lit room."

Though eye strain caused by improper lighting can be uncomfortable, it can't cause permanent eye damage. What can? The sun's ultraviolet rays. And, according to Dr. Sherman that damage can be serious, ranging from eyelid skin cancer to cataracts. To protect yourself, be sure sunglass lenses have UV protection. Also, wear a tinted lens to cut down on glare (green, gray, and brown tints are the most effective). —**LISA WOLFE**



Christian Dior

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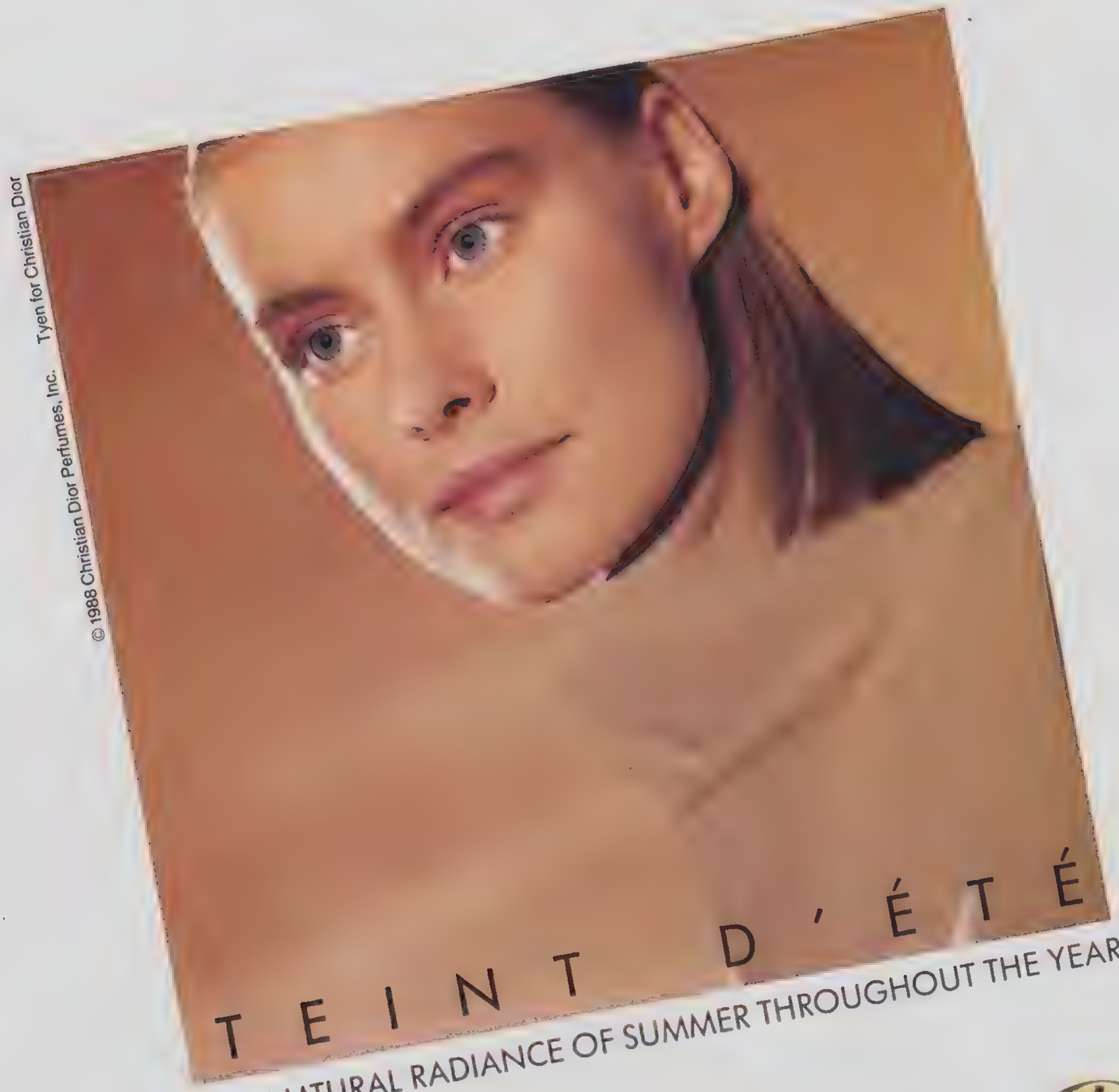

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CLASSICS

People will be are talking about...

BY TRACY YOUNG

Predictions If you think that this past year's presidential race ended in a photo finish between acrimony and triviality, you have a good idea of the level of discourse at editorial meetings when we sat down to make our predictions for 1989. The only general consensus was that the eagerly anticipated nineties will be old news by the end of this year—if only because the **millennium freaks** are already gearing up for the Big One. (For your copy of a rare collector's item, "Welcome to the '90s," Vogue, January 1988, send a SASE and $50 to: Tracy Young, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017.)...By the same token, this new administration will be *transitional* at best. According to professional pollsters, the full impact of the **baby-boom** generation on presidential politics will not be felt until 1992, when some fifty million former citizens of the Woodstock Nation turn out at the polls to vote for a candidate who will meet their paradoxical demands for conservative economic policies and liberal social policies. Meanwhile, if you can stay awake past the Inauguration, the last word on this year's **campaign fiasco** will be from Richard Ben Cramer, who is completing a book, *Promises: The Men Who Would Be President* (Random House), that will fill in some of the blanks....

Image Last year, Tom Hanks went from leading boy to leading man, proving that maturity ain't all bad. Who's this year's matinee idol? Well, **Ron Silver**, for one. Silver, who's such a terrific actor he made Madonna look respectable on B'way last summer, just finished filming *Blue Steel* with Jamie Lee Curtis, a movie that promises to be so mindlessly violent one can only assume that he was desperate to be cast as a sex symbol. Will Richard Dreyfuss become the new Paul Newman?...Will **Vancouver** become the new Hollywood?...Will mirrored contact lenses become the only sensible way of coping with celebrity and its discontents?...Now that the family is thoroughly entrenched as *the* pop cultural icon, and thirtysomething women are associated, inevitably, with dirty diapers, **older women** will become the repository of female sex appeal. Why did it take Frances Lear to tell Americans what the French have known forever?...

Urban blues Given the sorry state of the world's greatest city—not to mention the fate of the Mets—1989 should be the year New York chauvinism gets traded for some progressive civic pride....People have been speculating for years about whether **Donald Trump** will run for office. We say, give him an office: the Post Office. The U.S. Mail service could use a healthy dose of the entrepreneurial spirit. ...Speaking of entrepreneurs, who will be Robin Givens's next husband?...While the untowardly mobile have taken to calling hotel rooms home suite home, travelers in search of adventure will take off for Third World destinations like **Afghanistan** (or was that just an acid flash?); the Philippines (if Cory keeps her cool); Borneo; Ko Phangnga (an island off Thailand); and Brazil (everywhere but Rio)....Trains will be even more popular, especially if your idea of luxury, like Mussolini's, is having things run on time....**Oxygen bars**, all the rage in Japan, should catch on big in L.A., where the twin imperatives are get high/stay healthy....A whole generation of music fans, raised on arena-sized concerts and Walkmen, will begin going deaf, prematurely or otherwise, and the new status symbol will be a good "Ear Man."...

Perfectionism Who's afraid of Joyce Carol Oates? Mainly the American literary establishment, which scorns her for being prolific while it celebrates the anal-retentive genius of Harold Brodkey. Brodkey, who's been in labor for nearly thirty years, probably won't deliver his self-proclaimed masterpiece this year either; and, probably, no more than twenty people will care....**Dead writers** remain the most cherished of all, and this year we should see a John Cheever renaissance, sparked by the publication of *The Letters of John Cheever* (Simon & Schuster) and a controversial volume of previously uncollected stories from Academy Chicago....The other publishing trend will be "**detox lit**," a series of postcards from the edge like Marcelle Clements's novel, *Rock Me* (Simon & Schuster)....Cigarette advertising, according to industry watchers, will soon rely more on animals, like Camel's new camel, than people. But while the tobacco industry is busily using animals for their own ends, will A.A. fanatics form a splinter group, **Pets of Alcoholics**?...Florence Griffith Joyner has made women's athletics sexy again, and the new stars to watch are the rock stars—women climbers like the U.S.'s Lynn Hill and French bombshells Catherine Destivelle and Corinne Labrune....

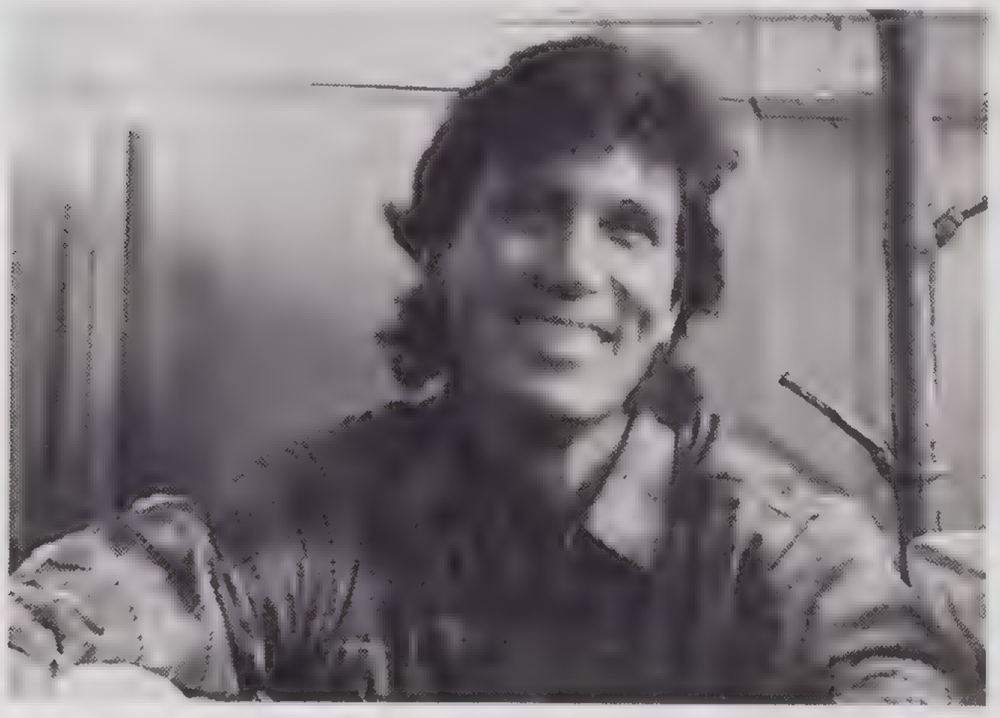
People will be are squawking about Cosmetic surgery for kids, becoming as de rigueur as braces for adults...Films, most recently *The Accused*, which reflect society's belief that women's **sexuality** should be punished... Anti-abortionists' attempts to reverse *Roe v. Wade*...The persistence of "disease as metaphor," despite the best efforts of Susan Sontag and others to rationalize our thinking about AIDS...Perfume inserts in magazines...Unsolicited messages on fax machines...Their ex-lover...Their new **president**...Their new president's ex-lovers?...

People will be talking about...

Real writing

When Michael Cunningham's "White Angel" appeared in the *New Yorker* last July, even the harshest critics of that magazine's recent fiction let out little yelps of delight—and surprise. At last, said people who couldn't even completely remember the author's name, a *real* story. "White Angel" was another coming-of-age saga, sure; but it rang with such moment-by-moment truth it could have been used to train actors, and the pop verities of sex, drugs, death, and rock and roll seemed less like familiar reference points than revelations. If *New Yorker* readers were stunned, so was Cunningham. He had submitted the story at a friend's urging. Almost as a dare. Suddenly, it seemed, his future was breathing down his neck.

All hype to the contrary, there's no such thing as an overnight success when it comes to really good writing, and Michael Cunningham has been around the block more than a few times. A native of Los Angeles and a graduate of Stanford, he's lived all over—San Francisco, Cape Cod, a cave in Greece, and a farm in Nebraska that a friend



Michael Cunningham, fiction's new contender

had inherited. (When they got there, he says, some neighbors gave them a malformed cow as a "Welcome to Nebraska" present, so they stayed up, late at night, poring over books that explained how to slaughter animals. Finally, mercifully, the cow froze to death.) A failure as a farmer, Cunningham was "the world's worst waiter" and a pretty decent cook. He also published some short stories—in *Redbook*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Paris Review*—and, in 1984, Crown brought out his first novel, *Golden States*, which he says he forced himself to write because "I thought it was time to publish a novel."

Today, thirty-six years old (and infinitely more patient), Cunningham lives in New York City and keeps body and soul together working for the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Most of his time, however, is spent polishing a novel. He works in a sunny office on lower Broadway equipped with a set of bookshelves, a computer, and a pair of pygmy ladders, which inspire all sorts of bad jokes about *A Cannibal in Manhattan*. He has no phone, because "I'm easily distracted."

As well he may be. Ever since "White Angel" was published, the big houses have been sniffing after his novel; Hollywood has sent out her siren call. But it will take a lot to turn Cunningham's wise head. When he got up to leave after our lunch at the Oyster Bar, a waitress let out a wolf whistle. He didn't even hear her. Or, if he did, he pretended not to notice.

—TRACY YOUNG

Curves ahead

Sculpture has recently come to the fore with a vengeance, and with painting experiencing a pluralism that verges on the chaotic, ever-increasing numbers of young artists are choosing to work in materials from bronze to beeswax. But no one has provoked as much attention in as short a time as twenty-eight-year-old Erik Levine, who has been showing his work for only three years. His sweeping, curving, and jutting forms have both a strange symmetry and a precarious balance. His sculptures bring into the third dimension a sinuous, active line that takes on weight without slowing down. It's not surprising Levine once studied to be a ballet dancer. His plywood sculptures often bear the marks of their careful choreography and construction. They somehow manage to merge the cerebral with the sensual, the geometric with the organic. With shows this winter in Geneva and Barcelona and, in April, at New York City's Diane Brown Gallery, Levine is primed for a major career.

Erik Levine, left, in Geneva with a recently completed sculpture

Left NEIL SELKIRK. *Right* EVELYN HOFER

People are talking about...

Tie die

You probably rented your first one to take Sally to the prom, those scaly-feeling pockets and that whiff of cleaning fluid making you feel like an alien escorting her into the crepe paper wonderland that only the day before was just the gym.

Now you own one: a dinner jacket. You'd no more call it a tux these days than Sally would call her frock a formal. After all, this is no prom. This is a dinner dance. The charity it benefits is righteously worthy. The names of the patrons, benefactors, and committee members rolling down the pages of the invitation are respectable, well known, and sonorous.

For this grade of invitation, $350 a plate is a steal, or at least deductible. So there you are, checking the numbers on the dining tables for your $700 worth of placement. Finally, from a faraway podium you are thanked for helping this season's distant unfortunates. And while you are sympathetic, you may ask yourself, during one of the long opportunities for reflection that inevitably arises, *why am I here*?

Don't worry. Like tableaux vivants and sex orgies, the charity ball is atrophying into a period piece. The French fashion establishment's recent AIDS benefit was a relaxed, affectionate affair—at which no one wore black tie. What a relief to the legions held hostage between two people they may not know, or even like, drinking warm wine and eating cold food until midnight. Soon the nearly exhausted formula of committee, publicity, and crowd of paying strangers assembled in a hotel ballroom will appear as dated as the crepe paper twists that were meant to turn the gym into wonderland. —**WILLIAM HAMILTON**

Chain reaction

Coming on in silk suits and gold rope chains thick enough to tow a truck, nineteen-year-old Bobby Brown is fashioning a revolution in black music. Combining the lubricious sexuality of a Marvin Gaye with the urgency and street smarts of the rap generation, Brown defines a new kind of sexual icon: young, strong, and unambiguously masculine. His music, which blends rap, soul, and funk forms, avoids the escapist formulas of much eighties rhythm and blues by drawing on the reality of Brown's own urban background. A child of Boston's Roxbury ghetto, he was shot in the knee during a gang dispute at age ten, and stabbed at eleven, before he formed the teenage singing group New Edition. On *Don't Be Cruel*, his second solo LP, he turns the restlessness of this experience into sexual intensity. Like a gangster in love, Brown slides from warmth to frustration to rage without warning. And as a handful of other young black singers follow his lead, the face of pop music in 1989 becomes clear. "We're the young innovators, bringing a new era of music in," Brown declares. "We all came out of bad neighborhoods, and our music is hard, with the street in full effect. We're just going to keep getting stronger."—**JOHN LELAND**

Burn this

Left: ELAINE ELLMAN. *Right:* CHRIS CALLIS. Model: Stephen Plum

I took my first packet of Premier, the "revolutionary," almost smokeless cigarettes, produced by R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, to two fashionable Washington restaurants where lighting up is considered only slightly less morally reprehensible than child molesting.

Premier, which doesn't actually burn tobacco, is billed as "the cleaner smoke," and I had high hopes. I am viciously addicted to cigarettes. I smoke two packs a day and have tried to cut down the risk by buying low-tar brands. It doesn't work. I strain to suck nicotine from the low-tar filters and in desperation rip the filters off. Premier, I thought, might save me from the cancer ward and stop me from being banished to the back of restaurants where smokers lurk. If it really is smokeless then it might even be possible to light up in the lavatory of the Pan Am Shuttle without setting the detectors off.

The cigarettes look all right at first glance. They are easy to light, but then something strange and quite disturbing happens. A small red dot begins to glow in the center of the tip and recede down the tube like a nuclear meltdown. Something that looks like loose ash gathers on the end, but it isn't. You can tap away on the ashtray and nothing comes off. When you put it out, the simulated ash turns into a furry, polystyrene substance and as the cigarette breaks, something which looks like a sophisticated Soviet bugging device clangs into the ashtray. Cocooned in a few thin shreds of tobacco is an inch-long metal cylinder with a plastic tip. According to the manufacturers this is a flavor capsule.

The good news is that Premier emits only a thin sort of smoke that dissipates quickly when it is exhaled and no smoke seems to come from the burning tip after the first few puffs. What I cannot forgive R.J. Reynolds for, and what might prove to be its fatal mistake, is the sickly smell. It is as if someone opened a grave on a warm day, and that is the odor that wafted across my table at Le Jardin and curled around one of the most famous beards in America. It belonged to C. Everett Koop, the surgeon general, who by pure coincidence happened to be dining in the same restaurant as I. Dr. Koop did not enjoy the experience. And if this is an omen for the future of Premier cigarettes, it is a bad one.

"What you've got there, my boy, is a drug delivery machine," Dr. Koop said, an opinion loudly shared by the American Medical Association. "It delivers hot air over charcoal and do you know what that does? It can give you cancer of the esophagus. Give them up."

In the case of Premier it is not difficult. They are the most revolting things I have inhaled since, as a child, I smoked pieces of pajama cord through a toy pipe. If R.J. Reynolds believes it is ushering in a whole new era of smoking enjoyment, as the packet says, then it had better think again.

—DAVID BLUNDY

(People Will Be Talking About *continues, page 68)*

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People will be talking about...

POTATOES

At a time when there are very few honest foods left, when even meatloaf has been blackened, it is heartening to consider the potato. Simple, elegant, and nutritionally correct, it meets the stringent requirements of both the food-crazed and the health-conscious. The U.S. Department of Agriculture says we could survive on virtually nothing else (accompanied by whole milk), and indeed there are reports of people who have done just that for as many as three hundred days. Now, at last, they are chic.

Bored with newborn beets and rare tuna, culinary arbiters have taken up such exotic potato strains as the French *ratte* and the English ginger-shaped variety. The new *Meat and Potatoes Cookbook* (Farrar Straus Giroux) devotes more pages to potatoes—117—than to beef. Perhaps the best evidence that the potato is hot is the feverish pitch of the feuds: should mashed potatoes be made with olive oil or butter? Should French fries be thin and crisp or thick and mealy? These are not unimportant questions to a nation that already consumes $4.5 billion worth of potatoes each year, 122 pounds per capita. It is an obsession that needs only slight encouragement.

Of course potatoes have always been extremely useful. When Dick Tracy villain Boris Arson escaped from jail, he did it with a potato carved as a gun. During the Civil War, Southern ladies made do with potato coffee, and in times of temperance ladies and gentlemen alike resorted to potato whiskey. Until the end of the nineteenth century, the potato was widely thought to be an aphrodisiac—and the reason for Ireland's high birth rate. At one point a potato in the pocket was said to cure rheumatism, and a baked one in a sock around the neck was guaranteed to cure a sore throat.

As if that were not enough, the potato provides an effective put-down without being profane, as in "small potatoes" or "potato head." Around the turn of the century impatient persons were admonished to "hold their potatoes," and presumed liars were told to "tell it to the potatoes." The naturalist William Burroughs once snidely referred to "rose colored philanthropies and potato gospels"—his term for vegetarianism. Acrimony and the potato have never been strangers—the War of the Bavarian Succession was dubbed the Potato War because the troops picked spuds in the battlefield.

The joke goes that the only sauce an Irishman needs for his potato is a smaller potato, but not everyone is such a purist. Truman Capote preferred them piled with Beluga and crème fraîche, while Louis XIV was most partial to *pommes frites*. It is said that his chef accidentally invented soufflèed potatoes when the king's coach was late, forcing him to fry them twice.

The Indians of the Andes, where the first potatoes were grown, have more than a thousand words in their language for potatoes, and made occasional human sacrifices to the potato deities. That was a long time ago and a bit radical, but it is gratifying that lesser civilizations such as our own are finally recognizing the potato as an unchanging and delicious symbol in an increasingly confused culinary world. If the Chinese named their years after vegetables rather than creatures, this would clearly be the year of the potato. —**JULIA REED**

VOGUE, January, 1989

Star 90

In her brief movie career, Mary Stuart Masterson has lived a lifetime of trauma. Widowed in *Gardens of Stone*, jilted in *Some Kind of Wonderful*, abandoned in *Heaven Help Us*, and manhandled in *At Close Range*, she has specialized in playing beleaguered survivors. And she has brought to these victim roles an emotional complexity astonishing for so young an actress. "I prefer to bare my soul," she says.

Masterson was born into acting: her father is the writer-director Peter Masterson, and her mother Carlin Glynn, the stage actress. After making her movie debut at the age of eight in *The Stepford Wives*, Mary Stuart pursued her own career with characteristic commitment. An intense, articulate twenty-two-year-old, she peppers her conversation with words like *focus* and *truth* and *commitment*. And also with references to the ozone layer and global politics. A member of numerous political and environmental groups—"It's kind of pathetic, but I join them all"—she divides her time between political and acting stages. The ozone layer notwithstanding, we look forward to seeing her in a movie as good as she is.

—ALAN SINCLAIR

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Whose eyes?
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PARIS

the arts

In the sixties,
there were protest singers,
political movies,
radical actors,
Mary Tyler Moore,
Batman, *and*
Mission Impossible.
In 1989,
they're all
back again —
recycled, refurbished,
or merely restaged

Protest singer Michelle Shocked, a rediscoverer of the lost decade

TREVOR KEY

James relights

In True Believer, *the former*

Like everything else in his life, James Woods's mid-life crisis refuses to run true to form. While other men in their early forties are cataloging their losses and trimming their dreams, Woods is undergoing a full-blown crisis of happiness.

"I'm probably the happiest I've ever been," he announces. "I feel great. My work is going great. Everyone seems to feel that my new film, *True Believer*, is going to put me over the top. I'm about to start shooting a new script that's also great. And the people I'm working with are all great. And if that isn't enough, each day I fall more in love with my fiancée, Sarah. We've set a wedding date, and we spend our time talking about babies and buying farmland."

No James Woods character has ever spoken lines like these. Since his characters are usually riding a fast track to damnation, it may be just as well. But neither has Woods been noted for his offscreen serenity. Brash, belligerent, and reliably outspoken, he is typically portrayed as an extension of his screen persona—a revved up, reptilian sleazeball. For a declared enemy of Method acting ("a bunch of guys sitting around pretending to be radishes," he sneers), the insult is professional as well as personal; it suggests that Woods isn't merely a creep but an actor limited to reproducing his own personality onscreen, which, he succinctly explains, is "a lot of bullshit."

Yet, despite Woods's aversion to the Method, his intense, hyper-realistic portrayals preserve some of the most vital, least radishlike aspects of New York sixties Method acting. And from his very first frame, which he shared with Barbra Streisand in *The Way We Were*, he has spewed his technique across the screen with the self-assurance of a star. Each time out, he has effortlessly gone way over the top. Woods's characters churn their way through life speaking in eruptions,

Left: FIROOZ ZAHEDI/ Onyx Groomer: Gina Hale. *Right, from top:* STEVE SANDS; ROLAND NEVEU/Columbia Pictures

Woods the fire

psycho gets to play a radical hero

never walking when they can bound; they personify rage and hostility.

Unfortunately, in most eighties' movies these feelings characterize psychopaths and murderers rather than likable Hollywood heroes. Despite remarkable performances in such films as *The Onion Field*, *Against All Odds*, and *Once Upon a Time in America*, Woods's screen career posed no ostensible threat to Robert Redford. His breakthrough came in 1986 with *Salvador*. Playing a washed-up sixties journalist who goes to Central America in search of an intensity he can no longer find at home, Woods showed that, given an intelligent rationale, his dynamism could signify something more than neural malfunction.

He has spewed his technique across the screen with the self-assurance of a star

His new film, *True Believer*, is also fueled by a generational conflict, but this time it allows Woods to play a genuine hero. He stars as Eddie Dodd, a lawyer who specializes in defending drug dealers. In the sixties, Dodd was America's most distinguished civil rights lawyer; in the late eighties, burned out and cynical, he uses his astonishing knowledge of constitutional law to put scum back on the street. All that changes with the arrival of a young, yuppie law clerk, played by Robert Downey, Jr. In a neat reversal of generational stereotypes, Downey rekindles Woods's idealism and persuades him to defend a Korean framed for murder. By the end of *True Believer*, Eddie Dodd has become a modern Frank Capra hero—a Mr. Smith who breakfasts on Methedrine.

"When I read the script, it seemed that the character represented something very contemporary," Woods explains. "Values and concern are coming back. People are interested in issues again. It's like we're finally owning up to how disgustingly selfish the seventies and early eighties were. I knew—I just knew, no matter what anyone else thought—that the sixties wouldn't last forever and would be replaced by a horrifying reaction. And I was right. That reaction proved to be the worst, the most unspeakable period in the history of human evolution—a period of isms and mass-market therapy all constructed to make people incredibly involved with nothing but themselves."

Still, Woods's memories of the sixties are far from romantic. After attending M.I.T. on a full scholarship, he rebelled against the university's involvement in the Vietnam War by abandoning political science for acting, and moved to New York City with only one goal, to become a professional stage actor. The thought of dropping out to become a Woodstock hippie never crossed his mind.

"The *important* part of the 1960s was the serious part," Woods declares. "The years before the beads, the fringe, the dope, and all the Technicolor. I try to remember the things that counted."

No hippie, neither was Woods a radical. "I don't trust actors who are political," he says. "What I am is *professional*. That's why I've only done the work that I wanted to, and refused anything I believed wasn't good for me. And it's the same with people. If you are good to me, I'll be wonderful to you. If you are bad to me, I'll be twice as mean as you could ever be." For a brief second, a wisp of the old James Woods obscures the sunshine. Then he sighs: "But really, I'm a very happy man." —**HENRY EDWARDS**

(Arts *continues*, *page 82*)

Flashbacks

Only yesterday, fifties nostalgia seemed a Hollywood staple, but this year no film would be caught dead in poodle skirts and loafers. Yes, Hollywood has gone sixties. Spearheaded by **Mississippi Burning**, Alan Parker's movie about the civil-rights years, and **Batman**, Tim Burton's homage to the Adam West years, 1989 may be the year of the bell-bottom. "We're finally realizing that something happened in the sixties," says director John Byrum. "And we're all trying to figure out what it was."

Robert De Niro in *Jacknife*

Twelve years ago, Byrum wrote a screenplay for Paramount about Woodstock called **Young Men with Unlimited Capital**. At the time, the studio said, "Who cares about the sixties?" and killed the project. Times have changed. "Warner Brothers just picked it up," Byrum laughs. "It's going to be a multimillion-dollar movie with a brat-pack cast." His current film, **The War at Home**, chronicles the fall of Edie Sedgwick, shooting star of Andy Warhol's Factory. "The sixties died," Byrum claims, "because so much of it was surface: clothes, hair, fashion. And Warhol made his fortune selling that surface."...."The sixties were a very promiscuous decade," says producer Harvey Weinstein; as proof his forthcoming movie, **Scandal**, resurrects the Profumo affair, the best political sex scandal in recent history. ...In **Rude Awakening**, Eric Roberts and Cheech Marin play hippies who, having sat out the "Me Decade," try to relight the revolution in modern-day Greenwich Village....Bernie Brillstein, producer of **Heatwave**, a Motown musical set in the tumultuous decade, insists that "the trend toward sixties films is inescapable." ...Part Western, part road movie, **Cold Feet** stars Keith Carradine, Sally Kirkland, and Tom Waits as latter-day easy riders. "The film isn't about the sixties," says director Robert Dornhelm, "but it does have that spirit."...And since no sixties revival can ignore Vietnam, 1989 will add to the list: Brian DePalma's **Casualties of War**, with Sean Penn and Michael J. Fox; **Jacknife**, starring Robert De Niro and Ed Harris; and Norman Jewison's **In Country**, starring Emily Lloyd and Bruce Willis.

Penn and Fox in *Casualties of War*

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Sixties-something

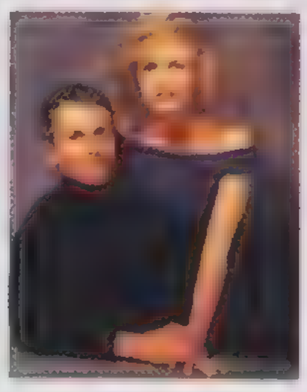
CATHLEEN SCHINE charts the new season's nostalgia

Television is having a mid-life crisis. It's not chasing young girls or coming out of the closet, but it is spending an inordinate amount of time thinking about its youth. Sometimes, it actually dresses up in old clothes, other times it just sits around moping about the glory days. Five shows this year actually take place in the sixties (A); five are remakes, returning genres, or star comebacks (B); and four are self-consciously post-sixties shows in which the characters define themselves by the decade they have left behind (C):

COLUMN A

The Wonder Years:
A little kid in the big sixties. The perils of cute girls, cafeterias, grumpy dads, and bell-bottom trousers. Like most of these period shows, it's less about the sixties than nostalgia for the sixties—retro narcissism.

Almost Grown:
Actually a column A–C crossover—the show shifts from sixties to eighties and back, highlighting the really big changes—music and hair.



Tour of Duty:
Zombie grunts with dog tags rise up from every war picture ever made and mysteriously reappear en masse in Vietnam.

China Beach:
Mythological Vietnam. Lurid, monstrous—a fascinating, distorted memory.

Dirty Dancing:
Grossinger's princess; naïve, spunky, Kennedy-era teen liberal. Looking for attractive, talented plebeian for long walks, sunsets, and overheated shimmy, shimmy shake.

COLUMN B

Annie McGuire:
Mary Tyler Moore, former jaunty career girl, now divorced mom, marries worthy commoner with own children and Utterly Opposite Values. What a gal.

Mission Impossible:

Peter Graves, defrosted from Cold-War storage, learns to spell *perestroika* and Sandinista.

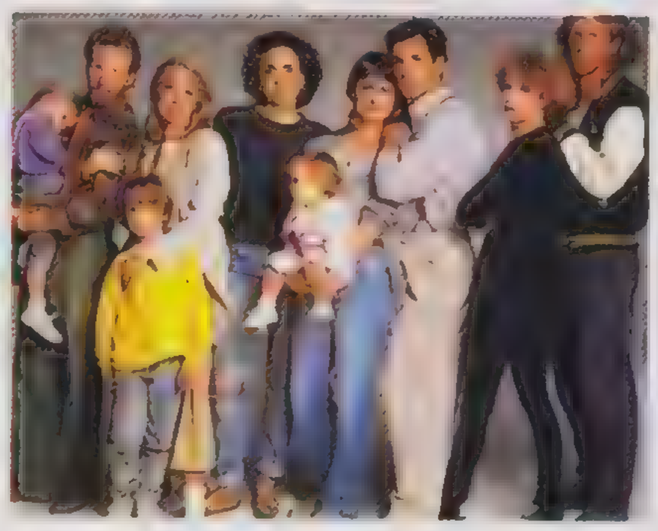
The Van Dyke Show:
Puzzle for the sixties-ologists among us: if Dick's son is grown up on his show, how come Mary's is just a kid on hers?

Paradise:
Western with hard, leathery sense of the graceless frontier, but undermined by namby-pamby modern sentiments. Still, enough shoot-outs to qualify as a rootin' tootin' cowboy show.

The Smothers Brothers Comedy Special:
Nothing has been the same since their original show was canceled. Even the commercials they have begun to do are soothing.

(Arts *continues, page 84*)

COLUMN C



Thirtysomething:
A show of irresistible self-importance. No pebble of the psyche is left unturned, and beneath each of those stones lies My Generation. Dr. Spock, forgive them.

Murphy Brown:
Candice Bergen, wired and haughty, plays a very funny TV reporter with a squeaky, post-pubescent boss. She sings Motown; she remembers '68, and he don't.

Beauty and the Beast:

A hairy hippie's alternative lifestyle in the sewers, or marriage and Perrier—ultimately, we all must face this choice.

Baby Boom:
Kate Jackson, a baby, a briefcase, and an indiscriminate hunger for collecting lifestyles, then elaborately examining them.

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KEN SAX/CBS. NBC Photo

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Talkin' 'bout a revolution

Folk singers are in. PAUL KRASSNER *remembers the days before protest had corporate backing*

Twenty years ago, Phil Ochs had a dream: "to build a career in which a truly controversial song can become a hit single. I want to sing 'I Ain't Marching Anymore' on *The Ed Sullivan Show*." Although he was turned down by Sullivan, as well as by Merv Griffin and the Smothers Brothers, he did manage to sing at least the first couple of bars of "Marching," as part of his testimony at the Chicago Conspiracy Trial. His guitar was an official piece of evidence. Attorney William Kunstler asked Ochs to sing right then and there in the courtroom, the better to recapture the ambience of the previous year's protest against the Democratic convention, but Judge Julius Hoffmann interrupted the song, and Ochs had to settle for reciting the lyrics.

"It's always the old to lead us to the war," he spoke, looking directly into the eyes of the judge. "It's always the young to fall." Still, no rendition could have done justice to what had happened at the Chicago International Amphitheater in 1968. It was an unbirthday party for President Lyndon Johnson. While Ochs was singing "I Ain't Marching Anymore," an individual in the audience started burning his draft card. Then someone else. Then a third and a fourth. It was, quite literally, spontaneous combustion.

"I was arrested for conspiring *to block the sidewalk," says Shocked*

Nowadays, reactionary politicians use "liberal" as a dirty word, but Ochs used to sing "Love Me, I'm a Liberal" from the critical perspective of a radical. To him IRA was the Irish Republican Army, not an Individual Retirement Account. And CD meant civil defense, not compact disc. Little did Phil Ochs realize, as he was about to hang himself on April 9, 1976, that Sean Penn would someday plan to play him in a film biography.

Tracy Chapman: prophet of the new revolution, or cultural paradox?

Bob Donlin, manager of Passim, a popular folk club in Cambridge, Massachusetts, first booked Tracy Chapman six years ago. "She was unusual," he says, "a protest singer...there hasn't been much of that in the last ten years. I deal with singer/songwriters, and some are more upbeat, some play better guitar, but none has stronger songs, and most of them are introspective. People haven't played songs like hers since Phil Ochs."

Unlike Ochs, Chapman achieved instant worldwide recognition by dint of global TV. The Nelson Mandela seventieth birthday celebration was being broadcast in sixty-four countries. A computer element from Stevie Wonder's synclavier had been mislaid or stolen, and she was asked to take his place, performing on a side stage with her acoustic guitar and her distinctive Buckwheat hairdo.

Within Chapman's songs lies a certain cultural paradox. It is not poor people who buy her albums and listen to her singing "Poor people gonna rise up and get their share/Poor people gonna rise up and take what's theirs." It is not the homeless who have catapulted her to the top of the charts. It is not the hungry who are responsible for her appearance on the cover of *Rolling Stone* and *Spin*. It is not agitators who attend Chapman's concerts and join her in chanting "Talkin' Bout A Revolution."

Leonard Cohen once said that "every time the word 'revolution' is mentioned, it delays the revolution by seven seconds." He used up fourteen seconds himself with that observation.

And yet, and yet...political pollster Pat Caddell recently asked *Mother Jones* a rhetorical question: "How can you win an election about change when there is no change, except trading one set of hacks for another?" Then he answered himself: "The truth is, there is a whole other election being held in this country, which you won't hear anything about from the candidates; but you can get a grip on it if you listen to that new album by Tracy Chapman."

Just as there was a countercultural explosion in response to the blandness and repression of the Eisenhower years, so there is a countercultural explosion in response to the blandness and repression of the Reagan years. And the renaissance of folk music is one barometer of that explosion. "Folk music has a history of dealing with social and political issues," says

FRANK W. OCKENFELS III/Outline Press

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Chapman. "I don't think there are necessarily more folk singers now than there were at any other time, but people are paying more attention to them now."

Among them, Suzanne Vega. Who could have predicted that her personification of the child abuse crisis would end up with a Grammy award nomination? We can assume that her audiences are not made up entirely of child abuse victims, but her music articulates the concerns and compassion of a generation.

Or Toni Childs. "I've never considered myself a folk singer," she says. "I prefer David Bowie to Joni Mitchell." She was originally inspired by Pink Floyd in 1972, and sang with several bands, including Berlin. On her album, *Union*, she is accompanied by the Sibane Semaswati Singers from Swaziland and the New Generation, a choir from Zambia.

Contrast that with the simplicity of Michelle Shocked, who still sticks with the Yamaha guitar she paid seventy-five dollars for at a pawn shop a decade ago. She is caught between her own street smarts and the vicissitudes of mass marketing. "I think the notion of a video is antithetical to anything I would have to say. The best music is the kind you make yourself, and video is basically saying, 'Watch TV a whole lot and consume records.' " Nevertheless, she made a video at a soup-kitchen benefit on New York's Lower East Side. Her label, PolyGram, however, convinced her that although this was politically correct, it "wouldn't get shown because it wasn't like everything else on MTV." So she compromised and agreed to film additional footage in Los Angeles and Alaska.

Shocked is no fair-weather protester, however: "A lot of punks and squatters had gotten together in San Francisco," she says. "We were holding all kinds of disruptions—die-ins, chants, spray-painting, blocking traffic. I was arrested not for blocking the sidewalk, which is a misdemeanor, but for *conspiring* to block the sidewalk, which is a felony."

Her new album has as its cover a photo of her being choked by a cop at that demonstration. However, PolyGram obscured his name and number, and put sunglasses over his eyes, even though this was a news photo of a public event.

But the ultimate moral schizophrenia arises when certain corporations turn up as sponsors of altruistic musical events. Coca-Cola quenches a lot of thirst in South Africa, but also sponsored the celebration of Nelson Mandela's seventieth birthday; so when the event was telecast on the Fox network, there were dozens of Coke commercials but virtually every mention of apartheid had been edited out.

The recent Amnesty International tour was subsidized to the tune of ten million dollars by Reebok. As their company president told the *Washington Post*, Amnesty's objectives "dovetailed with our corporate philosophy." Presumably, we can now look forward to a Reebok commercial that will promise, "Human Rights Let U.B.U." And perhaps, when a political prisoner who has suffered unspeakable torture is finally released, he will stagger out of solitary confinement, shield his eyes from the bright sunlight, and declare, "I'm going to Disneyland." ▽

Toasts of the neo-folk scene: Suzanne Vega, left, whose song about child abuse won a Grammy nomination, and Toni Childs, above, who prefers David Bowie to Joni Mitchell

In brief

The Smiths, *Rank* (Sire) *On record, they were silly but affecting, romantic obsessives. Live, they were a silly, rollicking rock and roll band capable of spurts of unadorned brilliance. This messy live album captures the pop smarts and surprising generosity of this self-obsessed English band.*

James Brown, *Motherlode* (PolyGram) *Given the amount of filler on the Godfather's albums from the sixties and seventies, you wouldn't expect his outtakes, collected here, to move the crowd. But you'd be wrong. Furious and funky, this is the best James Brown album in years, dead proof that he never knew how good he was.*

Was (Not Was), *What Up, Dog* (Chrysalis) *Don and David Was's relationship to dance music is obsessive. Immersed in the after-hours rhetoric that brings funk and disco temporarily together, they make music for, by, and about the freaks who come out at night: atmospheric, beat-crazy, and just this side of world-weary. And they're proud of it.*

John Anderson, *10* (MCA) *An unreconstructed country simpleton, John Anderson knows hardship the way you and I know tomatoes. Here he muses on simple human truths in a beautiful baritone that's wise enough not to jump to conclusions.*

***Show Boat* [7 49108 2]** *Frederica von Stade, Jerry Hadley, and Teresa Stratas lead a stellar cast in the first complete recording of Kern and Hammerstein's* Show Boat. *Although the spoken dialogue sounds like the Bentsen/Quayle debate, the voices are wonderful, without a trace of the stiffness opera singers usually acquire when they try to sing lower-brow.*

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—**JOHN LELAND** and **DAVID DANIEL**

(Arts *continues, page 88*)

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Protests and pulchritude: from top, flower power antiwar protest at the Pentagon, October 1967; a sign of the times, the Black Power fist; fad and fancies from Vogue, February 1963; and the June 21, 1963 *Life* cover with Shirley MacLaine as Irma La Douce.

Past tense

The sixties live again—at least in bookstores.

LAWRENCE WRIGHT *asks why*

What is this siren song that calls us back to the sixties? Is it the lure of destruction and chaos? Is it youth lampooning middle age? What accounts for these many survivors' tales, whose tone is so melancholy, whose voices ring with loss? What is there in the wreckage of the sixties that we want to reclaim?

Opening the box of memory, eight authors have pulled out the same venerable artifacts: lost innocence, broken hopes, assassinations, drugs, race, sex, change, the music, the war. By now, this catalog is deadly familiar, and yet there is something hypnotic about hearing it recited again and again. We were one way. Dad was at work, Mom was at home, Eisenhower was on the golf course, Perry Como was on the radio. Ten years later, we were another way. We were at war: children and parents, blacks and whites, women and men, gays and straights, America and Vietnam. The man we had elected to "bring us together" was Richard Nixon.

Reading about the sixties has made me glad for the eighties. Yes, we live in a complacent time. You can hear in the writing of these books the lamentations of the comfortable scholar in his book-lined nook trying to pinpoint the moment when it all went wrong, when the decade lost its promise and the country failed. For Todd Gitlin, author of *The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage* (Bantam), who was president of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), the decade ended in 1969, when the SDS split into bitter factions and his friends drifted into the Sierra Club or New Age encounter groups. For Richard Goodwin, a speechwriter for Kennedy and Johnson, and author of *Remembering America* (Little, Brown), it was in 1968 when the Democratic Party foundered upon the shoals of Chicago. For Charles Kaiser in *1968 in America* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson), it was Bobby Kennedy's assassination in Los Angeles, which felt "like the resounding chord that ended *Sgt. Pepper's*: a note of stunning finality." In *Turning Point: 1968* (Scribner's) by Irwin and Debi Unger, it was December 1968, when Apollo 8 circled the moon. According to Doug McAdam's *Freedom Summer* (Oxford), it was the close of the 1964 Freedom Summer in Mississippi, when whites were purged from the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and the ideal of a just interracial society came to an end. For Geoffrey O'Brien in *Dream Time: Chapters From the Sixties* (Viking), it was the embrace of paranoia as the seventies rolled in: "Lately there were so many people to be avoided: people with guns, people with mantras, people with special diets, people equipped with overbearing techniques of persuasion mastered in prolonged group sessions. It was increasingly hard to

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Books

We baby boomers need to justify ourselves, to explain how our concerns shifted from the spiritual to the political to the material—hippie to yippie to yuppie

find anyone unaffiliated."

Everywhere a sense of failure, of catastrophe—and yet why is it that I sense a certain deliciousness in the telling? Despite the earnestness and the scholarship of most of these authors, there is a leisured atmosphere, a lack of urgency, and—in some, Goodwin in particular—the polished falsity that accompanies the hallowed anecdote. Some of these stories have been told too many times.

For most of these writers, the sixties was their adolescence, and so it is natural that the true object of their writing is the innocence and recklessness of youth. The recklessness is harrowingly recalled in Charles Bowden's indulgent, wet-brained *Mezcal* (University of Arizona):

> *Sometimes I have this daydream. The Corvette is white and very fast and moves through the desert night, the asphalt singing beneath the wheels. . . . I turn the wheel and careen off into the desert. . . The car bucks and dives. . . and flies off airborne. . . .*

Willful self-destruction is the secret mission of youth. It is in the young Tom Hayden outlining his plan to Todd Gitlin to "arouse the sleeping dogs on the Right" by seeking confrontation and repression. "You don't begin to be free until your own blood is being shed at the end of a baton," Gitlin quotes another fellow traveler. In its noblest form, reckless youth turned to Mississippi, offering itself as a sacrificial victim on the altar of racial progress. "It makes me want to cry when I remember how we colored kids started in the Movement," a survivor of Freedom Summer told Doug McAdam:

> *. . . We were sort of beautiful black Galahads going forth in search of the twentieth century's Holy Grail. . . .*

The turmoil of their adolescence resonated with the violence of the burning ghettos and the murdered figures of authority. The entire country seemed to be in a hormonal boil. It is no wonder the survivors look back with a sense of disbelief at their own craziness and good fortune, like James Dean playing chicken in *Rebel Without a Cause*. We, too, might have gone over that cliff (so many others did).

On the innocence of youth and its corruption, no one has it as nicely right as O'Brien in *Dream Time*, a deconstructive look at the adolescent attitudes and cultural trivia of the sixties; a book that avoids the big questions of war and civil rights but manages to find the essential truths of the decade in *Forbidden Planet* and Marvel comics and the making of *Cleopatra*. In discussing spy movies, for instance, which became popular early in the decade, O'Brien draws a link between the cynicism of the spy and the burgeoning notion of sexual liberation:

> *The study of spies was by now a universal vocation. While the parent sat on the couch reading . . .* The Spy Who Came in from the Cold *or* The Ipcress File, *the child went out to see* From Russia with Love, *came home to watch* I Spy *or* Mission Impossible *while leafing through* Nick Fury, Agent of SHIELD, *and in a moment would switch on the radio and hear Johnny Rivers singing "Secret Agent Man."*

Yearning for the past, yearning for youth—there are good reasons why we so often return to the chaotic sixties. But there is more subtle and profound cause for the nostalgia evident in these books, particularly the books in which the authors themselves play a role. What I am speaking of is that sense of community so much a part of the period, no matter which community one happened to be a part of. The transcendent identification with a cause, a group, the feeling one was riding destiny's train—here is the glorious moment captured (in *Freedom Summer*) by a young civil rights worker:

> *. . . and then someone said, "Everyone hum softly," so we hummed, and a Negro by my side spoke. . . "You know what we're all doing. . . . We're moving the world. We're all here to bring the people of Mississippi, all the peoples of the world. . . together. . . we're bringing a new revolution of love. . . .*

But that radical sense of community was too hard to hold on to. Sitting in the Kennedy White House in 1961, Richard Goodwin was already feeling the loss of fraternity which comes with the responsibilities of victory:

> *No longer a "band of brothers" joined in a single mission, we now occupied divided spheres of responsibility. . . . a muted struggle between strangers, cast together by the coincidence of mutual service to Kennedy's pursuit. The war was over. The occupation had begun.*

Todd Gitlin felt it all slip away on March 6, 1970, when a Greenwich Village townhouse exploded, killing three bombmakers of the radical Weatherman faction. After that, death became routine:

> *What Altamont was for the counterculture, the townhouse was for the student movement. . . . Now there wasn't enough life left to mobilize against all the death raining down.*

And so it went, on and on, communities that were born in innocence and commitment perished in frustration and disappointment. They were too fragile to survive, even in victory.

The best of these books—Gitlin's *The Sixties* and O'Brien's *Dream Time*—are intensely personal, idiosyncratic, evocative of what the sixties *felt* like. The authors provide us a sort of guided tour of the sensibilities of the period. Unfortunately, this is true of the worst books represented here, as well—Bowden's *Mezcal*, Goodwin's *Remembering America*—which, though flawed, succeed in reminding us of the mawkish, self-important adolescent mentality of the era. It is a curious phenomenon, I believe (since I've done it myself), that writers feel the need to address this era so personally. Perhaps it is a reflection of the baby-boom generation's need to justify itself, to explain to ourselves how our concerns shifted from the spiritual to the political to the material (hippie to yippie to yuppie). The fact that this is quite a natural progression is itself demoralizing. After all our promise, how did we turn out so ordinary?

I don't think that the grief we feel when we look back to the sixties is for our bygone youth, or for causes we no longer endorse. What we miss is the sense of solidarity and common purpose that once seemed ours. That is the real reason the decade has such a call on our hearts. Remembering, we draw back together into an imaginary time when our hearts were one. ▽

Lawrence Wright *is the author of* In the New World: Growing Up with America 1960-1984 *(Knopf).*

(Arts *continues, page 92)*

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Highbrow lowlifes

GRAYDON CARTER explores the labyrinth of Robertson Davies's The Lyre of Orpheus

Here it is, in all its luxuriant complexity, *The Lyre of Orpheus*, the splendid conclusion to Robertson Davies's triptych that began with *The Rebel Angels* and continued with *What's Bred in the Bone*. Typical of Davies, a former actor and playwright, to bring down the curtain on his characters' lives in grand theatrical tradition, with a rousing great catherine wheel of a third act, hopping with all manner of deceit, adultery, forgery, bribery, theft, legend, and myth. But then, one has come to expect nothing less from the old longhead. This is, after all, Davies's third trilogy—the first being his pungent social satire The Salterton Trilogy, the second, The Deptford Trilogy, the mystical Jungian allegory that established him as a writer of world repute at the ripe age of fifty-seven. And as he has done with his past trilogies, he has constructed this one in such an elaborate form that familiarity with the first two parts is not a prerequisite to understanding and appreciating the third—although it certainly doesn't hurt.

In *The Lyre of Orpheus*, Davies, former master of Massey College, the University of Toronto, returns to fertile ground for him—the cozy, cloistered, often tortured world of academe. Arthur Cornish, now married to Maria Theotoky, has convened the Cornish Foundation, an arts patronage funded from the proceeds of the estate of his uncle, Francis Cornish, the late connoisseur, collector, and forger. Arthur has lofty aspirations for his trust, but he and his fellow board members—Maria; Simon Darcourt (still deeply embroiled in his biography of Francis Cornish); Hollier, Maria's former professor and onetime lover; and Geraint Powell, a bundle of noisy, honking, Welsh theatrics—are of a difference over how to realize those aspirations.

Arthur is fixed on staging a perhaps unstageable opera called *Arthur of Britain, or The Magnanimous Cuckold*, based on an incomplete manuscript left by the nineteenth-century German composer E.T.A. Hoffmann. With some hesitation, the board assigns the weighty task of completing the work to Hulda Schnakenburg, a young graduate prodigy whose foul mouth and untidy, almost feral exterior seem to offend all within swearing distance. Davies, who is inclined to wear his rarified erudition a bit on his sleeve—whether it is a well-rounded knowledge of magic or, say, violin-making—here tables the thoroughgoing procedures of erecting a full-scale opera. And for those of us long nagged by the question as to what comes first—the music or the libretto—Davies provides the answer. It's the music.

. . . hopping with all manner of deceit, adultery, forgery, bribery, theft, legend, and myth

Once the plot is up and running, however, Davies, with Shavian dexterity, begins rearranging the scenery for his various other diversions. There is the lesbian love affair between Schnakenburg and her haughty co-composer, Dr. Gunilla Dahl-Soot. (Davies handles this coupling with the sort of forthright, upfront, modernist approach one looks for in a work by a Canadian. And one of forbidding Calvinist rearing at that. He refers to them as "poofynooks.)" Darcourt, desperate to raise his biography above the hollow, stumbles onto what he believes might be the key to the missing years in Francis Cornish's life: specifically, what he was up to during the Second World War. For Darcourt, the intellectual chase is on, one that leads him to a princess's Park Avenue apart-

(Continues, page 96)

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Books

ment and a conscience-taxing bargain that requires him to steal art studies from the estate of his subject in exchange for information.

Davies has chosen the aged device of placing a play within a play, the major drama mimicking the activities extant in the minor one. And so, the themes from Hoffmann's opera rooted in Arthurian legend announce the coming attractions in the real-life plot. Arthur and his board of trusted advisors sit at a round table, called the *Round Table*; Arthur is cuckolded when Maria (Guinevere) commits adultery with his closest friend Geraint Powell (Lancelot). And in case anyone misses the point, Powell anoints Darcourt, Myrddin Wyllt—Merlin to Arthur Cornish's court.

As in the previous two-thirds of his trilogy, Davies once again delegates some of the narrating duties, in this case, to the ghostly presence of little E.T.A. Hoffmann, who also provides the title to the novel. "The lyre of Orpheus" the composer wrote, "opens the door of the underworld." And indeed, Maria's mother, Mamusia, the gypsy healer of violins, now lives in an apartment in the underground level of Maria's building. In telling Darcourt's fortune, she makes repeated allusions to him that you are waking the little man—Hoffmann. Get it?

If one has a complaint about *The Lyre of Orpheus*, it is that there are occasions when the book reads like the

"The lyre of Orpheus opens the door of the underworld"

Cliffs Notes to a far more complex novel. But this is a mere quibble. I confess to having little time anymore for the sort of plotless, tiny fiction produced by the current generation of overtouted, young American novelists. *The Lyre of Orpheus* resonates with the exceptional gifts of Davies's mature storytelling mastery. That Davies, now seventy-five, is a longtime adherent to the credenda of Carl Jung—two of his three daughters suffer similar afflictions—is befitting if not downright convenient. For perhaps nowhere in literature today is there, as in the delightful presence of Robertson Davies, such ringing evidence of Jung's not wholly earth-shattering, but nonetheless accurate precept that a wise man only hits his stride after he is forty. ▽

(Arts continues, page 98)

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A big influence

Christian Leigh has the freshest take—and an increasing impact—on the art scene

Hi, honey, got some time?'' ''Got some change, a nickel, a quarter, a penny?'' ''Loose joints, crack, speed.'' Who said New Yorkers are shy with strangers? But if you think you've got problems with street talk, try taking a walk with Christian Leigh through lower Manhattan. '' Hi, Christian, got a minute? Wanna look at some slides?''

Critics, dealers, curators all know what it's like to deal with ''the slide problem''—another hundred artists just got off of the train—and right now Christian Leigh's brain must look something like the inside of a carousel on overdrive. At age twenty-four, Leigh has emerged in the past two seasons as a conspicuous presence in the world of contemporary art. He is one of the sharpest and certainly the youngest of the new breed known as ''independent curator.''

He is also physically one of the biggest. Sometimes, when you spot Leigh out making the rounds of the galleries, dressed in a giant-size polo shirt that reaches to his knees, he seems the embodiment of today's expanded art world, as though only a frame this hefty could contain all the information needed to negotiate that world's Byzantine intricacies: the names, the works, the dates of shows, the gallery affiliations, the movements, the factions, and, not least, the temperaments of a scene populated by prima donnas.

The expansion of that scene—and the need for some discrimination to give it a defining shape—is one factor that has given birth to this new breed of curator. A second is the increasing constraints of time, space, and money that have made it nearly impossible for most museums to mount small, innovative shows of contemporary art. With museum schedules frozen months or years ahead, and usually dominated by blockbusters, many commercial galleries have become the Off-Broadway of art, showcases for group exhibitions of artists affiliated with different dealers. The independent curator's role is to balance the ideas and the personalities and to bring some intellectual credibility to what is, after all, a commercial operation.

''I got into this business nearly by accident,'' says Leigh. A Princeton dropout at seventeen, he kicked around London for a few years, started making videos with musician friends, then moved to Los Angeles in 1985, planning to turn that interest into a career, then returned to New York City. ''I ended up one evening at a table with some people from Ecuador.'' They turned out to be a delegation from the Museo de Arte Moderno, which was organizing an international survey of contemporary art but hadn't yet hired a curator for the American section. ''Actually, what they were planning to do was ask some New York galleries to make their own selections, which seemed absurd.'' Leigh (who grew up in a family of collectors but whose professional art experience was limited to organizing a few benefits for artists' groups) heard opportunity knocking. A Different Corner, the show he put

On the edge: curator and critic Christian Leigh; left: a favored work, Christian Eckart's *Andachtsbild #708*, 1988, detail.

Left: Courtesy Massimo Audiello Gallery; photo, Tom Warren. *Right:* GEORGE LANGE

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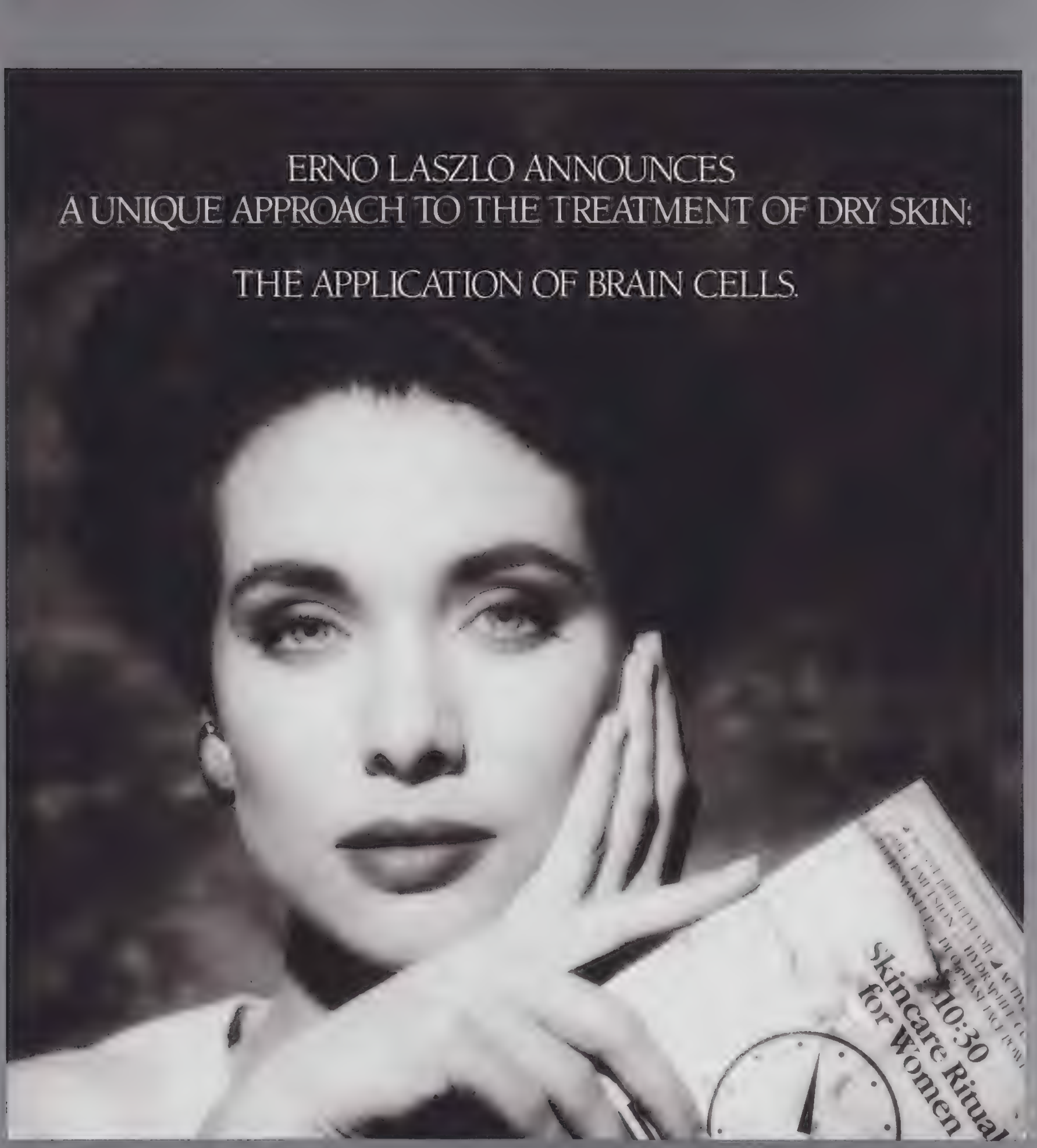

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together, not only introduced an eclectic body of work; it also introduced his voice as that of a capable scout. The freshness of that voice opened more doors: invitations to mount a trilogy of recent work at three prominent downtown galleries and a stint as review editor at *Artforum*.

Leigh's youth accounts for a good deal of the authority he exercises. People are curious to know what art looks like now to someone with the perspective of his generation and the intelligence to articulate it. It's a shock to recognize that many of the movements whose ideas are still circulating through the art world were over by the time little Christian was wearing shoes. Pop Art was over before he was born. Minimal and Conceptual art had peaked before he wore long pants. Abstract Expressionism, of course, was barely more than an antediluvian memory.

What excites Leigh is how artists are combining ideas from movements once ideologically opposed

By the time Christian walked into it in the mid-1980s, the art world was a landscape littered with the debris of all these "obsolete" packages in which critics, curators, and artists themselves had presented art for public consumption. Contemporary art looked like a stack of old fashion magazines: all this bright, optimistic novelty, all these profound ideological claims, their colorful polemics as faded as last year's pouf.

It was a landscape in which the ideas of art were promiscuously jumbled together with the sociology of art, in which artists were increasingly losing their traditional independence (or the illusion of that independence) to the voracious appetite of dealers, collectors, editors, and to their own eagerness to feed that appetite. But, unlike many of us born before the feast began, Leigh is not tempted to deliver moralistic sermons on the corruption of plenty. He takes for granted that art is now a respectable middle-class business; that parents don't freak out when their children choose art school over law school.

But he doesn't accept that comfort has necessarily deprived artists of the power to evoke art's traditional transcendent values. He's matter-of-fact about it: it's the artist's job to deal with those values, just as it's Lee Iacocca's to make spiffy cars.

What's most striking about Leigh's take on art is its relative freedom from the dogma of novelty. Yes, Leigh makes the rounds, visits the studios, looks at the slides. But, unlike other independent curators, he hasn't staked his reputation on an ability to ferret out young unknowns. He's more interested in discovering links between the work of younger artists, like Fariba Hajamadi and Claudia Hart, and well-established figures like Cy Twombley and Pat Steir.

This approach confounds some critics, like Kay Larson, for example, who, reviewing Leigh's Complexity and Contradiction show at the Scott Hanson Gallery last fall, complained that Leigh failed to present any startling new ideas. But Leigh never claimed to be presenting new ideas. His is a generation, after all, that has no problem dancing to golden oldies. It doesn't bother them to hear a Doors classic remade by Echo and the Bunnymen. And it doesn't bother Leigh that today's emerging artists draw upon ideas that have been in circulation for some time.

What excites Leigh is how artists are combining ideas from movements once ideologically opposed. It seems far preferable to him for artists to give themselves the freedom to draw on Pop, Conceptual, and Minimal art than to renew the tyranny of generational obsolescence by creating one more package. "I borrowed the title of Robert Venturi's 1966 book for my show because I like his idea of 'both/and,' the idea that black and white and sometimes gray are richer in meaning than black or white."

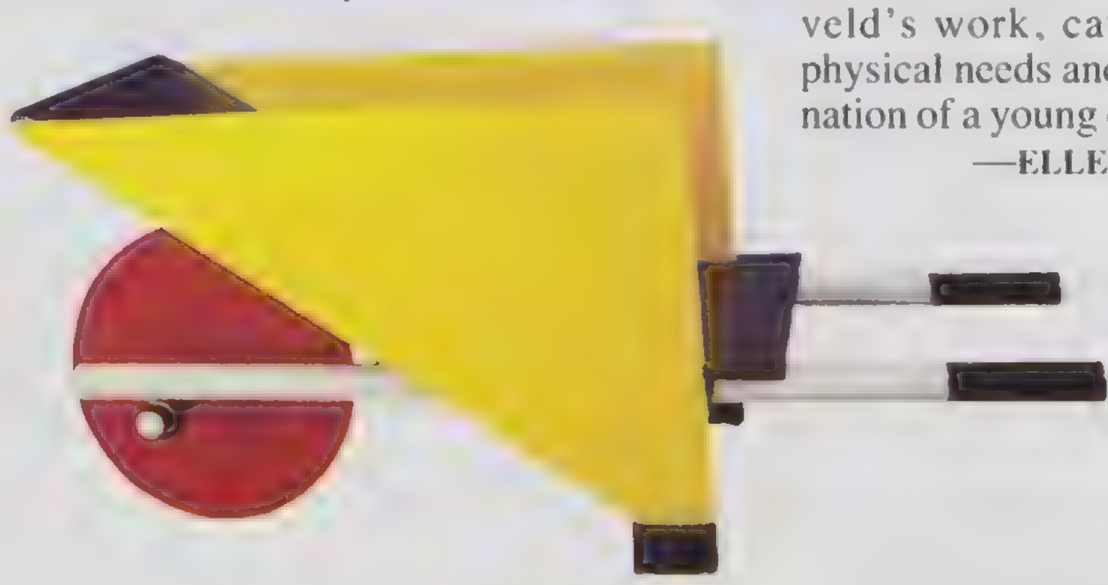
Although he looks without disapproval on art as big business, Leigh is by no means sanguine on the future of the contemporary art market. True, Black Monday did not produce the anticipated collapse of prices raised at auction; but Leigh thinks the feast won't last much longer. "Already collectors are concentrating on established artists rather than taking the kind of investment risks that were common two years ago," Leigh says. "I think the year ahead is destined to produce a drastic restructuring of the market, especially in the prices younger artists can expect." Although he refers to it as a coming Reign of Terror, he isn't living in dread. It will mean fewer slides, for one thing, and—maybe—tougher art.

—HERBERT MUSCHAMP

Rietveld's geometry

Dutch architect and furniture maker Gerrit Rietveld (1888–1964) may be best known in this country for his sleek and functional Red/Blue chair (1918), which became an emblem of the Constructivist De Stijl movement. But Rietveld, the father of six and a devoted family man, also employed the basic geometric forms and clear primary colors of his large-scale work to create whimsical furniture for his family and friends. Gerrit Rietveld: A Centenary Exhibition, at Chicago's Struve Gallery through January 16 and the Dayton Art Institute from February 3 to March 6, brings together a variety of furniture that shows the many facets of his work. The show, organized by Barry Friedman Ltd. in New York City, includes, of course, an array of Red/Blue chairs as well as the famous Z-shaped Zigzag chairs. More surprising is a 1927 fitted desk unit so simple and clean in its design that it appears timeless. An end table from his famous Schröder house consists simply of a red circle, two black and white rectangles, a black square, and a square yellow dowel. The high chair Rietveld designed for a friend's child is similar to his other furniture, but all the edges are rounded to prevent cuts and scrapes. His detailed dollhouse includes draperies, garden furniture, and miniature Zigzag chairs. But the wheelbarrow Rietveld made for a friend's four-year-old son is the perfect fusion of the two sides of Rietveld's work, catering to the physical needs and vivid imagination of a young child.

—ELLEN SILBERMAN



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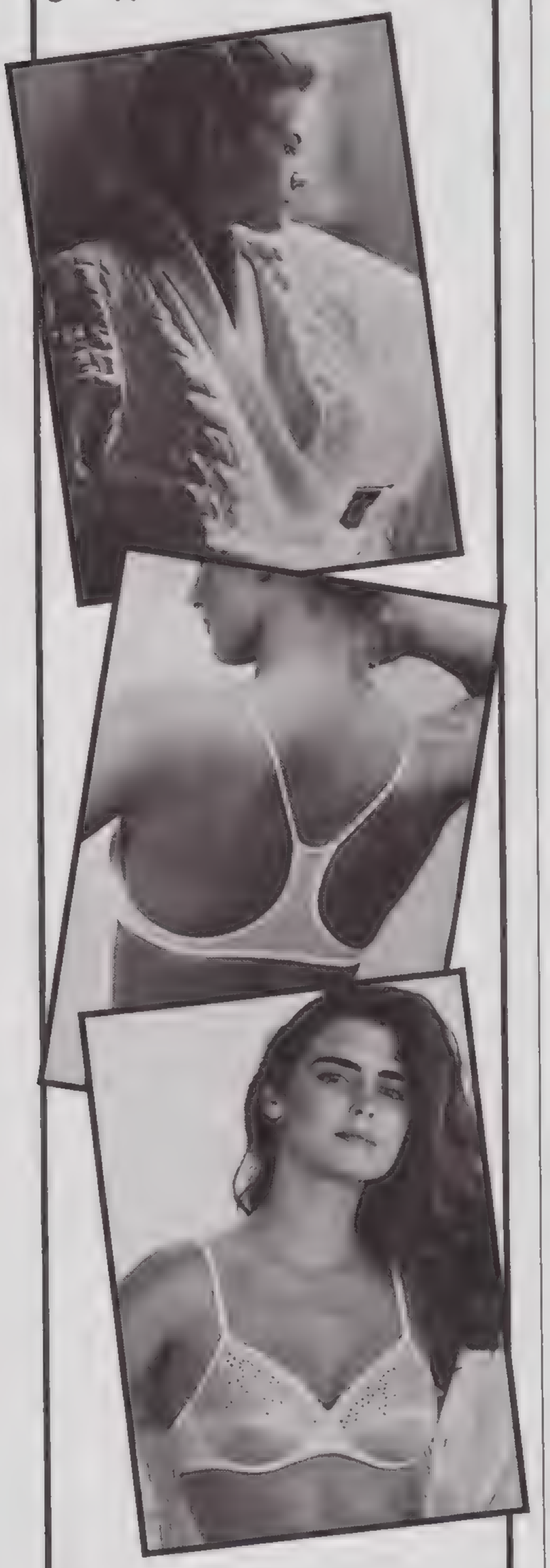

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horoscope

BY MICHAEL LUTIN

DEAR READERS: Whatta month! Mercury goes retrograde on the 15th. Translation: people will be screaming in airports closed due to weather. Jupiter goes forward in Taurus, so you'll believe you can win the lottery or at least a fur coat. And five planets line up in the sign of Capricorn, which means when it comes to new commitments, no more fooling around! P.S. If you know any Capricorns, better be nice to them. They've been restored to power.

CAPRICORN December 22-January 19 After your seven-year escape from self, you're coming home. Over the last several years, Capricorns have had many weird experiences. Some were even abducted by UFOs while on their way to Saks and are only now beginning to recall their true destination. Put your spiritual lessons behind you. Get tough, and get back to business. You need no longer fret over divine retribution for snapping at waiters and leaving lousy tips. Rejoice now in the news that with the big lineup in Capricorn, cheap is going to be chic.

AQUARIUS January 20-February 18 Should you feel trapped by career or pulled apart by kids, grownups, and problems that have no resolution, relax. Everything is as it should be. Nothing "out there" will erase the ennui at this point. What you need is inner refreshment. Burnout is natural for all you dynamo Aquarians, even if you're Helen Gurley Brown. So let the parade pass you by. Search for meaning. Do Tibet or Aztec ruins. Disappear for a while.

PISCES February 19-March 20 It's commendable how you've devoted your whole being to making something of yourself, even if the world is about to come to an end. But goals change, and now you know you have to live, too. It's time to eighty-six that tailored look, remove all signs of upper management, and step into the world of real people. Ironic, just when you decide to go Hawaiian, the rest of the world sets a dress code. Out of step as usual, or ahead of your time once again? Unbutton those two top buttons and go forward bravely. Pisceans don't belong behind a desk anyway.

ARIES March 21-April 19 Though Mars is in your sign for the first three weeks of the month and you're sassier than ever, deep down you know you have to curtail some of your precious freedom for five minutes and subject yourself to discipline, method, and, horror of horrors, authority figures. Notice how you find yourself working the first full weekend in January and you don't even scream. As a result you'll finally manifest your talents on Earth. Ambition must toughen you now. You may not want to make Mommie Dearest your patron saint, but try to add a touch of Joan Crawford to your wardrobe this year.

TAURUS April 20-May 20 You're not really crazy about change. In fact, during the last tidal wave it was the Taureans who absolutely refused to move their beach chairs. But now, the thread that has kept you dangling from the past for the last two and a half years has finally been cut. Time to raise the old consciousness and go to business school. Just watch and see how Cher starts boring us to tears trying to prove that she has a mind, too.

GEMINI May 21-June 21 Thanks to Mercury in Aquarius and Jupiter in your sign, a smorgasbord of distractions will offer you happiness as you've always defined it—never having to focus on anything for more than five minutes, and letting your mind wander for four of them. New places, faces, and all happy smiles are indicated. Underneath it all, you are grappling with issues so huge they're positively Wagnerian. You will now be able to prove to the world that you're more than ten ounces of bouncy fluff. Ditsy? Definitely, but still able to talk to a lawyer when you have to.

CANCER June 22-July 22 When the moon is in Cancer on the 19th and 20th, you'll probably have to lock yourself in the kitchen during a party just to get a break from people. You're being drawn out in ways you never thought possible, mainly because you're finally facing the need for intimate contact with another human being. Let us hope this means more than just another egg to fry or another person to pick up after. Bear in mind that the ones who were there first still deserve your keenest attention. Prioritize now and save yourself from ulcers later. You need someone to whip you into shape.

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horoscope

LEO July 23-August 22 Leo headline for January '89: FABULOUS BOSS OFFERS FABULOUS BONUS AS WORK WEEK LENGTHENS. Put yourself in a dedicated service mode, then watch how rewards, new goals, and wishes start enhancing your life. So if your agent calls and says you've got the part in a remake of *Gone with the Wind*, but then you find out you're one of 5,000 extras, take heart. You can't just pop out of a limousine and be a star. And forget about your gorgeous nails this year. You're going to be working like a field hand and loving every minute of it.

VIRGO August 23-September 22 Love is indicated. Not the tear-your-clothes-off-and-jump-into-a-Roman-fountain type of thing, but the long, slow building of sharing and trust. No longer can you sit at home every night petting your dog. Beware though, when you step into the realm of love, you run into all the joys and sorrows of this fleshly world. This is precisely why nuns are discouraged from dating. Note to Virgos in childbearing years: the challenge is to love the little dears, *not* to create perfect specimens in your divine image.

LIBRA September 23-October 22 Well, you had a wonderful holiday, eating Rolaids when family members arrived, drinking Maalox when they left. Now you know that a family must be more than a passel of strangers gathered around a fancy table and smiling for the birdie. The trick now is to disentangle from some of those people you have been taking care of while remaining connected to them. On Saturday the 14th, throw another log on the fire and get cozy with an irascible mate.

SCORPIO October 23-November 21 Despite all those thunderous rumblings you've been feeling, you still love floating in swamps of whipped cream and spending other people's money, which you could get a big fat chance to do in '89. But people skills are a must. Find fulfillment in clear, verbal communication with people who aren't on the same wavelength. Learn how to talk to and get along with people living within the fifteen-mile radius of your personal ground zero.

SAGITTARIUS November 22-December 21 Congratulations! You made it through the last two years. You've learned that laws do indeed apply to you, and you've definitely been a little humbled. Now it's time to turn creative thinking into pesos. You might actually write that screenplay after all. Whatever you want to do now must be commercially viable and is going to take real green money. So sit down with a cup of herb tea and think about doing your taxes. ▽

Note: Dates of astrological signs may vary according to your time and year of birth. Check with your astrologer.

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fitness BY IRENE BORGER

One-on-one wonder?

Personal training may be the ultimate solution to an exerciser's woes

While the information base of fitness training has moved from kindergarten to graduate school, it's still the ambivalence factor that is the undoing of even the most motivated exercisers. And the solution to that, for most fitness enthusiasts, has been the personal trainer. Marvin Traub, chief executive officer of Bloomingdale's, started by working out twice a week with Kate Gyllenhaal, director of New York City's Homebodies, a personal training service that comes to the home. Says Traub, "When I belonged to a club, I found myself postponing exercise each time an important meeting came up. Now, with someone pounding at the door at 6:00 A.M., I'm on track regularly. Many of our top executives have followed suit."

Are people paying upward of thirty-five dollars an hour for a fitness baby-sitter? Not if they're eagle-eyed. First-rate trainers come armed with anatomy and kinesiology knowledge and tailor-make workouts; the very best teach Yoga or Zen-master control and don't just tell you you're "looking good." Prefab programs and going for the "burn" are dead giveaways of second-string pros.

"People tend not to talk about the more subtle benefits of working with trainers," says movie and theater producer Francine LeFrak. "The ability to concentrate, the development of self-love: these are real results." LeFrak, who has homes in New York City and Los Angeles, has trainers in both cities, too. In L.A., her trainer joins her at 6:30 A.M. for a canyon hike. In NYC, where she says "you have to be more creative to figure out ways to exercise," she works with several people from Manhattan Home Fitness, a consortium of trainers who range from Pilates-trained specialists and Lotte Berke-schooled teachers to triathletes.

It's precisely this collective approach that marks the best training groups. Instead of generation-one jocks setting out a shingle on their own, now many experts are organized like medical groups, as much to stay up to date with current research as to provide clients with a full palette of disciplines.

Are people paying upward of thirty-five dollars an hour just to have a fitness baby-sitter?

Malibu trainer Jackson Sousa commands a team of exercise physiologists, athletic trainers, kinesiologists, medical consultants, and rehabilitation specialists. Homebodies trainers are well-known dancers, Alexander-technique teachers, strength experts, and reflexologists. They consult regularly with experts in the fields of stress management, biomechanics, release work, and mental imagery.

Exercise physiologist William G. Herbert, Ph.D., who writes exercise guidelines for the American College of Sports Medicine, suggests that prospective clients carefully examine a trainer's background before beginning to work. "The knowledge base in nutrition, exercise physiology, and sports psychology has become so vast, I'd be cautious when someone claims all-around competency.

"If a trainer tells you he or she is certified, ask 'by whom?' Certification doesn't mean anything unless you look into the group. Does it have a national reputation? [Both the American College of Sports Medicine and the International Dance-Exercise Association do.] What are the guidelines? Be skeptical. Certification could mean a four-day workshop or a single interview."

Dr. Garrick, coauthor (with Peter Radetsky) of *How to Be Your Own Personal Trainer* (Crown, spring 1989) and medical consultant for several of Jane Fonda's exercise tapes, adds, "Of course, it's critical, too, that trainers be able to devise an individual program. You don't want ready-made recipes. That's why you hire a personal trainer, to have your own chef."

Lori Pollan works one-on-one with a client at Pollan-Austen Fitness Center, NYC.

A collateral benefit of having a trainer come to the house is that you get to spend more time at home. One New York City editor, Pamela Maffei McCarthy, wasn't planning on exercise *à deux* when she began her one-on-one sessions at home last year. But when her squash-playing husband injured his arm and covetously eyed her workouts, she bit her tongue when he asked if he might join in. ("I wanted to say, 'No, she's *mine*.'") McCarthy ended up with some unexpected benefits.

"Working out together has

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underscored the competitive element in our relationship in a very positive way: I find it satisfying that when factors like flexibility and balance are considered, a moderately fit 5′5″ woman can hold her own against a 6′4″ man in top shape.''

One-on-one sessions are still something of a luxury, but Lori Pollan of New York City's Pollan-Austen Fitness Center suggests a less expensive alternative: combining two or three regular classes a week with an occasional solo workout. ''Take a few private lessons to learn to isolate the muscle groups and get the correct placement down.''

A private trainer can focus on things that inevitably get passed over in class. Judy Gantz, a private teacher and member of the dance faculty at UCLA, evaluates how clients move before prescribing any exercise. Many people she works with arrive with chronic problems or recent injuries.

You don't want ready-made workout recipes. A trainer is like a chef

''I look at how someone walks, sits, dances, and runs, and analyze the habit causing her injury. I take her particular body type into account. Someone with lax ligaments should never be put on heavy weight equipment right away. She needs to work first with very light weights to improve muscle strength and joint stability.''

Marvin Traub's wife, Lee, chairman of the board of the Martha Graham Dance Company, is an ex-dancer who has exercised vigorously all her life. She now works with a Homebodies trainer twice a week and swears that her one-on-one classes are the best exercise she's known. ''My arms, legs, and midsection have never been this strong.''

Despite the admiring chorus of voices, there are still those who'd rather avoid personal training—and workouts—altogether. ''I know personal training is really the thing, but it's gotten ridiculous,'' says Marty Schenker, national news editor of the *Wall Street Journal*. ''A club just opened near the office. You can use the gym as often as you want and get one hour each week with a personal trainer; but first you have to pay six thousand dollars to join. I'd be too embarrassed to walk in. Frankly, I'd rather play baseball.'' ▽

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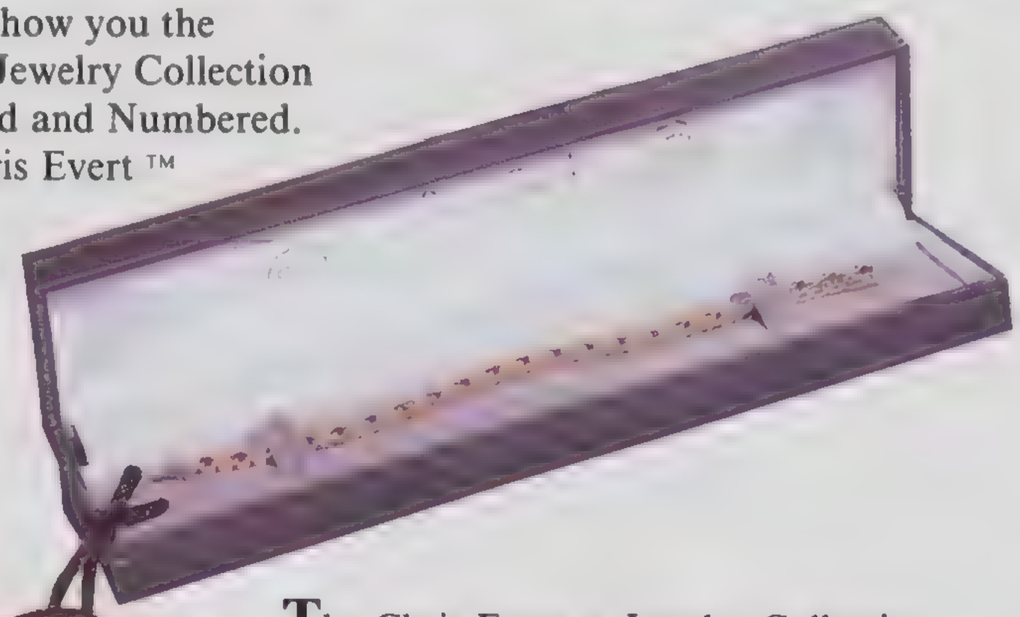

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BY JANICE KAPLAN

Accutane: under attack

Does the anti-acne drug deserve its recent criticism?

Americans have a love/hate relationship with personal liberty. We demand the right to make choices, but when we make a bad choice, we want someone to blame. That may be the real issue behind the current controversy over the anti-acne drug Accutane. When a new drug becomes available, do we want the government to make all the judgment calls on risk-versus-benefit, or do we want some say for ourselves?

Accutane came on the market in 1982, a breakthrough drug in the treatment of severe forms of cystic acne. The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) approved it, even though it was well known that the drug (generic name, isotretinoin) causes birth defects. Hoffmann-La Roche, the drug's manufacturer, offered clear warnings and sent follow-up advisories to doctors and pharmacists as more data became available.

Just how many babies have been affected by Accutane isn't quite clear. There have been about seventy reported cases of Accutane-linked deformities. But last spring, David Graham, M.D., of the FDA, charged that many cases weren't reported, and as many as thirteen hundred babies were probably affected. He strongly urged that the FDA consider banning the drug.

That's the point at which this story takes a curious twist. According to Hoffmann-La Roche, Dr. Graham's numbers were "invalid" and "grossly exaggerated." And that wasn't just the carping of the accused. There were so many obvious flaws in the study that many dermatologists denounced the findings. Dr. Graham revised his numbers, saying it was more likely that six hundred babies had been damaged by Accutane. Dr. Graham's studies were never submitted for publication by a medical journal—and therefore never subjected to peer review. Again, doctors dismissed his data, which was extrapolated from very small studies, as exaggerated. But the press continued to report them.

The FDA's Dermatologic Drugs Advisory Committee, a group of eleven doctors and academics, decided, admirably, not to get into the issue of body counts. "We started from the premise that even one birth defect is too many," says Lynn Drake, M.D., a member of the committee. "And we also realized that birth defects due to Accutane are 100 percent preventable. You just have to make sure that no woman using the drug gets pregnant."

The committee recommended a two-pronged approach: further educating doctors so they would properly prescribe the drug, and educating patients. "The days of women not participating in their own medical care are over," says Dr. Drake. "Women are willing to take responsibility, and we have to make sure that they have enough information to do so."

The FDA ultimately decided to accept the committee's recommendation: keep Accutane available—but reduce the number of prescriptions—and encourage efforts to reduce the number of pregnancies of women on the drug. Hoffmann-La Roche offered a plan that included improved package warnings, a patient consent form to be signed by both patient and physician (the first time it's been required for an approved drug), an initial pregnancy test, and contraceptive counseling paid for by the drug company. Says one member of the committee: "It's

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hard to have sympathy for a drug company, but Hoffmann-La Roche has been exemplary.''

Faye Peterson, spokesperson for the FDA, says the educational elements of the Accutane program, including the informed consent, ''could be a model for other drugs.'' If the Accutane program is successful, perhaps the FDA will decide to give patients some responsibility for making informed decisions about other drugs that are not currently available.

Some FDA staffers, who asked not to be identified, suggest that anti-abortion sentiment from the Reagan administration may have played a role in the Accutane controversy. Since no method of birth control is foolproof, Hoffmann-La Roche has consistently suggested that if pregnancy does occur during treatment, ''the physician and patient should discuss the desirability

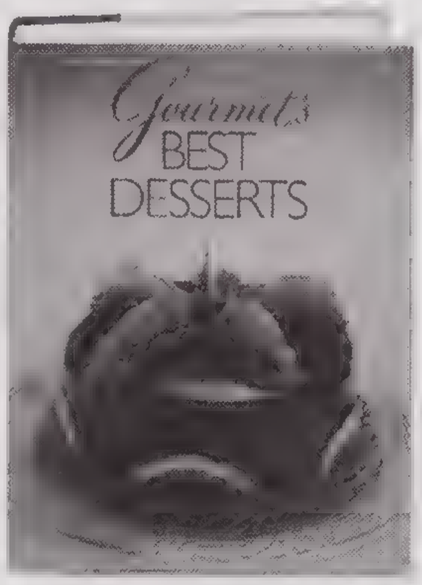
The political games of right-to-lifers adversely affect the availability of certain needed drugs

of continuing the pregnancy.'' In Britain, where there have been no Accutane-related birth defects, women have also been encouraged to sign a consent form stating that they will avoid pregnancy while using the drug.

One FDA insider expressed concern that ''the political games of right-to-lifers will adversely affect the availability of certain needed drugs.'' Accutane is not the only one. A drug that could prevent the development of certain ulcers has been recommended for approval by an FDA advisory committee, but insiders say the FDA is stalling. The reason: the drug can cause spontaneous abortions.

Some of the outcry against Accutane had a decidedly sexist ring—as if women were sacrificing their babies to clear up a few pimples. In truth, cystic acne is a deforming, scarring disease that was often difficult to treat before Accutane. Dermatologists estimate that some 70 percent of those affected are men or women who are not of childbearing age. And, of course, the vast majority of women using Accutane have heeded the warnings. ''It would be very difficult to tell a young woman that she must suffer the scarring, pain, and emotional trauma of cystic acne for life because the only drug that could cure it was taken off the market,'' says Dr. Drake. ''To deprive people of a needed drug because there are a few who won't modify their behavior just doesn't seem fair.'' ▽

HOW SWEET IT IS!



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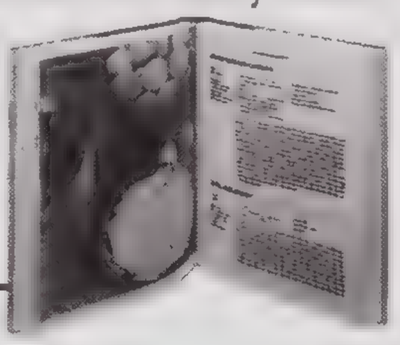

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health BY MELVA WEBER

Mammography: who needs it?

Should women undergo regular mammographic screening for breast cancer between ages forty and forty-nine?

Three of our top cancer organizations—the National Cancer Institute, the American Cancer Society, and the American College of Radiology—say yes. Equally expert authorities say it's not necessary, that extensive studies have shown routine mammography (breast X-ray) benefits women who are over fifty, not those in their forties. (Women between forty-five and forty-nine are almost as likely as women aged fifty to fifty-four to get breast cancer: ten in ten thousand women in the latter group get the disease. In women forty to forty-four, however, the incidence of breast cancer drops 40 percent—to only six in ten thousand.)

The controversy affects more than 14 million American women; and its conclusions may make a life-or-death difference to the 10 percent destined to get breast cancer. It will also influence whether doctors recommend mammography in addition to regular physical exams, and whether health-insurance companies decide to pay for mammographic screening.

According to Gloria Frankl, M.D., clinical professor of radiology at the University of Southern California School of Medicine and staff radiologist at Kaiser Permanente Medical Center in Los Angeles, by the time breast cancer is detected by a woman or her physician, lymph nodes are involved in almost half the patients.

Mammography can detect lesions as small as one millimeter. These tiny lesions are unlikely to have nodal involvement, and both survival and cure rates are high. Still, some critics suggest that routine screening for women forty to forty-nine should be discontinued, except for those at high risk.

Now, a new study, headed by National Cancer Institute researcher Kenneth C. Chu, Ph.D., finds that regular mammographic screening significantly reduces breast-cancer deaths for women—both under and over age fifty. In cases followed for at least eighteen years, there were 24 percent fewer cancer deaths among women screened at ages forty to forty-nine than in nonscreened women. While the same number of cancer cases occurred in the screened women, tumors were detected earlier.

Last March, a study headed by David M. Eddy, M.D., Ph.D., at Duke University in Durham, North Carolina, launched the mammogram controversy into the headlines. Dr. Eddy's analysis also indicated that adding mammography to regular examinations could save lives. "If ten thousand women are screened with mammography for ten years," says Dr. Eddy, "it will make the difference between life and death from breast cancer for twenty-two women. The question is whether that magnitude is great enough to justify the approximate 10 percent chance of a false-positive result, which would then require a biopsy, plus the inconvenience and cost of mammograms themselves."

Says Dr. Eddy, "Some conclude it's worth it. I say let's let women decide for themselves." NCI researchers, however, hope their study will settle the under-fifty screening debate in favor of mammograms.

Tamoxifen and breast cancer: new choices

For the past eleven years, tamoxifen—the anti-estrogen drug—has been used in the United States primarily to delay recurrence of breast cancer in postmenopausal women who have estrogen-receptor-positive tumors that have not spread into armpit lymph nodes. Now, a five-year study done in Scotland—as well as a recent Clinical Alert issued here to doctors by the National Cancer Institute—suggests that tamoxifen used for five years following cancer treatment can also benefit women whose cancers have not spread to the lymph nodes, whether they are pre- or postmenopausal. As reported in the Lancet, *the Scottish study claims a highly significant delay in relapse of tamoxifen-treated women.*

Standard treatment for early-stage breast cancers not involving lymph nodes has been surgery or radiation therapy to destroy the usually tiny tumor. Often, no further treatment was thought necessary, except for regular examinations, mammography, and vigilant monitoring. The Clinical Alert challenges this practice.

Mace Rothenberg, M.D., of the National Cancer Institute, says the NCI's Clinical Alert summarized data from three major unpublished studies. These studies, which examined the benefit of further therapy in women whose tumors had not spread to lymph nodes or elsewhere, found that there were significantly fewer relapses within the first four years following surgery in those women who were given additional (the medical term is adjuvant) treatment (e.g., chemotherapy, tamoxifen, or both) compared with women given no further treatment following surgery. (Doctors chose chemotherapy or hormonal therapy based on the estrogen-receptor status of a tumor.) Delaying the release of this information until publication in medical journals—which takes a minimum of six months—could affect treatment decisions for about thirty thousand women.

What the NCI Clinical Alert tells doctors about tamoxifen treatment: it can significantly reduce recurrences of breast cancer. For estrogen-receptor-positive women whose tumors have not spread to lymph nodes or other sites, there is a 5 percent reduction in relapse rate over the first four years of follow-up.

Chemotherapy or tamoxifen treatment offers some degree of insurance against cancer cells that might lurk in the body after surgery or radiation. Not all doctors agree that this insurance is justified for all women whose cancers are early-stage and node-negative and who may have been cured of disease by surgery or radiation.

For women with breast cancer, these reports leave some questions unanswered: when does a woman need additional therapy? When is chemotherapy preferable to tamoxifen therapy? Women with early, node-negative breast cancer—who have the highest rate of survival—should be especially prudent in seeking advice. Says Dr. Rothenberg, "Women should be able to ask their doctors questions. They're going to have to live with their decision for the rest of their lives."

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mindhealth

BY CAROL TAVRIS, Ph.D.

No-fault psychology

The "I can't help myself" excuse ignores the idea of moral choice

In California, a woman was accused of murdering her infant son. She killed him, the defense claimed, while suffering from postpartum depression. In San Antonio, Texas, a man confessed to raping a woman three times, but the jury agreed that *he* was the victim—of a high testosterone level. Michael Deaver excused his perjury by saying he was "forgetful" due to his drinking problem. We are in the midst of an excuse epidemic in America.

To William Wilbanks, professor of criminal justice at Florida International University in North Miami, these excuses are all variations on the same theme: "I can't help myself." Wilbanks calls this phrase the "new obscenity" because, he says, "it is offensive to the core concept of humanity": that human beings have free will and are capable of self-discipline and responsibility.

Across the country, clinicians are treating the "sexually compulsive" man who can't control his sexual desires, the "love-addicted" woman who can't break out of bad relationships, and millions of people addicted to drugs or alcohol—or who are allegedly addicted to those who are. "There is a growing tendency in the scientific community to view human beings as objects who are acted upon by internal and external forces over which they have no control," says Wilbanks. "We mistakenly infer that people *cannot* exercise self-control because they *do not* exercise self-control." We overlook the millions of men with high testosterone levels who do not rape, the depressed women who do not murder their children, and the great majority of addicts who decide to quit and do.

"The new obscenity of 'you can't help yourself' only convinces the person that her problem is hopeless and she might as well give up," says Wilbanks. "It thereby produces the very kind of problem behavior it attempts to explain. The problem with the medical model of misbehavior is that it completely ignores the idea of moral choice and resistance to temptation."

At the University of Kansas, C.R. Snyder, Ph.D., and Raymond L. Higgins, Ph.D., are also interested in the growing number of categories the public accepts as legitimate excuses for irresponsible, self-defeating, or criminal behavior. While Wilbanks is concerned about the effect of excuses on the legal system and society at large, Snyder is concerned about the effects of excuses on individual health and well-being.

Successful therapy depends on making people face the link between themselves and their actions

Snyder has been studying the psychology of excuses for years. "Excuses—such as, 'It's not my fault,' 'The dog ate it,' 'I didn't *mean* to break her jaw'—soften the link between you and an unfortunate or negative action," says Snyder. "Of course, without excuses, we would be exposed and vulnerable; they protect our self-esteem. But sometimes, people also use excuses to rationalize the destructive things they do."

Excuses become self-defeating, says Snyder, when their costs outweigh their benefits. "A woman who blames unacceptable behavior on her depression or an 'addiction,' " he says, "finds that her future transgressions are automatically attributed to her problem—thus, her excuse becomes what's known as a self-handicapping strategy. It excuses her behavior in the short run, but in the long run it undermines her self-esteem and sense of personal control."

As a psychotherapist as well as a researcher, Snyder is particularly concerned about people who move from making the excuse to being the excuse. "With some people, the excuse becomes incorporated into their identities," says Snyder. "I couldn't help myself; I *am* an addict/rapist/abuser; I *am* depressed/shy/angry."

Snyder observes that it is particularly difficult to treat those with incorporated excuses. Once people define themselves as helpless slaves to a problem, they hand over control of the problem to others. Or they find an explanation for the problem that is out of their hands: "I can't help the way I am; my mother made me this way"—an ever-popular choice for blame. (As a client of one of Snyder's colleagues told him: "It's like this: if it's not my fault, it's her fault, and if it's not her fault, it's still not my fault.") For people whose excuses have become a problem, says Snyder, successful therapy depends on breaking down their self-deceptive, self-protective excuses and making them face the link between themselves and their actions.

Both Wilbanks and Snyder recognize that a humane legal system will consider some conditions—such as defending oneself or one's family, or having an organic brain disorder—to be legitimate excuses for a defendant's behavior. But they oppose the growing tendency in psychology and law to excuse behavior we don't like: to confuse moral judgments with scientific ones, and to confuse learned habits with organic deficiencies.

Furthermore, Wilbanks believes that for society's sake, as well as for the thousands of people who are being taught to think of themselves as helpless victims of life or biology, it is time to restore confidence in self-control and self-determination. "People can learn to respond to temptations by asking themselves, 'Is this behavior consistent with my self-image?' " says Wilbanks, "rather than, 'Can I get away with it?' " ▽

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foodnotes

BY BARBARA KAFKA

Fish stories

If you are going to buy just one fish cookbook this year, buy *The Great American Seafood Cookbook* (Workman) by Susan Herrmann Loomis. She has been out on fishing boats collecting recipes from fishermen and -women, local cooks, and great chefs. Each recipe comes with an anecdote, making it difficult to decide which is most appealing: her story about fishing for mullet or her recipe for "Rosemary-Baked Mullet with Peppers," which she suggests reviving with a merlot.

The proliferation of Japanese restaurants and sushi bars has created the need among their fans to learn this different style of fish preparation. Elizabeth Andoh's *An Ocean of Flavor: The Japanese Way with Fish and Seafood* (Morrow) makes the Japanese skills accessible to the home cook.

Varieties of East Coast fish are thoroughly covered in *A Feast of Fishes* (Globe Pequot Press) by Elizabeth Bray, Anne Buttrick, Mary Thomsen, and the New England Aquarium Council. Since fish merchandisers are notorious for giving attractive, expensive-sounding names to cheaper and less popular fish, this exposition is a real service to consumers. The recipes are adequate, but hardly the point. The clear, detailed drawings are the real help.

Provence bound

Provence and the olive-bearing lands that border the Mediterranean have always captured our hearts with robust wines, sun-ripened fruits and vegetables.

Americans have not resisted the lure. We consume countless plates of pasta, slice upon slice of tomato with basil and mozzarella, and gallons of olive oil. Now, with A Taste of Provence *(Henry Holt), we can learn the full range of these pleasures. Written by Julian More, it is so richly evocative that, even though I had just returned from the south of France, after looking through this book I wanted to call immediately for an airplane ticket. It's hard not to be attracted by pictures of a lavender field in Taulignan, dishes as simple as fennel and tomatoes and as elegant as L'Oustau de Baumanière's fillets of* rouget *in flavored olive oil. The more elaborate tiny squid stuffed with spinach, anchovies, pine nuts, and fennel seeds from La Bonne Etape in Château-Arnoux is as fancy as Provence gets.*

Also in a Mediterranean vein is Chez Panisse Cooking *(Random House), this year's entry from Alice Waters's famed Berkeley restaurant. The book, which has hand-tinted photographs by Gail Skoff, is primarily the creation of Paul Bertolli, the restaurant's chef. His is an Italian rather than a French orientation, but the respect for the basic ingredients, the love of fresh herbal tastes are as Provençal—or, for that matter as Californian—as Italian.*

Fad-free cooking

Potatoes, fava beans, *rouget*, pigeon, rabbit, saffron, curry, and restaurant-made breads—often whole grain—are the current stars of French cooking. Remember, though, that such fads, no matter how pleasant, usually pass. Recently, every chic menu in France featured *magret de canard* (rare, boned breast of duck) on the menu; now it's virtually impossible to find.

Paris's newest spot for those in the know, Miravile, on 25 Quai de la Tournelle (4634/0778), should prove more lasting. While Gilles Epie, the chef/owner, and his wife, Muriel, left, who heads the dining room, are young, and the food *is* imaginative, there is no sense that what one is eating is an experiment. Each dish is deliciously, fully realized. Epie uses potatoes in delicate miniature blinis served with a slather of the best caviar and an acid edge of crème fraîche. There was a brilliant first course of tiny bay scallops with a thin julienne of fennel braised in a peppery veal stock, and rare wild rabbit served with a tiny cake of liver and a gizzard fritter (both its own). The pigeon was the best of my trip.

From top to bottom: GAIL SKOFF, CAREY MORE, DOMINIQUE BAJART

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travel BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

Paradise lost—and found

A hippie haven in the sixties, Thailand now caters to lovers of solitude in search of that perfect beach

Thailand is halfway around the world from New York City, which makes it as far away from my home as any spot on the face of the earth. It was when we landed in Tokyo that I began to question the wisdom of it all. I had already logged eighteen hours in the air and still had seven to go before Bangkok, where I'd spend the night at the airport before taking off the next morning on a fifty-five-minute flight to the island of Phuket. Was all this flying really worth it? After all, Phuket was no longer news; its broad white beaches had already been discovered. But I was headed to a very special spot on Phuket, the new Amanpuri resort. And rumor had it that this was a place definitely worth a detour—even one that took you halfway around the world.

The Phuket airport is a small, one-building affair reminiscent of the Caribbean. Waiting for my luggage, I am intrigued by a sign that spells out, for immigration officials, I suppose, how to determine "aliens with hippie characteristics." It covers everything from "long hair that appears untidy and dirty," to no underwear, to wooden sandals that are "not part of a national costume." The sign, tucked away in a corner of the terminal, is a vestige of 1960s Phuket, when the island's main tourists were flower children from Europe and the United States in search of yet another cheap beach on which to get stoned. Much easier to see from the luggage carousel these days is the giant backlit billboard that proclaims: "Enjoy Phuket with VISA."

I get my first taste of Amanpuri when a young Thai in a white uniform and gloves picks me out of the crowd. Identifying himself as an Amanpuri

The Andaman Sea, top, seen from the Amanpuri resort on Phuket; Amanpuri bedroom, above

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staff member, he takes charge of my baggage and leads me to a large black Volvo piloted by a colleague in matching livery. The car's seats are covered in starched white linen, and a Mozart tape provides the score for the twenty-five-minute drive to the resort. We pass stately rubber plantations, forests of coconut palms, poison-green rice paddies, and chrome-covered buses that look like 1959 Chryslers. In front of many homes, gas stations, and shops, there are miniature Thai houses on pedestals, put there to shelter the indigenous spirits displaced by the properties' human occupants.

And then there is Amanpuri. The dream of Indonesian hotelier/entrepreneur Adrian Zecha and the work of Paris-based American architect Edward Tuttle, no resort on earth looks quite like this hillside compound of Thai pavilions and soaring pagoda roofs set amidst a sea of palms. A grand open-air pavilion serves as the lobby, and here I am met by a lovely Thai woman in a traditional long silk dress. After draping a garland of tiny purple orchids and jasmine around my neck, she signs me in at a concierge desk and escorts me to one of the forty individual pavilions that are Amanpuri's guest rooms. Her name is Piak, she tells me in halting, just-learned English as we climb up and down the elaborate walkways that link the pavilions. She is an assistant manager, she says, and goes on to explain that at Amanpuri this means that she and her colleagues are here to assist the guests.

The ultimate terrace: private *sala* off Amanpuri guest room

The pavilion itself is divided into two spaces of equal size—a bed/sitting room and a dressing room/bath—connected by sliding doors. Alone, I contemplate the beauty of this interior, which has the look and feel of a classic Frank Lloyd Wright house with its custom furniture, its sensitive use of native woods, its organic proportions, its Zen-like lack of excess (including no television set or radio). Just outside, a sun deck leads to my private *sala*—a Thai gazebo with a low table in the center that seems an idyllic place for breakfast or a sunset cocktail overlooking the Andaman Sea.

Everywhere I look, something beautiful catches my eye: the enormous swimming pool of green-black marble; the broad, palm tree–studded staircase leading to a secluded beach; the huge pots of pink bougainvillea; the Oriental art treasures; the plate of artfully carved fruit—watermelon roses, pineapple sunburst—left in the room as an afternoon surprise; the tiny orchids on the pillow at bedtime. There are wonderful sounds here, too: the sea, the wind, the crickets, and, at dinnertime, soothing Thai music played by young members of a trio who sit on a Kabuki-like stage across the pool from the open-air dining pavilion. Ultimately, everything at Amanpuri is designed to make guests feel not just relaxed but completely at peace. The name of the resort, it turns out, means "Region of Tranquility."

Alas, the weather during my stay at Amanpuri is often less than tranquil. I am here at the end of the rainy season (May to October), and rough seas don't allow me to do some of the things the resort offers—like scuba diving or sailing off to deserted beaches and secret islands on the fifty-foot house yacht, *Amanpuri I*. On the other hand, dining on Technicolor Thai food at a sheltered candlelit table in the midst of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer monsoon is an experience I'll never forget.

Beyond Amanpuri, Phuket has its own wonders. At the Khao Phra Thaeo National Park, I hike to a magical spot in the rain forest where the palm trees are as tall as redwoods. My guide on this adventure is a Thai teenager who obviously makes a business of hustling tourists, but who turns out to be very valuable in pointing out all sorts of things I would otherwise miss: tiny lizards, bright red crabs, fat spiders, and ferns whose fronds fold up when touched.

Also on the island's sight-seeing circuit is the bizarre and beautiful Wat Phra Thong Buddhist temple. At the center of a red, white, and orange pa-

PHILIP QUIRK/Wildlight

goda, dazzling enough to have been used in *The Wizard of Oz*, a six-foot-tall bust of a gold-flecked Buddha rises out of the marble floor. According to legend, the rest of the statue is below ground, impossible to unearth ever since it miraculously appeared here centuries ago. The temple grounds are studded with all sorts of full-size ceramic animals—rhinos, giraffes, elephants, and tigers—in pastel colors, prompting me to wonder if I'm in Thailand or Toontown. There is also a museum on the premises. I expect it to house religious art and artifacts; instead it has European china and silver, rusty sewing machines, an ancient gramophone, a 1940s shortwave radio, and, oddest of all, a 1950s Brownie Bulls-Eye camera that has a display case practically all to itself. Can these ordinary Western objects seem just as strange and wonderful to these people as their golden Buddhas, pastel menageries, and exotic temples do to me?

Phuket's biggest attractions are its beaches. Some, like Amanpuri's, are still pristine; but in many ways, the beach I remember most is Patong. Phuket's boom beach, Patong is crammed with cottage colonies and mid-rise hotels, New Zealand steak houses and Aussie pubs, and hole-in-the-wall places with names like 69 Love Bar and My Way, where Thai girls and boys sell sex. With cranes and construction crews everywhere, Patong is a frightening vision of development run rampant.

Cut to Ko Samui—an island off the east coast of south Thailand (Phuket is off the west coast). Getting to Ko Samui is not easy, which helps explain why it is said to be a good ten or fifteen years behind Phuket in terms of development. From Phuket I fly on a thirty-passenger prop plane to a city called Surat Thani. There, we travelers bound for Ko Samui transfer to a bus that takes us to a ferry an hour and a half away. En route, a video of Madonna's "Who's That Girl?" concert tour competes with the spectacular landscape—chartreuse fields, weathered clapboard houses on stilts, and lumpy mountains.

It's dark by the time we reach Ko Samui, and I can see little of the island except for its harbor town, Ban Na Thon, where the main street is lined with travel agencies advertising destinations like Singapore and Kuala Lumpur. There is also a massage parlor in a dilapidated wooden building where ancient Chinese men with more tattoos than teeth give acupressure massages for about two dollars an hour.

My hotel lies forty minutes away. It is a new five-star place called Tongsai Bay: a sprawling estate with eighty

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rooms housed in tile-roofed, white-stuccoed cottage units set on a green, lushly landscaped hillside by the sea. Tongsai Bay's most striking feature is a vast free-form swimming pool that's smack on the beach. There are also two restaurants, a game room, pleasant suites with color television, mini-bars, private balconies. The honeymooners from England, Germany, and Scandinavia seem to be having a wonderful time here.

But I have come to Ko Samui looking for something else—a kind of luxury that has nothing to do with television and mini-bars. And my second day on the island, I find it. I have rented a Jeep and am knocking off Ko Samui's required sight-seeing, which basically consists of beaches but also includes such ingenuously named attractions as Big Buddha, Wonderful Rock, Quadruple Coconut Tree, and Monk in Elephant. This last is supposedly a hermit who has shunned the world for a contemplative life in a concrete house shaped like an elephant. Well, I *have* to see this, and spend a good hour making wrong turns and bouncing around coconut groves trying to find the elusive holy man. On one of these bum steers, I find myself following a series of signs directing me to the Laem Set Inn: "Yes, this is the way"..."Don't give up, you're almost there"..."Next, but one." My resolve to find Monk in Elephant is overshadowed by my obsession to make it to the Laem Set Inn.

The road ends and one last sign directs me to a parking area in the sand. From here, a short stroll leads to an enchanting little beach with calm, clear water bounded by smooth gray boulders. Nearby is a cluster of thatched huts, one of which is a café where a lone German couple is finishing lunch. I ask them if the place is still open, and they tell me to check with a Mr. Parry in the kitchen. Parry turns out to be a former airline pilot from Britain who, with his wife, dropped out on Ko Samui eight years ago, "when it was strictly coconuts." Not only does he agree to serve me, but he suggests that I have a swim beforehand.

I bob blissfully in the Gulf of Siam, with the Laem Set Inn looking like a Gauguin painting on the beach. This is the luxury I've been looking for. My swim segues seamlessly into a perfect lunch of sautéed prawns with wild mint leaves, a frigid bottle of Singha beer, and eventually a cup of tea and a tiny ball of coconut ice cream served in half a papaya.

Beguiled by the food, the breeze, the sea, I savor this idyllic interlude. It is almost four o'clock by the time I stand up to pay my check, which comes to all of five dollars. Before leaving, I poke my head into one of the bungalows. It is Spartan simple, but has running water, shower, toilet. It costs about $35 a night for two, and in its own way is as luxurious as both Amanpuri and Tongsai Bay.

Back in my Jeep, I am fantasizing about returning to Ko Samui and spending a barefoot week or two at Parry's place. But if I return, will it be the same? Parry has mentioned that he plans to erect some considerably more luxurious villas on the hillside behind his property. Perhaps, the next time, I should try the island north of Ko Samui called Ko Phangnga. For the moment, it has only a handful of cottage colonies. And beyond Ko Phangnga, I've read of an even more unspoiled island called Ko Tao, which, one guidebook says, is the only place on earth where three beaches come together. I'm not sure exactly what that means, but it certainly sounds seductive as I bounce among the coconut trees of one perfect place, considering the endless possibilities of paradise. ▽

Tips for Thailand

Flying there

Thai Airways International has the most direct service to Bangkok from North America, taking off daily from Seattle and three and four times a week from Dallas and Toronto, respectively. Round-trip fares range from $1,000 for a twenty-one-day advance purchase to $7,436 for a Royal first-class passage. Thai Airways also has a number of packages that link Bangkok with Phuket and/or Ko Samui. Call (206) 467-0600 or see page 122.

Phuket hotels

Amanpuri: call First Hotels and Resorts at (914) 241-8770.
Club Med Phuket resort village: call (800) CLUB-MED.
Phuket Yacht Club, Hotel & Beach Resort: call (800) 448-8355.

Ko Samui hotels

Tongsai Bay Hotel & Cottages and The Imperial Samui: write 6 Wireless Road, Bangkok 10500, THAILAND; or telex 82301, 84418 IMPER TH.
Laem Set Inn: write 110 MU 2, Hua Thanon, Ko Samui, Surat Thani 84140 THAILAND.
The White House bungalows and The Village bungalows: write GPO Box 100, 699 Silom Road, Bangkok 10501, THAILAND; or telex 82077.
(Travel *continues, page 126*)

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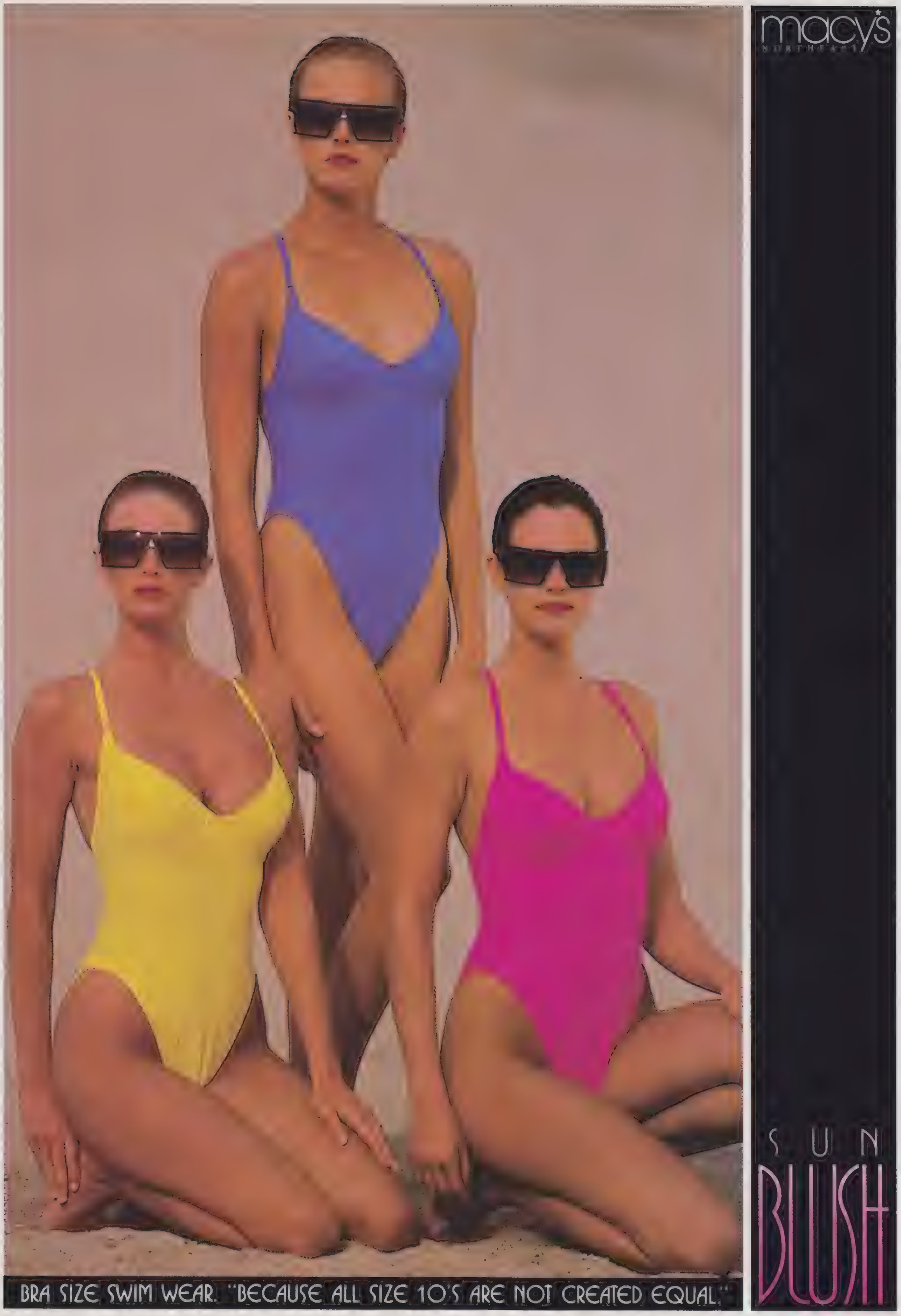
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travelnews BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

Philippine find

As the Philippines' political situation stabilizes, more travelers are rediscovering this fascinating country. Currently, the island everyone wants to go to is Palawan. An hour's flight from Manila, Palawan has beautiful beaches and spectacular coves, right, backed by black-marble cliffs. But best of all is the diving, especially that offered by an idyllic little resort called El Nido on the tiny offshore island of Miniloc. Here, divers stay in basic but comfortable thatched cottages and are served their meals in a pleasant open-air pavilion or at torch-lit tables on the sand.

Besides diving and snorkeling, the resort has waterskiing and outings to hidden lagoons and ocean caves. The daily rate of $80—half that for children under twelve—covers three meals. Write: Ten Knots Philippines, Manila Garden Hotel, Makati, Manila, Philippines; or telex 63902A ETPMGH PN.

In search of Gertrude Stein's Paris

From the early years of this century until World War II, Paris was the artistic capital of the world—home to an extraordinary number of painters, writers, poets, and free spirits. Among the giants of the period were Picasso, Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and the remarkable woman who often brought them together in her Paris salon, Gertrude Stein. In an engaging new guidebook, Walks in Gertrude Stein's Paris *(Gibbs Smith), author Mary Ellen Jordan Haight reunites these legendary bohemians, in spirit if not quite reality, pinpointing where they lived, loved, dined, and hung out. Maps and photos—like that of James Joyce,* left, *going over* Ulysses *with Sylvia Beach, founder of Paris's Shakespeare & Company bookstore—add to the book's charm.*

Paris/Marrakech

For that last-minute winter holiday, consider this delicious eight-day adventure from Air France: three days in Paris, four in exotic Marrakech, Morocco. Better still, this getaway also puts together two legendary hotels: the luxurious Crillon on the Place de la Concorde and the palatial Mamounia on the edge of Marrakech's medina. Prices per person, double occupancy, are $1,785 out of New York City, $1,801 from Washington, $1,822 from Chicago, and $1,881 from Los Angeles and San Francisco. These rates include round-trip flights, hotels, breakfasts, airport transfers, and more. Weekly departures are set through March 24th. Call Air France's winter desk at (212) 247-0100 for additional details.

Four-wheel fantasies

Next time in L.A., why not go for it? National Car Rental offers its Emerald Club frequent renters new Corvette convertibles, left, or beautifully restored cars from the 1950s and early 1960s—including T-birds, Chevy convertibles, mega-finned Chryslers and Cadillacs. Prices: $49.95 a day and thirty cents a mile for the "California Classics"; $69.95 a day, thirty cents a mile for the new Corvettes.

Emerald Club costs $50 annually, and membership entitles participants to discounts and upgrades, plus free mileage and rentals. Club members can also rent classic cars at six Florida airports and choose from a fleet of vintage British roadsters in San Francisco. Call (800) CAR-RENT.

Top: GAIL GREY. Center: Princeton University Library, papers of Sylvia Beach

THE INTERNAL LIFT

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BEAUTY THROUGH SCIENCE

Woodwork

Wood, that most ancient of materials, is gaining an adventurous new spirit in the hands of some unlikely champions

Living Editor: **Laurie Schechter**

Yann Hervis's screen inlaid with Norwegian birch, sycamore, ebony, and walnut, available from Interna Designs U.S.A., Chicago, Illinois

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living Designers are now sol

Wood can accommodate any design impulse, from plain-Jane to futuristic

2

1. Lobby by architectural firm Shelton, Mindel.
2. Zebrawood bracelet by Virginia Estrada. 3. Danny Lane's Fakir's Divan of birch balls strung on steel wire.
4. Ron Arad's Crust chairs for Sawaya & Moroni of Milan.

4

Signs of the imminent end of the chrome-plated machine age are cropping up everywhere. Ian Schrager and Steve Rubell's new Royalton hotel in New York City, designed by Philippe Starck, features an immense wall of burnished mahogany in its lobby. Peter Marino, society's architect of the moment, has proclaimed, "My only trademarks are wood, wood, wood." Ron Arad, famous for his chair made of a ribbon of steel, has turned to ash and rosewood. And Viscount David Linley and his partner Matthew Rice have transformed classical handcrafted wood furniture into *the* desirable artifacts among London's young aristos.

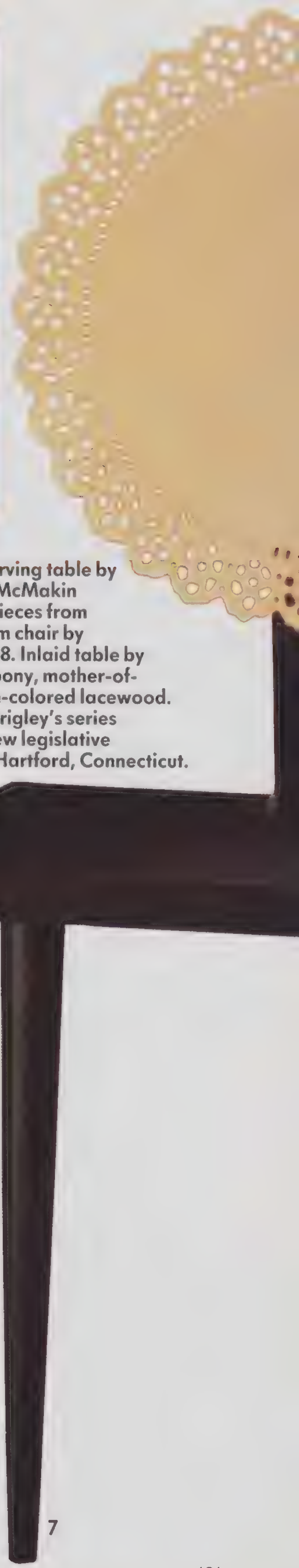
Clearly an old standby is undergoing a renaissance of attention. The impetus springs from many sources, from the Biedermeier revival to the renewed respect for architects Greene and Greene. Craftsmanship is coming back, with a new emphasis on intricate inlays, veneering, and marquetry work. Yann Hervis makes curvaceous drawings in wood inlays, and Rick Wrigley creates paintings of varicolored woods, including ebony, rosewood, and bubinga in his marquetry tabletops and door panels. The colors and rich patterns of wood grain are even inspiring jewelry.

Others use wood for its symbolic value. Marco Mencacci's new Tatlim chair even evokes your grandmother's doilies. The architectural firm Shelton, Mindel & Associates used plywood paneling and leaf-patterned upholstery in an office lobby to indicate the transition from outdoors to inside. Roy McMakin's blond wood furniture for Domestic takes straightforward, generic American styles to new lengths to create a witty amalgam of Shaker purity and motel modern. And Danny Lane plays against wood's straight lines and solidity in his settee of birch balls on a wire frame, which makes the piece flexible and surprisingly comfortable. "It hurts in all the right places," says Lane.

(Living *continues, page 132)*

DAN CORNISH/ESTO, CONSTANCE HANSEN, LORENZO ELBAZ, NATALY MAIER, DANIELE BORMOLINI, MICHAEL JANECZEK

idly behind wood



5. Four-drawer serving table by Roy McMakin. 6. McMakin with a variety of pieces from Domestic. 7. Tatlim chair by Marco Mencacci. 8. Inlaid table by Rick Wrigley of ebony, mother-of-pearl, and salmon-colored lacewood. 9. A panel from Wrigley's series of doors for the new legislative office building in Hartford, Connecticut.

living

1. NYC's Comme des Garçons Shirt boutique

Perceptions are shattering as glass attains a sharper image

3

4

Glass today is being explored for its light-manipulating qualities. London designer Deborah Thomas makes sharp, sinister chandeliers from bottles she breaks herself. Danny Lane also exploits the unexpected. His glass bed, for example, is hardly the last word in comfort. "It's the off-putting, danger element I like," he says. Lane's designs for London's Fifty-one Fifty-one work as a backdrop for the restaurant's "matte black clientele."

The Comme des Garçons Shirt boutique in New York City is as interesting for what isn't glass as for what is. Polished marble floors and dull steel shelving give off a deceptive, glass-like sheen. "It's the luminous quality of glass that we wanted throughout," says architect Toshiko Mori. Only the heavy plate-glass window of the store is what it appears to be.

2. Danny Lane glasswork for London's Fifty-one Fifty-one restaurant
3. Deborah Thomas's chandelier, from Themes & Variations, London
4. Blown-glass bowl by Sonja Blomdahl

5

5. Precarious Tower wineglass by Peter Mangan for "A Glass for Wine" competition

PAUL WARCHOL, DENNIS GILBERT, MICHEL ARNAUD, KEVIN LATONA, JOEL LANDAU

"Those who don't try anything new are apt to grow old quickly."

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THE FASHION NEWS '89

No longer a discussion:
length. With skirts or pants, anything goes. Important instead: proportion, ease of movement. The best have pleats.

It is the best of times, it is the worst of times. Or so Charles Dickens might write if he had to explain the state of fashion for spring 1989. The death of last spring's gimmicks—Cadillac-sized bows and balloon-sized bustles—has unleashed an avalanche of hand-wringing on both sides of the Atlantic. Chauvinistic French fashion editors who have never considered what Americans create to be real fashion anyway ("Eez just restyled classiques that sell") continue to clutch at their (now wider) lapels and declare that, except for Yves Saint Laurent and Azzedine Alaïa, "fashion is dead!" American retailers, still reeling from a winter of rejection by sensible women who turned on their heels at the sight of floor upon floor of dreary gray suits, fear customers have taken their MasterCards into permanent postcrash hibernation.... But the doomsayers are wrong. So are the journalists who claim that the clean-cut look of many collections heralds a return to classics. With prices escalating faster than the deficit, the last thing women

Quick changes come from:
***a gold thong or a mule with a bit of heel—for the beach, for black tie.**
***a transparent T-shirt in an unexpectedly brilliant color.**

The most versatile item:
the scarf. Giant-sized, knotted, and draped like a toga, it now becomes a blouse, a halter top, a wrapped skirt.

Fashion Editors for this section: Grace Coddington, Polly Mellen, Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele.

THE FASHION

The theme is *A Star Is Born*. With only three collections under his belt, American designer Isaac Mizrahi is being hailed as the new fair-haired favorite. Around New York City, insiders whisper that twenty-six-year-old Isaac Mizrahi will inherit the throne left vacant by Halston. Certainly Mizrahi's clothes are up to it: they're whistle-clean, elegant, beautifully thoughtful. On the sly side: his gingham overalls, rubberized silk rain slickers, and transparent duffel coats. As inspiration, Mizrahi cites his father's custom-made shirts, his mother's habit of wearing men's pajamas, and "great American khakis." Details, stores, last pages.

NEWS '89

need to buy is another basic dress. Nor are women in need of a skirt with a new length. The fact that, this season, short coexists with long, that wide pants exist with narrow, is not, as some suggest, an ingenious designer decision to allow women choice, but a designer reaction to demands that women made ages ago. . . . The real news, and what you see on the next forty-six pages, is about each designer deciding, finally, to do what he or she does best. It's about the end of everyone aspiring to emulate Lacroix, as if he were the only kid on the block. Although Chanel influences are rife (Karl Lagerfeld won the Council of Fashion Designers of America Award for taking Chanel's influence worldwide), the infatuation with gold buttons has gone as far as it can go. Designers are moving out on their own. . . . The result: color, stripes, shine. Designers play with an unorthodox mix of bright contrasting patterns, and move navy-and-white into position as the new color uniform for day. The range of sunset reds and oranges emerges with new importance; a shade of bright geranium looks best (especially in a suit). The pyramid, a shape much revised since the sixties, sweeps both America and Europe—giving new meaning to fashion's new catchword: "movement." And in every collection, midriffs are bared, long skirts are draped and wrapped like saris, and pants are slung low on the hips. Sandals and pant hems jingle with beads and jewels. Far from being dead, fashion has never looked so alive or exciting. ▽

Names to watch:

***Isaac Mizrahi—his is the most upbeat collection in New York City. *Rifat Ozbek—London's Young Turk.**

ELAINE ELLMAN

The long and

Ever since last season's controversy over short skirts, women have refused to play musical hemlines. So it's the "have it your way" hem this season, as knees and

the short of it

ankles show—or don't show—according to taste. The long vs. short controversy is over; the only rules now are proportion and personal style.

Fashion's sheen comes packaged as solid silver, sparks of gold, and the metal-like shine of satin. Left: Calvin Klein Collection lamé mini dress. About $940. Bergdorf Goodman.

Skyscraper-high silver shoes. By Calvin Klein Collection Footwear. About $160. Bergdorf Goodman; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas. Opposite: A gleam of metallic satin shine—Isaac Mizrahi's crepe satin dressing gown over a pajama jumpsuit. The golden gumboots, center, spray-painted by Mizrahi himself. Hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Giorgio for Suga salon, NYC. Details, last pages.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Sheen

Designers are adding a more subtle shine
to clothes and accessories—
a soft, metallic shimmer

The technicolor fashion parade starts with Geoffrey Beene's sequined bustier jumpsuit and short jacket, opposite. Mid-March at Bergdorf Goodman. Right: Beene himself, sneaking a peek at the runway. This page, far left: Isaac Mizrahi's loose silk cardigan over a hammered silk satin vest and crepe silk satin trousers. This page, top to bottom: Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's silk wrap skirt and blouse topped with a tiny vest. An off-the-shoulder shirt matched with full shorts, by Michael Kors. Isaac Mizrahi's double-breasted silk jacket with chambray pants. Opposite: hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Giorgio for Suga salon, NYC. Details, last pages.

Color

"My color influences? Walt Disney and South America," says Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. Other designers are equally inspired, creating clothes in bright, stinging colors that have the psychological up of a good cartoon

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

In American collections, Wild West references are obvious as well as subtle. Opposite: The evident side of the story—a fringed cowgirl skirt and shirt by Ralph Lauren Roughwear. Belt, Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. (The designer, center.) This page: The newest pants silhouette. By Ronaldus Shamask, in linen. About $210. Bloomingdale's; Scarboro Fair, Glencoe IL; Raffles, Encino CA. Robert Lee Morris silver belt, about $1,600. Details, last pages.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Go West

The Wild West inspires everyone from Ralph Lauren –always master of cowgirl chic—to minimalist Ronaldus Shamask, who uncharacteristically evokes gunslingers with low-waisted pants, hip-slung belts

Stripes

Quick analysis of spring's stripes: they're blue and white and made in all sizes

Stripes, the classic graphic. This page: Norma Kamali's full-length skirt with long, halter-style striped ties draped with a chiffon scarf. Watch by Cartier. Opposite page, left to right: Big stripes border a wool tank dress by Carolyne Roehm. Calvin Klein Collection's two-piece dress. Inset, top to bottom: A pair of jailbird-striped legs captured backstage at Geoffrey Beene's show. Wrap blouse and sarong by Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Short jacket shrugged on over a short-sleeved Empire dress by Geoffrey Beene. Hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Giorgio for Suga salon, NYC. Details, last pages.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

All-American

Donna Karan reinterprets great American basics with wit and style for DKNY. Karan is one of several designers translating casual clothes into a signature style

Indian influences turn up everywhere—in burnt coloring, bare midriffs, sarong skirts—but Norma Kamali and Giorgio di Sant'Angelo do it their way, with a perfect mix of East and West

Sarong

Influences from near and far. Opposite: New American gear by Donna Karan (the designer herself, top). DKNY bodysuit, jumpsuit, and parka. Far right: Giving an American slant to the sarong, Norma Kamali's silk skirt, to wear with a jacket, a shirt. Near right: Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's sarong, wrap top, and bodysuit. Hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Giorgio for Suga salon, NYC. Details, last pages.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

"The pyramid dress," muses Christian Lacroix, "is the shape of a turn-of-the-century tea gown, a gardener's apron, even a nun's robe." This page, left to right: Sonia Rykiel's dress. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche's pyramid. Another, from Christian Lacroix "Luxe" in silk. Hair, Eddie Teboul for Bumble + Bumble; makeup, Delphine Ehrhart for L'Agence Bruno, Paris. Details, last pages.

NEIL KIRK

Fashion's new pyramids, left to right, by Bob Mackie, Isaac Mizrahi, Geoffrey Beene

Must be something in the air: architect I.M. Pei puts up his glass pyramid at the Louvre, and *voilà*—Paris breaks out the pyramid as fashion's new profile.

Pyramid Sonia Rykiel says a pyramid is a "sacred shape." In a nice reversal, American designer Ronaldus Shamask calls this triangle an "Eiffel Tower." Whatever its title, it's the shape that Paris and New York agree upon. Fashion packages the pyramid as swing dresses, tunics, jackets, and pants with floppy width at the ankles. France does silky little pyramid dresses. America builds a structured shape, like Isaac Mizrahi's bell-shaped topper in silk that's stiffened like a raincoat. In the 1960s, the pyramid shape was fashion's "trapeze." Today it's a softer look, but it's still paired with flat footwear.

ARMANI

Giorgio Armani — always a master tailor for day — excels at **evening** clothes this season. And he does it in an uncharacteristic way: instead of covering the body, he reveals it; instead of removing decoration, he adds an abundance. Despite the evolution, Armani's ideal woman remains the same. "This is her chance to indulge in a little fantasy," he says. It is his chance "to know no limits." Here, Jennifer Rubin wears Armani for night.

"I have a weakness for shoulders," says Giorgio Armani. "They are the most flattering part of a woman's body."
Opposite: A silk dress from Giorgio Armani Couture. Giorgio Armani Boutiques, NYC and Manhasset NY; Neiman Marcus. This page: Another way to emphasize the torso—Armani's stretch bodysuit. From Giorgio Armani Couture. Saks Fifth Avenue; Giorgio Armani Boutiques, Chicago, Manhasset NY. These four pages: hair, Odile for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Marie Josee Lafontaine for Trish McEvoy. Details, last pages.

JENNIFER RUBIN

Actress Jennifer Rubin grew up in an Arizona household so strict that "even the carpet stood at attention." Though she had the audacity to sign high-school yearbooks with "see you in the movies," and had the gumption to land the same Hollywood agents "who rep Jack Nicholson" and break through the B movie (*Nightmare on Elm Street*) barrier, Rubin is still struggling to make it in serious film. "I worked hard to get out of the small town I came from," says Rubin, whose most recent film was *Blueberry Hill*, "and I don't ever want to go back."

Ornamentation at Giorgio Armani Couture is as obvious as the silver embroidery on a dress, or as subtle as embroidered buttons on a navy blazer. This page: Silk organza camisole and long skirt. Giorgio Armani Boutiques, NYC, Philadelphia, Beverly Hills. The ironwork pattern, here and center, one of many turning up this season. (Center: fabric by Clarence House.) Opposite: Jacket, pants, and blouse by Giorgio Armani Couture. Saks Fifth Avenue; Giorgio Armani Boutiques, Manhasset NY, Chicago. All in silk. Details, last pages.

ARTHUR ELGORT

PANTS

Fashion pundits who've touted wide pants have missed the point: there are fuller pants around, but the news lies in the **variety** of pants — the different lengths, the different widths. At Christian Lacroix, there are narrow cropped cotton matador pants; at Karl Lagerfeld, there are full, generously pleated silk georgette pajamas. They all look right.

Pants take a new turn—in soft fabrics. This page: Karl Lagerfeld's, in pleated silk georgette. About $1,495. Silk georgette pleated blouse, about $1,675. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Saks Jandel. Opposite: A jumpsuit with fullness at the bottom—where the legs attach to the shoes. By Issey Miyake. About $950. Issey Miyake Boutique, NYC. These six pages: hair, Sam McKnight for La Coupe; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details, last pages.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Whether narrow or full, pants look best when their proportion is not too extreme.
This page: Narrow wool houndstooth pants by Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Pants, about $605; jacket, about $1,440. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Chevy Chase MD; Lou Lattimore, Dallas.
Opposite: Chanel's wide pants in viscose crepe. About $1,085. Wool jacket, about $1,460. Pants and jacket at Saks Jandel; Chanel Boutique, Honolulu. Pants at Bloomingdale's. Details, last pages.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Spanish influences: embroidery and beading that come straight from the bullfighter's arena. Here, two versions by Christian Lacroix. This page: Lacroix's high-waisted pants in silk with beads, and silk mousseline top. Both for Christian Lacroix "Luxe." Mid-February at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL. Opposite: Cotton pants with black passementerie; cotton shirt. Both for Christian Lacroix Prêt-à-Porter. Mid-February at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Details, last pages.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Gaultier

What Jean Paul Gaultier sends down the runway is a study in the outrageous (most recently, one scowling model stomped about waving a pistol). But remove the theatrics and what's left are clothes that are very wearable—and always on the cutting edge

BY JOHN DUKA

"I'm thirty-six," says Jean Paul Gaultier. "So I'm not the bad boy of fashion anymore."

Age, however, has nothing to do with it. Gaultier will be the bad boy of fashion no matter how old he is. More than any other designer in the last twelve years, Gaultier has pushed fashion and the fashion show to their limits. He has established a level of individuality in his clothing that is seldom seen. And although his milieu is most easily described as "downtown," the power and technique of his design equals that of more traditional French couturiers.

After he left Cardin twelve years ago, where he was an assistant to the designer, Gaultier immediately began experimenting and destroying the conventions of fashion. He staged his shows, for example, in most unusual places, from the Cirque d'hiver, a nineteenth-century amphitheater in Paris, to the Parc de la Villette, an enormous glass-and-girder space where he once displayed one hundred outfits on one hundred models—on a conveyer belt.

His clothes are equally unusual. About his latest collection, Gaultier says: "It's Calcutta, not New Delhi. It's Oriental in an Occidental way, so people won't look at it and say, 'Ha! India!' It's extreme body shapes. It's playing with things that are almost bad taste. There is a lot of leg, so that it's almost not good, you know? Pants are low waisted to show hips and a little skin.

"It is the idea of clothes falling down, like an accident happening. So you see something you're not supposed to. But it's all more charming than aggressive."

Which is a perfect description of Jean Paul Gaultier himself. Despite his success, Gaultier says he has not "succumbed to pressure to play the game."

When he recently designed a line for younger people, Junior Gaultier, he did it, he says, not for the sake of selling clothes or making money. Like many *(Continues, page 244)*

The designer, opposite, hitting the runway with his midriff-baring jacket that's cut out like a corset. Jean Paul Gaultier jacket, about $980.
This page: The most provocative pants in Paris—low-waisted, sixties-style, with a matching jacket. Jean Paul Gaultier jacket, about $720; pants, about $375. Rayon bodysuit, about $910. Barneys New York; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. Hair, Sam McKnight for La Coupe; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details, last pages.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Men invented it. Women borrowed it. The Italians cut it loose. Worn with flat shoes and a polo shirt, the menswear suit is more casual than ever

Menswear

French dressing: Claude Montana's double-breasted linen jacket with decorative vertical seams and high-waisted linen pants.

On the loose: a single-breasted jacket (about $1,230) and pleated pants (about $870). Both in silk and rayon by Krizia. February at Krizia Boutiques, NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills.

Dress grays: Gianfranco Ferre's double-breasted silk jacket with peaked lapels and matching pants. Suit, about $1,995. At Bergdorf Goodman.

NEIL KIRK

Reviewing a classic: a single-breasted jacket (about $710) and pleated pants (about $356). Both of silk and viscose by Giorgio Armani Couture. Giorgio Armani Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Chicago.

Clean cuts: lightweight wools from Genny: cardigan jacket and narrow pants. About $1,960. Charivari, NYC; Bullocks Wilshire; I. Magnin.

Cool khaki: Romeo Gigli's three-button cotton jacket (about $705) and wide-legged pants (about $286). February at If Soho, NYC; Romanoff Boutique, Bal Harbour FL; Ralph Davies, San Francisco.

Hair, Eddie Teboul for Bumble + Bumble; makeup, Delphine Ehrhart for L'Agence Bruno, Paris. Details, last pages.

Ozbek:

London has a tradition of creating wacky, unwearable clothes. This season, while most designers went over the top, Rifat Ozbek showed a bit of restraint

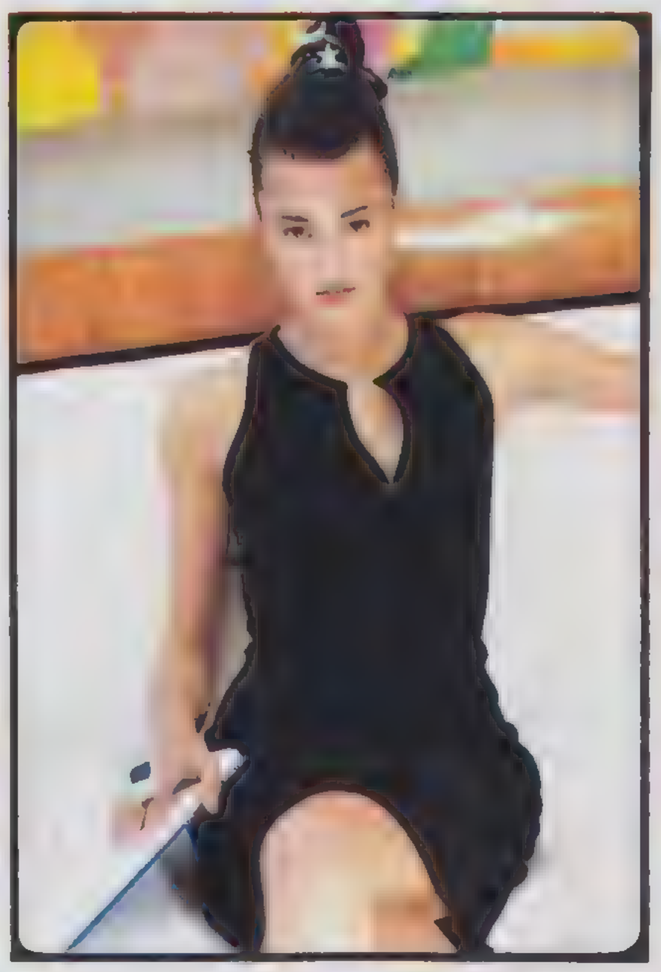
BY LIZA CAMPBELL

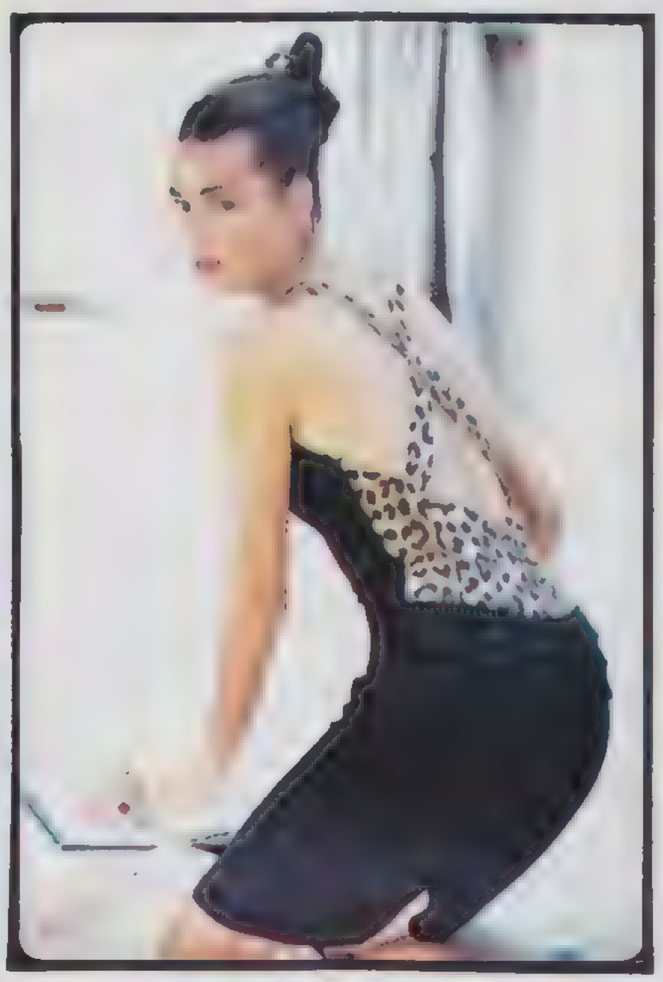
Britain's Young Turk, above, takes a walk on the (less) wild side. Right: His leopard-print bra with beads, fringe. About $510. Jersey harem pants (about $510), organza jacket (about $1,150). All at Saks Fifth Avenue; Emphatics, Pittsburgh; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami. Opposite: Body double. Four looks at a dress that's black in front, leopard-printed in back. Of acetate and rayon. About $1,460. Carol Rollo/ Riding High, NYC; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Two views of an ankle-length orange dress with silver buttons. If Soho, NYC; Nuages, Aspen CO; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Hair, James Bradshaw for Jean Louis David. Makeup, Luis Burgos for Debbie Walters. Details, last pages.

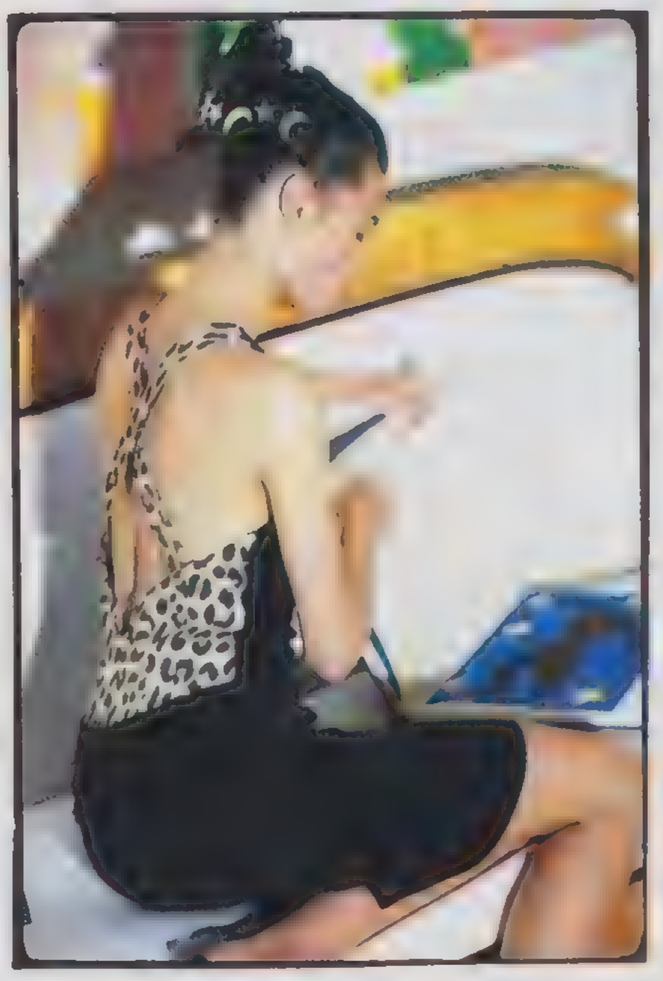
Fashion Editor: Gabé Doppelt

EAMONN J. McCABE

on the fringe







What's up with those crazy Turks? Since the demise of Suleyman the Magnificent in 1566, few have made a claim to fame. In 1988, all that changed. First a Turkish midget lifted the equivalent of two Mike Tysons to win an Olympic gold medal. Then Rifat Ozbek scooped up the metaphorical baton and sprinted into the fashion foreground. Domiciled in England, but nevertheless a paparazzi-hunted celebrity in his own country, Ozbek was rewarded last year for his contribution to women's fashion by receiving the Designer of the Year award, presented to him by England's metal mannequin, Margaret Thatcher. The award, a particularly ugly figurine, represents only official recognition. In scores of smart stores, Ozbek's designs are already slavishly emulated.

Though Ozbek is known for dressing women in clothes that weave together European and Middle Eastern traditions (crescent moons, stars, and heavy beads have become his trademarks), he is also an extravagantly flamboyant dresser himself and has been known to turn up at parties with a lampshade on his head. When I take him out to lunch, he is wearing a pirate's scarf, a multicolored shirt under a purple velvet waistcoat, and yellow panther-printed sneakers that glow when we step into the dark elevator at his atelier. He looks like an extremely handsome version of *M*A*S*H*'s Klinger, and uses his hands as a cheerleader uses her pom-poms; he laughs frequently and calls all men "Blanche." Ozbek is famed for his catchphrases, such as "nada in the larder" to describe a stupid person, and "Betsy both-ways" to depict sexual ambiguity.

As we sit down at the restaurant, the waiter murmurs, "You are an artist perhaps?" A group of businessmen sitting near us are less well mannered. One says, in a very loud stage whisper, "Maybe we'll get our palms read later." "There's *no* point, dahling," *(Continues, page 244)*

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Ornamentation

Heavy metals: gold hardware—chains, grommets, beads—adds the richest finish yet to clothes and accessories

This season, ornamentation ranges from the simplest beading to a full metal jacket. Far left: Azzedine Alaïa's Josephine Baker dress of gold beads and silk chiffon. At Alaïa New York. Center, top to bottom: Moschino Leather's biker jacket with grommet gridlock; add-on "gold" beads at Giorgio di Sant'Angelo; gold-encrusted straps at Carolyne Roehm Couture; Patrick Kelly's star-spangled manner. This page: Indian influences at Christian Lacroix "Luxe." Silk pants with jeweled cuffs. Christian Lacroix gold sandals. Far left: Hair, Sam McKnight for La Coupe; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details, more stores, last pages.

NEIL KIRK

"I am inspired by the embroideries of the clothes on Pompeian women," says Romeo Gigli. This page: One-shoulder beaded blouse (about $865) worn over a stretch bandeau (about $125), cropped pants (about $420). Barneys New York; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Opposite: A low-wrapping blouse with beaded trim (about $970), chiffon pants (about $700). Bergdorf Goodman; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Hair, Julien D'Is; makeup, Brunella for Biopherm. Details, last pages.

Romeo Gi

PAOLO ROVERSI

à la fresco

With the psyche of a sensualist and a historian's restraint, Romeo Gigli is a master of fashion romance. Possessed by what he calls "the charm of ancient Pompeii," his clothes look as if they were taken from a fresco rather than designed with a pencil on a sketch pad

From demure accessory to yuppie status symbol, the scarf has enjoyed extraordinary success. Now scarf prints appear on vests, sweaters, and neckties; they even inspire ready-to-wear. Here, by Gianfranco Ferre: faux soutache and upholstery tassels; exaggerated, oversized patterns, often done with a sense of humor. Clockwise from bottom left: Graphic embroideries on a suit; on a halter top and knotted scarf; on a sleeveless blouse; on a jacket. Details, stores, last pages.

Upholstery

The unobvious side of ornamentation:
trompe l'oeil prints that give clothing its own built-in decoration

Scarves

A scarf is no longer a straightforward accessory: today it shows up as a blouse or a dress—an essential piece of clothing

Designers are focusing their attention on the upper body, using scarves to soften and romanticize necklines, wrap torsos, and frame the shoulders. This page: Gianfranco Ferre's navy and white silk organza scarf is wrapped around the shoulders, knotted in back, and worn like a shirt. About $1,940. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Neiman Marcus. Hair, Roberto Paignini; makeup, Brunella for Battaglia. Details, last pages.

EAMONN J. McCABE

Clever, clashing combinations are put together with an artist's eye. Opposite page, left to right: Valentino's linen tunic with floral pants. Pants, about $886. Both at Valentino Boutique, NYC. Christian Lacroix Prêt-à-Porter's hot-pink jacket strewn with graffiti, and pants. Karl Lagerfeld works a hard/soft contrast with a houndstooth linen jacket and flowered cotton skirt. Jean Paul Gaultier Junior piles floral on floral, a tunic over trousers. This page: Emanuel Ungaro Parallele's eye-teasing optics —a wrap tunic over skinny leggings. Top, about $1,430. Mid-February at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Phoenix AZ. Far right: Fabric by Batex and Ambrosini. Hair, Sam McKnight for La Coupe; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details, stores, last pages.

Mixed messages

Fashion's new genetics:
florals crossbred with plaids,
dots, and houndstooth patterns

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Athletic

In this decade of fitness, important new influences come from the gym. Tank tops, T-shirts, halter backs, bareness reflect a major trend of the eighties, the Age of Exercise

Is it the athlete- or her uniform- that influences designers? Gianni Versace's inspiration is both. Above right: His body-skimming racer-back evening dress in black silk. About $1,690. Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, Chicago. Above: Olympic athlete Florence Griffith Joyner. With her lace tights and hooded tank tops, Flo-Jo has merged fashion with running: setting a style that will take the image of [illegible] and fashion, [illegible]

Cut-out

At every collection:
a new emphasis on bare skin,
on geometric scoops and
dips that focus attention
on the top of the body.
What's revealed—and
what's cut out of a dress
—is as important as
what's covered

A cutaway dress always contains an element of surprise.
This page: From Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, an evening dress with side ties. About $1,895. Saks Fifth Avenue; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Washington DC; Bullocks Wilshire. Hair by Sam McKnight for La Coupe; makeup by Mary Greenwell. Details, last pages.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Crayola brights turned up in casual coats and skirts last fall; now they surface in suits for spring.
This page: Jean Paul Gaultier's fringed pinstripes. About $1,485. Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Romanoff Boutique Coconut Grove Fl
Opposite: A Cha classic—in chrome yellow. Barneys New York; Saks Jandel; Bullocks Wilshire.
These four pages: hair by Eddie Teboul for Bumble + Bumble; makeup by Delphine Ehrhart for L'Agence Bruno, Paris. Photographed t Les Deux Magots, ris. Details, st pages.

NEIL KIRK

A good suit is often thought of as severe and businesslike, without any kind of decoration. This spring, suits get electrified with bright **color**, revived by a play of black and white, festooned with large, contrasting buttons or fringe. **SUITS** Opaque black stockings, gloves, and scarves balance suits with high color; sheer black stockings lighten up the look of those in black and white.

The quiet accessory: buttons. On two suits by Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. This page: In black wool grain de poudre. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Martha, Bal Harbour FL; Bullocks Wilshire. Opposite: In white wool grain de poudre. Bergdorf Goodman; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Manhasset NY, Washington DC. Details, last pages.

NEIL KI

Sex and the single mother

Gleefully wreaking havoc, the novelist exposes the selfishness of men and the complicity of women. She talks to CRAIG BROWN about her wicked, wicked ways

Earth Mother is the description most frequently applied to Fay Weldon. She qualifies on a number of counts. She is large and rather beautiful, with a lively, gentle voice which she describes as "a mouse-squeak." She has four sons and, in the words of her eldest, Nick, "Mum seems to be very committed to breeding." Her novels act as a written endorsement of her Earth Motherhood, for she uses them to call to heel a world stacked against women, meting out witty and ferocious punishments to male offenders. And she is called Earth Mother because she was once overheard to announce that her ambition was to be Queen of the Earth. If ever she achieves this ambition—and, judging from her past record, there seems no reason why she shouldn't—the Earth can be expected to be smitten with more fires and explosions than usual, and the men of the planet will cower at the mischievous cackle of Fay, Queen of the Earth.

Fay Weldon ("Fay! I would prefer to have a neutral name, like Saturday or Colonnade, but that is scarcely possible.") was born in 1931 into an English bohemian family whose members were no strangers to writing. Her grandfather Edgar was a novelist, her Uncle Selwyn Jepson a thriller writer and sometime secret agent, who spent the war in Paris disguised as a restaurateur. Her mother wrote romantic novels for a living "but she stopped because she decided that it was immoral to put false ideas into the heads of women, and she worked in a biscuit factory instead." Weldon's parents divorced when she was five years old, and she was raised in an all-female household consisting of sister, mother, and grandmother. "I was brought up believing the world was female whereas men have always believed the world is male. It's unusual for women to suffer from my delusion."

She has had various careers, each of them a trifle peculiar. She has answered letters on the Problem Page of a newspaper, and she was employed writing reports for the British Foreign Office on life behind the Iron Curtain. They would arrive back with the letters "V.G." (very good) written by Sir Winston Churchill. Luckily, he didn't suspect the truth. "I ruthlessly slanted it, telling them that everything in Poland was awful, which was what they wanted to hear." Following this, she began to write fiction. "It seemed more honorable." She has also worked for a market research company interviewing strangers on the street; and as an advertising copywriter,

a short story

IND AFF

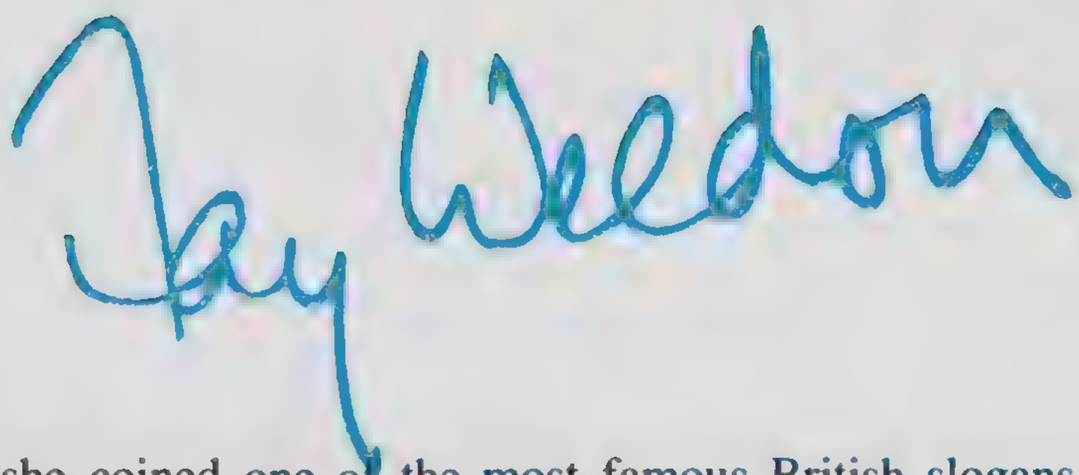
or OUT OF LOVE IN SARAJEVO

Black clouds over the Balkans can dampen any romance

This is a sad story. It has to be. It rained in Sarajevo, and we had expected fine weather. The rain filled up Sarajevo's pride, two footprints set into a pavement which mark the spot where the young assassin Princip stood to shoot the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife. (Don't forget his wife: everyone forgets his wife, the archduchess.) That was in the summer of 1914. Sarajevo is a pretty town, Balkan style, mountain-rimmed. A broad, swift, shallow river runs through its center, carrying the mountain snow away, arched by many bridges. The one nearest the two footprints has been named the Princip Bridge. The young man is a hero in these parts. Not only does he bring in the tourists—look, look, the spot, the very spot!—but by his action, as everyone knows, he lit a spark which fired the timber which caused World War I which crumbled the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the crumbling of which made modern Yugoslavia possible. Forty million dead (or was it thirty?) but who cares? So long as he loved his country.

The river, they say, can run so shallow in the summer it's known derisively as "the wet road." Today, from what I could see through the sheets of falling rain, it seemed full enough. Yugoslavian streets are always busy—no one stays home if they can help it (thus can an indecent shortage of housing space create a sociable nation) and it seemed as if by common consent a shield of bobbing umbrellas had been erected two meters high to keep the rain off the streets. It just hadn't worked around Princip's corner.

"Come all this way," said Peter, who was a professor of classical history, "and you can't even see the footprints properly, just two undistinguished puddles." Ah, but I loved him. I shivered for his disappointment. He was supervising my thesis on varying concepts of morality and duty in the early Greek States as evidenced in their poetry and drama. I was dependent upon him for my academic fu-



she coined one of the most famous British slogans of the 1960s: "Go To Work On An Egg." She wrote the first episode of TV's *Upstairs, Downstairs*.

Her fiction could be classified as feminist, in that it tends to be sparked by her view of the raw deal suffered by women, but once the spark has ignited it is invariably followed by an amazing array of fireworks and explosions and fierce illuminations, all guided by her sharp intellect and ruthless sense of humor. "I call myself a feminist," she says, "although many contemporary feminists would dispute that because I associate with men, sleep with men, and wash my sons' socks." On one memorable occasion, she alienated a group of impassioned feminists by declaring that, if they had been born men, she thought some of them would be rapists.

Though her novels, such as the recent *The Hearts and Lives of Men* and *The Heart of the Country*, are full of the disgraceful acts of men, they also show a great irritation with the way women put up with it all: "We cringe and placate, waiting for the master's smile" as the narrator of *Praxis* puts it. "What seems to worry them most of all is that their emotions are unreasonable," she explains. "What women want most of all is permission to suffer. They think they have to stand in the center of some family unit and sop up all the terrible feelings around them and feel nothing themselves. I tell them that's wrong." American women are more to her taste than British women. "An American woman sees herself as central to her own life. A British woman sees herself as peripheral to other people's lives, mostly her husband's."

For the past twenty-five years, Weldon has been married to Ron Weldon, a painter and jazz musician. She spends half the week in the country farmhouse they share with sheep, ducks, geese, and foxes "all mixed together" and the rest of the time in North London. "Living in *two* places is not a restful idea," she says, "but it becomes an advantage, if only because when in one place you would always rather be in the other. It does you no good to be satisfied." If she divides her homes into two, she divides her own character into three: A, B, and C. "A lives a kind of parody middle-class life—telephones ringing, washing machine overflowing, children coming and going, and so on. B does the writing. B is very stern, male (I think), hard working, puritanical, obsessive, and unsmiling. C is depressive, and will sit for days staring into space, inactive, eating too much bread and butter, called into action only by the needs of children."

> I was brought up to believe the world was female; men believe otherwise

When I told Weldon that the snappy wrath of her most famous book, *The Life and Loves of a She-Devil*, reminded me of the Old Testament, she seemed a little taken aback. At the moment, she is rather cross with God. "One evening, someone took out a Ouija board. It was rocking like mad and we said, 'Who's there?' 'G-O-D,' it said. Somebody said, 'Have you got a message for Fay?' No message, just the word 'ROGUE.' I was terribly hurt. What have I done," she asked me, "to be thought a rogue?" ▽

IND AFF

ture. He said I had a good mind but not a first-class mind and somehow I didn't take it as an insult. I had a feeling first-class minds weren't all that good in bed.

Sarajevo is in Bosnia, in the center of Yugoslavia, that grouping of unlikely states, that distillation of languages into the phonetic reasonableness of Serbo-Croatian. We'd sheltered from the rain in an ancient mosque in Serbian Belgrade; done the same in a monastery in Croatia; now we spent a wet couple of days in Sarajevo beneath other people's umbrellas. We planned to go on to Montenegro, on the coast, where the fish and the artists come from, to swim and lie in the sun, and recover from the exhaustion caused by the sexual and moral torments of the last year. It couldn't possibly go on raining forever. Could it? Satellite pictures showed black clouds swishing gently all over Europe, over the Balkans, into Asia—practically all the way from Moscow to London, in fact. It wasn't that Peter and myself were being singled out. No. It was raining on his wife, too, back in Cambridge.

Peter was trying to decide, as he had been for the past year, between his wife and myself as his permanent life partner. To this end we had gone away, off the beaten track, for a holiday; if not with his wife's blessing, at least with her knowledge. Were we really, truly suited? We had to be sure, you see, that this was more than just any old professor-student romance; that it was the Real Thing, because the longer the indecision went on the longer Mrs. Piper would be left dangling in uncertainty and distress. They had been married for twenty-four years; they had stopped loving each other a long time ago, of course—but there would be a fearful personal and practical upheaval entailed if he decided to leave permanently and shack up, as he put it, with me. Which I certainly wanted him to do. I loved him. And so far I was winning hands down. It didn't seem much of a contest at all, in fact. I'd been cool and thin and informed on the seat next to him in a Zagreb theater (Mrs. Piper was sweaty and only liked telly); was now eager and anxious for social and political instruction in Sarajevo (Mrs. Piper spat in the face of knowledge, he'd once told me); and planned to be lissom (and I thought topless but I hadn't quite decided: this might be the area where the age difference showed) while I splashed and shrieked like a bathing belle in the shal-

lows of the Montenegrin coast. (Mrs. Piper was a swimming coach: I imagined she smelt permanently of chlorine.)

In fact so far as I could see, it was no contest at all between his wife and myself. But Peter liked to luxuriate in guilt and indecision. And I loved him with an inordinate affection.

Princip's prints are a meter apart, placed as a modern cop on a training shoot-out would place his feet—the left in front at a slight outward angle, the right behind, facing forward. There seemed great energy focused here. Both hands on the gun, run, stop, plant the feet, aim, fire! I could see the footprints well enough, in spite of Peter's complaint. They were clear enough to me.

We went to a restaurant for lunch, since it was too wet to do what we loved to do: that is, buy bread, cheese, sausage, wine, and go off somewhere in our hired car, into the woods or the hills, and picnic and make love. It was a private restaurant—Yugoslavia went over to a mixed capitalist-communist economy years back, so you get either the best or worst of both systems, depending on your mood—that is to say, we knew we would pay more but be given a choice. We chose the wild boar.

"Probably ordinary pork soaked in red cabbage water to darken it," said Peter. He was not in a good mood.

Cucumber salad was served first.

"Everything in this country comes with cucumber salad," complained Peter. I noticed I had become used to his complaining. I supposed that when you had been married a little you simply wouldn't hear it. He was forty-six and I was twenty-five.

"They grow a lot of cucumber," I said.

"If they can grow cucumbers," Peter then asked, "why can't they grow *mange-tout*?" It seemed a why-can't-they-eat-cake sort of argument to me, but not knowing enough about horticulture not to be outflanked if I debated the point, I moved the subject on to safer ground.

"I suppose Princip's action couldn't really have started World War I," I remarked. "Otherwise, what a thing to have on your conscience! One little shot and the deaths of thirty million."

"Forty," he corrected me. Though how they reckon these things and get them right I can't imagine. "Of course he didn't start the war. That's just a simple tale to keep the children quiet. It takes more than an assassination to start a war. What happened was that the buildup of political and economic tensions in the Balkans was such that it had to find some release."

"So it was merely the shot that lit the spark that fired the timber that started the war, et cetera?"

"Quite," he said. "World War I would have had to have started sooner or later."

"A bit later or a bit sooner," I said, "might have made the difference of a million or so; if it was you on the battlefield in the mud and the rain you'd notice; exactly when they fired the starting-pistol; exactly when they blew the final whistle. Is that what they do when a war ends; blow a whistle? So that everyone just comes in from the trenches."

But he wasn't listening. He was parting the flesh of the soft collapsed orangey-red pepper which sat in the middle of his cucumber salad; he was carefully extracting the pips. His nan had once told him they could never be digested, would stick inside and do terrible damage. I loved him for his dexterity and patience with his knife and fork. I'd finished my salad yonks ago, pips and all. I was hungry. I wanted my wild boar.

Peter might be forty-six, but he was six foot two and grizzled and muscled with it, in a dark-eyed, intelligent, broad-jawed kind of way. I adored him. I loved to be seen with him. "Muscular academic, not weedy academic" as my younger sister Clare once said. "Muscular academic is just a generally superior human being: everything works well from the brain to the toes. Weedy academic is when there isn't enough vital energy in the person, and the brain drains all the strength from the other parts." Well, Clare should know. Clare is only twenty-three, but of the superior human variety kind herself, vividly pretty, bright and competent—somewhere behind a heavy curtain of vibrant red hair, which she only parts for effect. She had her first degree at twenty. Now she's married to a Harvard professor of economics seconded to the United Nations. She can even cook. I gave up competing yonks ago. Though she too is capable of self-deception. I would say her husband was definitely of the weedy academic rather than the muscular academic type. And they have to live in Brussels.

The archduke's chauffeur had lost his way, and was parked on the corner trying to recover his nerve when Princip came running out of a café, planted his feet, aimed, and fired. Princip was nineteen—too young to hang. But they sent him to prison for life and, since he had TB to begin with, he only lasted three years. He died in 1918, in an Austrian prison. Or perhaps it was more than TB: perhaps they gave him a hard time, not learning till later, when the Austro-Hungarian Empire collapsed, that he was a hero. Poor Princip, too young to die—like so many other millions. Dying for love of a country.

"I love you," I said to Peter, my living man, progenitor already of three children by his chlorinated, swimming-coach wife.

"How much do you love me?"

"Inordinately! I love you with inordinate affection." It was a joke between us. Ind Aff!

"Inordinate affection is a sin," he'd told me. "According to the Wesleyans. John Wesley himself worried about it to such a degree he ended up abbreviating it in his diaries. Ind Aff. He maintained that what he felt for young Sophy, the eighteen-year-old in his congregation, was not Ind Aff, which bears the spirit away from God towards the flesh: he insisted that what he felt was a pure and spiritual, if passionate, concern for her soul."

Peter said now, as we waited for our wild boar, and he picked over his pepper, "Your Ind Aff is my wife's sorrow, that's the trouble." He wanted, I knew, one of the long half-wrangles, half soul-sharings that we could keep going for hours, and led to piercing pains in the heart which could only be made better in bed. But our bedroom at the Hotel Europa was small and dark and looked out into the well of the building—a punishment room if ever there was one. (Reception staff did sometimes take against us.) When Peter had tried to change it in his quasi-Serbo-Croatian, they'd shrugged their Bosnian shoulders and pretended not to understand, so we'd decided to put up with it. I did not fancy pushing hard single beds together—it seemed easier not to have the pain in the heart in the first place. "Look," I said, "this holiday is supposed to be just the two of us, not Mrs. Piper as well. Shall we talk about something else?"

Do not think that the archduke's chauffeur was merely careless, an inefficient chauffeur, when he took the wrong turning. He was, I imagine, in a state of shock, fright, and confusion. There had been two previous attempts on the archduke's life since the cavalcade had entered town. The first was a bomb which got the car in front and killed its driver. The second was a shot fired *(Continues, page 242)*

the

art of darkness

ARTHUR C. DANTO

tells how illness and revolution transformed Goya from court painter to modern visionary

MASTER STROKES: *GOYA IN HIS STUDIO*, OPPOSITE, A SELF-PORTRAIT, 1790-95. LEFT: A PREPARATION DRAWING, FOR GOYA'S SAVAGE SATIRE *LA FILIACIÓN*, 1797-98.

DETAILS, LAST PAGES

In his forty-sixth year, Francisco José Goya y Lucientes fell desperately and mysteriously ill. His illness—never diagnosed—coincided with, and unquestionably reflected, a breakdown in the moral and political reality of Spain itself. Thereafter, the artist's world and his work darkened and deepened as one.

The convulsive contradictions of the tragedy of Spanish history were internalized by Goya as an artist and a thinker. He was torn between an admiration for the moral courage of his people and a terrible loathing for the repressive ideals for which they fought. That tension became the foundation of his greatness as an artistic visionary and the very substance of his art, which celebrates and condemns at once. The harsh shadows and blazing light of his work express the oppositions of a world gone incoherent and mad.

The disease left Goya stone deaf. Had it proved fatal, it is generally agreed, he would have died a relatively minor artist, a mere representative of the final flowering of the Spanish Baroque, an art historian's illustration of the way in which the style of Tiepolo was absorbed and given back through a Spanish sensibility. Goya, that dark poet of human weakness and human sublimity, that terrifying genius, would instead have occupied a small place as a talented follower of Anton Raphael Mengs—that dull, classicizing, arid decorator to royalty and the artistic administrator under whom Goya found employment and attained a measure of worldly success. This was the Goya of those sunny cartoons for the royal tapestries, the painter of those unresolved portraits of eighteenth-century aristocrats.

Goya's illness, then, divided his life in two. He achieved artistic maturity in the world of the Spanish Enlightenment, in the benign reign of Charles III, a period of social optimism and rational reform. Goya became committed to Enlightenment values, as he became the protégé of one or another of the great *illustrados* who sat for his portraits. The later torment he expressed in his art has to do with a court and a population that repudiated the liberal principles he revered. In fact, his values were so beaten and bruised by the regimes to come that his later works became pictorial screams of outrage and indignation. It was as though the world after his illness in 1792 was the monster-thronged nightmare that comes when reason sleeps.

"The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters" is the title of plate 43 in the powerful suite of etchings, *Caprichos* (1793-1796), through which Goya first touched greatness as an artist. But reason is not

DARK VISIONS: THE OFFICIAL PORTRAIT, *QUEEN MARIA LUISA WEARING A MANTILLA*, 1799, ABOVE, SUBTLY MOCKS HER LOVE OF LUXURY WHICH STRAINED SPAIN'S ECONOMY. OPPOSITE: SATAN AS A HE-GOAT IN A DETAIL FROM *THE WITCHES' SABBATH*, 1821-22.

merely a faculty suspended when we sleep. It is embodied in human institutions as well. Following the death of Charles III in 1788, Spain went into a severe counterrevolutionary reaction as the Age of Reason itself ended explosively with the French Revolution. Spain was swept by moral chaos, becoming a living nightmare of turmoil and repression.

"United with reason, imagination is the mother of the arts and the source of their wonders," Goya wrote to accompany "The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters." The *Caprichos* display the dark underside of the rational mind through a series of sardonic images, morally biting and literally bitten into their plates: the product of an acid of moral criticism no less than the sulphuric acid of the etcher's studio.

Goya's works became pictorial screams of outrage and indignation

Hogarth had never been as bitter in his engravings of rakes and harlots; Daumier never became as scathing in his caricatures of bourgeois pettiness. The *Caprichos* etchings are dense with references to local gossip and street language, and as such are a scholar's delight. But at the same time they rise to a kind of universality, as if the human comedy were the same in every age and at every stage, as if what Nietzsche called the "human, all too human" is an ineradicable dimension of our being. "The Sleep of Reason" was originally to have been the frontispiece of the suite. Instead, Goya placed himself—with disdainful eyes and curled lip, wearing a dandy's hat—as onlooker and judge.

In 1808, the French invaded Spain, bought off the king, and placed Joseph Bonaparte on a precarious throne. The French, however, encountered an untamable populace who rose against them in a guerilla war that made the excesses depicted in the *Caprichos* look merely amiable. Goya was profoundly moved by the heroism and the terrible suffering of the Spanish resistance, and depicted it in a second series of etchings, the *Disasters of War* (1808-14), horrifying in its images of rapes, tortures, mutilations, and executions. Though the *Caprichos* plates are vertical, as if for all its follies and meannesses, humanity was still upright, the plates in the *Disasters of War* are turned on their sides. This creates a crushing, cramping space in which the figures impose and undergo the worst that humans are capable of. Goya crowded his figures into tableaux of absolute pain and placed them, as if on display, on a stage.

The paradox is that the people—the *pueblo*—were also the mob. The French brought with them the values of the Enlightenment, the ideals of law, liberty, and the rights of man in which Goya so believed. And the people he heroized, whom he could not help but admire, were resisting the French in the name of values he despised: tyranny, superstition, repressiveness, the Inquisition. The *Disasters* were not published in his lifetime because, it is said, they would have been perceived as a betrayal of those friends and patrons who, like him, were liberals and rationalists. The heroes of the Spanish resistance were on the wrong side. The ideals in which Goya believed were carried by the invader who brutalized his countrymen. So Goya was for and against everyone at once.

There is another paradox. Goya remained successful throughout this period of tumult. He was First Court Painter. His portrait of Charles IV and his family is a masterpiece, even if it can be seen as a kind of large *Capricho*, with the vapid monarch, his wanton queen, and the vicious prince destined, as Ferdinand VII, to become one of the most hateful despots of history.

Goya was always zealous in his pursuit of worldly recognition, and he was never obliged to pay the price for being the devastating critic of his times—for having reinvented art to make it the mirror of so sordid a reality. But at a certain point, the tension must have become too great and he turned to a brooding private life, giving outward expression—in his famous "black paintings" and in yet a third series of etchings, the scary and cryptic *Disparates*—to the human follies that so obsessed and embittered him. Finally, he left Spain altogether, to die in a self-imposed exile in France where the visions of the Enlightenment were still understood and honored. His last drawings are calm celebrations of ordinary people doing peaceful, ordinary things. They seem a transformation of the agreeable scenes he had worked up, long before, for tapestries to ornament the walls within which the bright hopeful policies of a rational Spain were to have been enacted.

The 130 paintings, prints, and drawings in the exhibition Goya and the Spirit

of Enlightenment at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts from January 18 through March 26 (it will be at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art in the spring) show Goya as witness, critic, judge, and reporter of nearly six decades of Spanish history and life. His is a dramatizing consciousness in which kings and queens, austere aristocrats and extravagant beauties, mad horsemen and sexy *majas*, patriotic peasants, desperate guerrillas, rapacious soldiers, and a chorus of grotesque bystanders all play their roles under unforgiving skies or in caverns flickering with torchlight. Their faces compose an encyclopedia of the vices.

When he resumed painting after his illness, Goya wrote that he did so "in order to occupy my imagination"; the power of that imagination transforms horror and license into a kind of poetry. That imagination and the swift brush it drove explain how an artist so embroiled in his own age should have produced something universal and for all ages, and make him our contemporary. ▽

TYRANNY AND IRONY: GOYA'S *MARQUESA DE PONTEJOS*, 1786, LEFT, SHOWS AN ACADEMIC INFLUENCE. BELOW: "THE CARNIVOROUS VULTURE" FROM THE *DISASTERS OF WAR*, 1808-14. OPPOSITE: A SUPERSTITIOUS CLERIC IN A DETAIL FROM *THE DEVIL'S LAMP*, 1797-98.

DETAILS, LAST PAGES

thatold

Enough blues, tap, and jazz
to satisfy your soul

black magic

Born in Paris of South American parentage, *Black and Blue*, a triumphant revue of early black-American music and dance, has finally come to the States. The show's creators, Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, are the same pair who masterminded *Tango Argentino*, the nationwide hit of 1986. "In Argentina, American blues and jazz were as popular as the Tango," says Orezzoli. "But the blues always had a more sophisticated audience."

Casting the American version of the show took the producers from New York City to New Orleans to Los Angeles in pursuit of the exclusive circle of dancers who have preserved this tradition. *Black and Blue* is a Broadway Cotton Club—a tap-dancing, jazz-hot cabaret with a big budget, a big band, and a big company of over forty led by big Linda Hopkins, Ruth Brown, and Carrie Smith.

—JEFFREY SHERMAN

High steppin' with cast members: inset, from left to right, Frederick J. Boothe, Eugene Fleming, and Kevin Ramsey; opposite, The Tap Dance Kid Savion Glover; this page, from left, Kyme, Angela Hall, and Tanya M. Gibson.

Editor: André Leon Talley
Photographer: Steven Meisel

DETAILS, LAST PAGES

Fernando Sanchez

minimalism with a flourish

Spanish austerity and Oriental fantasy merge in Fernando Sanchez's style

By Rachel Urquhart

In his Manhattan showroom, Fernando Sanchez watches with calm intensity as a long-limbed model struts back and forth across the honey-colored floor in a series of delicate outfits. It is less than a week before his spring fashion show but the designer is the essence of grace under pressure—never effusive, but tightly courteous and completely absorbed in the refined cut of his evening dresses and lingerie.

"To make something very simple and very beautiful is difficult to do and demands more attention. The simplicity implies a very good making, very good fabrics, very good finishings. I'm obviously an elitist designer more than a mass designer. And basically, by nature, I'm an elitist person. I'm very, very private.

"I think clothes-making has to keep you smiling," Sanchez continues. "The essence is frivolity, it's change,

International Style: In Fernando Sanchez's living room, a trio of Gaudí mirrors, a pair of antique North African folding stools, and Moroccan tables create balance and symmetry.

Editor: André Leon Talley
Photographer: Oberto Gili

"Somehow, I have achieved an Ali Baba world"

Personal Charms: In the reading room, left, 17th-century Dutch Delft plates, family heirlooms, and an 18th-century Venetian mirror hang above a reproduction of an 18th-century sleigh bed. Above: In the hall, a 1978 sculpture by Arman. Right: A closet filled with personal possessions.

"You think his parrots are exotic,

it's to throw away what was yesterday and to go on to the next. So it has to be kept light. Today, people like me, we're a bit like dinosaurs. We are very trapped into things of culture, but I think it is extraordinary to be raw. I don't know Jean Paul Gaultier personally, but I look at his clothes—it's not my taste, it's not my approach, it's not my world, it's not my age—but my God, they are interesting. And Azzedine Alaïa, I think, is one of the best designers today. He has extraordinary technique. The women he designs for could live in Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*."

Fernando Sanchez was born in Northern Spain, the only child of a Spanish businessman and his Belgian wife. "It was a very closed family," he says. "My grandfather was very patriarchal and could only conceive of the sons of the family going into the business. It was like a dynasty. So being a fashion designer was considered something really awful. Just trash, you know, really reaching very low."

Despite a certain lack of encouragement from the male side of his family, Sanchez was much influenced by the childhood years he spent in Belgium with his mother, surrounded by stylish women and their dresses. "I grew up very much in the world of women's clothes. I always drew them when I was a child. It was the thing that fascinated me the most. And the clothes had to be very glamorous. I was not interested by regular clothes."

In those years, glamour and fantasy ruled his imagination. As a boy, he spent hours poring over such American comic strips as *Flash Gordon* and *Tarzan*, and fantasy tales of what he terms the *orientale*, like *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. "I was five or six years old, and I was very impressed by the leading ladies of the cartoons. They were all drop-dead beautiful and dressed to kill in all the trappings of glamour. That, to me, was the only way for a woman to be. Also, I had an enormous attraction to the never-never

At Ease: The designer in a characteristic pose, entertaining in his copper and wood kitchen.

HÉLÈNE TRAN

...but he's more so

land of the *Arabian Nights*. These were the things that I lived with in that child's universe one has that forms one's taste and point of view.

"And it's funny, sometimes when I see the nightgowns in my shows—those wonderful, pretty models we use, and all the feathers and the garter belts—they really look like the Flash Gordon harems of my childhood. So somehow, probably unconsciously, I have achieved that Ali Baba world."

At seventeen, Sanchez moved to Paris and enrolled in the Ecole Syndicale de la Haute Couture Française. Two years later, he was working at Christian Dior with Yves Saint Laurent, the man he considers to be the "grandest of all designers" and one of his oldest friends.

"Dior had died, but all the original structure was still in place. And it was *the* fashion house. You had to be the best if you were to represent Dior. It meant that, by tradition, you had all the red carpets rolled out for you, but you also had to perform accordingly. It made a very strong mark on me."

It was not until the 1960s, when he was working as Madame Revillon's exclusive fur designer in Paris and New York City, that Sanchez began experimenting with design that was truly his own.

"For a long time, I did not care one way or the other if something was not mine. Then I started breaking barriers of dos and don'ts," he says. "That started making me enjoy working much more. Revillon was great fun at the time because I had no clue what I was doing. They were a very stuffy house, but Madame Revillon was a wonderful woman—on one side, very conventional and bourgeois, on the other, very clever, enthusiastic, and slightly nuts. She thought I was talented, so she gave me the green light. And me, in the enthusiasm of the sixties, I just let go and did things that furriers don't do."

After ten years, Sanchez left Revillon to start his own lingerie label. "I had an enormous desire to change my life. I sold everything I had. I kept one suitcase. I lived in a beautiful loft with music, books, a working table, and a bed. It was much more extraordinary and luxurious than anywhere I had lived before." *(Continues, page 244)*

A Flair for Drama: In the foyer, a double-seated Gaudí chair sits opposite a gilt-framed rococo mirror from the late 18th century.

"I like living in other but I couldn't ever

people's decorated houses,
have that for myself"

skin...
PETER LINDBERGH

"She's stopped wearing foundation, she's got to be in love," said one Parisian of another. In America, things sweep over us in more radical ways.

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

There once was a woman who was allergic to love. Fear, rage, sadness, and disorientation registered on her features as an attractive, if manic, glow, but happiness covered her in pimples. Anticipation veiled her forehead with little bumps, a man's kisses stirred up her cheeks, and true love was responsible, the three times it happened, for boils. She found small comfort in hearing that Merle Oberon had been similarly afflicted during her affair with Leslie Howard. In those days films were shot in black and white, and lighting cameramen were precise flatterers. This woman, a private person subject to the harsh scrutiny of real life, unprotected by lights, veils, and fame, took her skin to various doctors. One said, "Don't eat chicken in America." Another said, "Avoid oil." A third said, "Try alcohol," and a fourth put her on antibiotics. At last she found the right doctor, who took a good look at her face and said, "It's spring. It will pass." Indeed it was, and it did, and as long as she remained remote from emotion, her face remained clear.

This story proves that the inside and the outside rarely correspond. Indeed, the effort to bring outer and inner reality into some kind of harmony is the basic struggle of analysis and an essential part of growing up. The first test in the course—should you think this is easy—would consist of telling the truth for a week. Most lives would disintegrate by Tuesday. Since most lives are lived as lies, clothes and makeup serve to dissimulate the truth. Working women cannot afford to look emotional, vulnerable, or fragile. The armor-plated suit has served them well, as has the armor-plated smile, as do the morning visits to the hairdresser's, the diets, exercise, and meditation—all of which serve to tame the perfectly natural female desires to bite, break crockery, and scream. We don't do those things? No, we starve ourselves, do gymnastics with strangers, and think of the void instead. Working on one's own clothes—sewing, ironing, trimming—used to afford pleasurably frivolous release. Now we have the discipline of self-denial, and the playful side of being a woman has been turned into a masculine exercise in control.

So that when the emotions break through, when things fall apart or, terrifyingly, come together, our careful bodies and well-directed routines break down. We can't rend our clothes as our ancestors did—have you ever tried to tear apart a Saint Laurent jacket? We stand in front of the refrigerator at 4:00 A.M. eating something we have deemed forbidden, so as to loathe our thighs. Widow's weeds meant "Don't come near me, I'm thinking about a dead man," and when a widow dressed in mauve it was the ritual signal of a return to life. Losing a spouse or a child was the worst thing that could happen to

and em

a woman, the loss of a spouse somewhat worse as it entailed a drop in position. Ritual serves to contain emotion, give it a time span and a shaded ending. We have no rituals for the loss of a job, a boyfriend, a contract, the theft of a car, the death of a dog, divorce, rape, or even pregnancy. Life is supposed to go on as usual, with the addition, perhaps, of group therapy, and in the case of pregnancy, tent dresses. The only shaded endings left are the grim return to the gym and perhaps a new kind of haircut.

In Paris, where spying on the emotions of others is the layman's equivalent of literature and where group therapy is unthinkable, the clues given by slight changes in appearance are as clear as the protocol of placement at dinner. "She's stopped wearing foundation, she's got to be in love," said one Frenchwoman of another, a cliché in a world where it is obvious that the first two years of marriage will bring a gain in weight, where worn-down heels are a sign of domestic distraction, a missing button a sign of low spirits, and matted hair the crass trophy of a good night in bed. In America we dress and present ourselves either to show off or to prove we are real down-to-earth people. (No one can possibly find aesthetic pleasure in those red-and-black-check L.L. Bean flannel shirts; it's the rugged ugliness that appeals.) We have no middle ground of good dressing in which small signals of distress might be noted. Things sweep over us in more radical ways: an Adolfo lady, when upset, will put on sweatpants. We leave no subtle clues: the wrong handbag, which in Paris would mean an erratic disregard for time and place, here is simply the wrong handbag.

Which is just as well, since the point is dissimulation. The sweatpants solution is a good cover: it implies to the onlooker that one has taken on plumbing or housepainting as a temporary hobby, a pragmatic and Puritan approach to private distress. Nights spent grinding injustices sometimes translate as too much rouge, which others perceive merely as a cosmetic faux pas. Colors, of course, betray: black can mean sublime self-sufficiency, or depression. Those in turmoil avoid pink, the confident wear white, and self-doubters favor hues of mud. There are certain outfits in every woman's closet that cannot be worn unless the hoped-for phone call has come, and others that somehow can prevent anything good from happening. Some outfits trigger a good memory and bring good luck; others have the opposite effect. It is unwise to wear décolletage when feeling beleaguered. A trench coat and sunglasses will get anyone through most evil occasions, and satin underwear through most good ones. But chic has nothing to do with fulfillment, nor does good skin. The best things in life happen in the middle of the night or are ultimately fattening, or both. If you keep these at bay, you will eventually be told you haven't lived. ▽

otion

THE SKIN AND MIND CONNECTION

It all starts in the developing embryo, where the ectoderm becomes the skin *and* the brain (known in medical terms as an ectodermal function). So the link is established early, and the influence of the mind on the skin continues throughout life. "Blushing is a perfect example of a 100 percent psychosomatic phenomenon," says James Leyden, M.D., professor of dermatology at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. "When you are embarrassed, the blood vessels in the cheeks enlarge, the skin is suffused with blood, because of signals from the brain."

At the new Center for Human Appearance at the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Leyden sees many patients whose mental states have marked effects on skin condition. "Because sunshine can be good for acne, it used to be accepted that young people's acne became worse in the fall, because they weren't able to get out in the sun. Now, we realize that acne often worsens in the fall because that's when school starts," says Dr. Leyden. "However," he adds, "it's important to remember that acne, eczema, psoriasis are not caused by stress; they are made worse by it."

Neurodermatitis, on the other hand, is a skin disease that often has psychosomatic origins—that is, it starts with the brain, not the skin. One such disorder, lichen simplex chronicus, is an itch, which if it weren't scratched, would cause no visible skin irritation. Anxiety is said to be the culprit.

Can stress also age the skin?

Biophysicist Joseph G. Hoffman, Ph.D., formerly of the University of Buffalo, wrote in *The Life and Death of Cells*, "If one took the trouble, it would be possible to measure the degree of love, hate or anxiety [experienced by a human being] by the rate of cellular destruction."

Dr. Leyden concurs, if cautiously. "Our nerve endings end in skin's connective tissue. Although so far there are no studies that relate to the effect emotions have, if any, on the premature aging of skin, obviously the central nervous system can't be ignored."

Mental attitude is easily conveyed by the body, by the way you sit, walk. A depressed person often droops, is listless, still. Can depression also be registered on the skin?

"We know that muscle and bone is affected by inertia; bone collagen is resorbed, gets thinner. As the same kind of tissue is involved in the skin, theoretically speaking, it could be that lack of movement, day after day, could influence skin and its appearance more than we now realize," Dr. Leyden continues. "We know that stimulating the skin with massage can stimulate the collagen and improve its appearance. Therefore, it may well be that an active, energetic lifestyle can have a beneficial effect on the skin. It certainly can't hurt."

—SHIRLEY LORD

facing **the future**

JODY SHIELDS talks to three new models who are intriguingly imperfect—and proud of it

A reader flips through a fashion magazine. If a model's face doesn't rate a second look, she flicks her wrist and turns the page. It's a harsh, intimate, and one-sided beauty contest.

It used to be the privilege of one page-stopping face to represent each decade. Today, there's more than one beauty to fill that top spot, thanks to fashion's quickening pace—and the media's overexposure of the same face.

The sixties reared boyish girl-waifs (Twiggy); tomboys romped through the seventies (Lauren Hutton); so far, the eighties belong to picture-perfect Barbies (Paulina). The teaser question now: whose face will carry into the nineties? The women profiled here—Kara Young, Carré Otis, and Jennifer Noble—are likely candidates for that place of honor.

"Fresh" is the operational word for them. If there were a "happy and healthy" mystique, they'd earn that tag, too. And yet there's a catch: this trio may project an approachable attitude, but they're not quite as safe as the girl next door. They are what might be called nicely exotic; their images take a crack at the faultless model ideal. Carré Otis isn't just being polite and generous when she says, "We're not tall and skinny nor flawless. Women can relate to us." Part of that relating includes their age: they are, by previous standards, "older women"; they are not in their teens.

Young, Otis, and Noble represent a new version of American beauty that's distinctly different from the blue-eyed-blond cliché. "They have small button noses, almond-shaped eyes, and mouths fuller than they've ever been," says photographer Steven Meisel. Call it a melting pot ideal; Meisel predicts that such a mix of racial characteristics will guide fashion into the nineties. Jean Paul Gaultier has the same vision; this fall, he lined the runway with models from around the world: black, white, Asian, a mix of all the above—plus one with a blue-painted face!

These women truly mirror America's population. Kara Young's mother is a black American; her father is of Irish descent. Jennifer Noble's parents came to the United States from Jamaica. "Models today are a true reflection of the population, age, and society," notes Katie Ford, vice president and creative director of Ford Models, "and I suspect this diversity will remain."

These women represent a new version of American beauty that's not the blue-eyed-blond cliché

Such open-minded acceptance has been a long time coming. All three grew up when their "type" wasn't considered typical model fodder, which may account for their initial career hesitation. "I never thought I'd be a cover girl," says Young, whose photograph graced Vogue's October issue. Otis claims she dabbled in modeling until recently. "I never took it seriously" is Noble's past attitude toward modeling.

Though the parade of models is constantly changing, the gut-level reaction from their audience stays the same: women always sneak a self-comparison to a beautiful ideal. The appeal is that today's models make that critical measuring-up less of a stretch. Faith Popcorn, chairman of BrainReserve Inc., a marketing company, credits the women's movement for the emergence of this more realistic beauty standard. "Women accept themselves," she says, "and it's reflected in the magazines." ▽

Kara Young, Carré Otis, Jennifer Noble, left to right. Combed cotton kimonos to sew yourself—Vogue Pattern #8155. Hair, Sam McKnight for La Coupe; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Grace Coddington
Photographer: Patrick Demarchelier

After seasons of short, tight clothes, fashion loosens up. Now when a skirt is short, it moves. Instead of showing the body with stretch, there are sheerer fabrics, freer lines. A big part of the news: pleats—simply cut, fluid, especially refreshing in white.

ALL THE WHITE MOVES

ROOM TO MOVE:
WEAR PLEATS
THAT LET THE BODY
MOVE WITHOUT
LOSING IT.
Take pleasure in the journey with the
option to [illegible]
[illegible] Pair to
[illegible] Cardigan, Circle Dress,
[illegible] Miami
Beach, Pleated Skirt
Bellow at the ankle
resort—right now, Miami
Beach where these two
pages were photographed.
Hair and makeup by
Robert Sasso for
Bumble + Bumble.
Details, last page.

PLEATS SHOW UP IN UNEXPECTED PLACES: ON A SHOE, ON A T-SHIRT.

This page: Crinkled silk slingbacks by SUSAN BENNIS WARREN EDWARDS. About $455. Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC. Palazzo pants with accordion pleats in ivory silk faille by LOUIS DELL'OLIO FOR ANNE KLEIN & CO. About $780. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin. **Opposite:** MARY McFADDEN's T-shirt with the most delicate pleats. About $900. Bergdorf Goodman; Suky Rosan, Ardmore PA; Balliet's. PATRICIA UNDERWOOD hat. About $295. Bergdorf Goodman; The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour FL; Bullocks Wilshire. Enjoying a renaissance in Miami: grand Art Deco structures like The Park Central Hotel. Lucky's, its new restaurant, is the latest place to dine. Makeup that makes the most of white: pale cheeks, a bold mouth—Stendhal's Golden Beige foundation and lipstick #R28. Details, last pages.

ON SPARE, SIMPLE PIECES, PLEATS ARE THE ONLY ORNAMENTATION.

Left: OSCAR DE LA RENTA SWIMWEAR's Lycra bathing suit—with horizontal pleating. About $80. Lord & Taylor; Rich's, Atlanta; Liberty House of Hawaii. Cotton terry robe by D. PORTHAULT & COMPANY. About $270. D. Porthault, NYC, Palm Beach FL. Opposite: Completely pleated from neckline to ankle—CHANEL's cream silk dress. Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Beverly Hills; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY. Warm weather calls for light-textured makeup: Chanel's Peach Flame powder blush and Rose Ember lipstick. Details, more stores, last pages.

PLEATS DRESS UP THE MOST CASUAL WALKING SHORTS.

Casual, not crisp—pleats to sew, on wider walking shorts. Vogue Pattern #2245. Long-sleeved blouse, Vogue Pattern #1813. Both in triple crepe silk from S. Shamash & Sons. Watch, Cartier.

CLASSIC PLEATS ON A SHEER SHIRT FOR DAY.

The dressed-down side of dress-up. Pleated shirt in silk satin organza, about $300. Wool flannel pants, about $270. Both by RALPH LAUREN CLASSICS. Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Greenwich CT, Beverly Hills. Silk tank top by MANSILK BY MARY GREEN. About $30. Robin Lynn, NYC; Skivvies, San Francisco; Norm Thompson, Portland OR. Details, last pages.

THE THIN AND THICK OF PLEATS. . .

This page: The dressiest satin pleats take an irreverent turn when worn with a transparent cotton turtleneck and the most casual flats—ballet slippers or sneakers. Skirt by MARY McFADDEN. About $275. Grandstand, NYC. Cotton [illegible] turtleneck by MALO. About $155. Bergdorf Goodman; Janet Brown, Port Washington NY; Trillion, Palm Beach FL. Man's shirt by Ralph Lauren [illegible]ear.

. . . BY DAY
AND BY NIGHT.

Above: The antithesis of tough and tight—OSCAR DE LA RENTA's sweeping silk georgette evening dress with wide-pleated skirt. Lord & Taylor; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Beaton's, Phoenix AZ. Photographed at The Park Central Hotel, Miami Beach. Details, last pages.

A new look at an old classic: the traditional sailor shirt transformed by sequins, bareness.
This page: Michael Leva stretches the classic boat neck. About $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; L'Animale, Englewood NJ; Pompian, Chicago. Dark eyes, dark lips: perfect color balance for spring. Borghese's Lash Stravagante in Black; Topazio lips. These eight pages: hair, Julien D'Is; makeup, Stephane Marais for L'Agence Bruno, Paris.

black and

Black and white's edgy starkness has long been a favorite of the fashion world. And, while black and white is here to stay as a fashion uniform, the way it's worn is changing from dramatic to carefree — involving unexpected graphics, sequins, scrollwork.

white's new look

No shades of gray.
This page: A silk sailor shirt—in sequins—by Jeanette Kastenberg for St. Martin. About $465. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Caché. Details, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele
Photographer: Peter Lindbergh

The newest patterns are the most intricate: scrollwork and filigree. Right: Gianni Versace's cotton sailor blouse. Blouse, about $720. Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles. Black plastic earrings and bracelet by Eric Ange Pena. Pants by Isaia, NYC. About $75. Barneys New York; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Gallay, West Hollywood CA.

One amusing accessory is all you need: a white sailor's cap, feather-trimmed gloves, biker's pants. Anne Moore's gloves. About $235. The Anne Moore Boutique, NYC. Cotton and Lycra biker's pants by Isaia, NYC. About $80. Charivari, NYC; Biba, Chicago; Tiziana, Los Angeles.

Ironclad: at nearly every collection, decorative patterns recalling old wrought-iron fences and garden gates. A man's cotton shirt with a fence printed across the front. By WilliWear WilliSmith. About $54. WilliWear Shop, NYC; Marshall Field's; Neiman Marcus. Details, last pages

T-shirts are no longer plain, white, and basic. Now they're sheer, sequined—anything but simple. Isaac Mizrahi's T-shirts come in the sheerest silk gazar; Michael Kors turns out a T-shirt in silver lamé. This page: Bill Blass paves his with sequins and adds ropes of trompe l'oeil pearls. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Black stretch vinyl Patricia Field pants, about $80. Patricia Field, NYC; Club Clue Non-Stop, Coconut Grove FL; Tiziana, Los Angeles.

Beyond gilt: a more graphic approach to embroidery—in black and white. This page: Genny's low-cut linen shirt with tiny black beads and black stitching. Charivari, NYC; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Ira Berg, Ontario, Canada. Hooray Henri Designs' beaded sailor hat. About $48. Zoo, NYC; The Icing, Enfield CT; Gantos, Grand Rapids MI. Details, last pages.

Focus on the top of the body. Here, a bra in sequins, by Tiziana. About $85. Patricia Field, NYC; Tiziana, Los Angeles; Streetwear, Ontario, Canada. Krizia's cotton cardigan, about $675. Krizia Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Beverly Hills. Moschino Prêt-à-Porter's viscose shorts, about $188. Bergdorf Goodman; Sasha Frisson, Atlanta; Lawrence Covell, Denver.

Negative space: crisscross and cutout backs show bare skin. Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's body-skimming halter dress with a cutout racer back. Of silk stretch gauze, with black "diamond" stones. Barneys New York. To wear at the beach with a casual cotton robe by Ralph Lauren Swimwear. About $253. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Coconut Grove and Miami FL.

Newest definition of a sweater: now it bares the body instead of covering it. This page: To knit yourself. Of Reynolds mercerized cotton yarn. New York Yarn Center, NYC; Franklin Knit Shop, Chicago; The Yarn Basket, Redondo Beach CA. A Vogue Knitting exclusive designed by Margaret Bruzelius. Mail order instructions, page 249. Plastic handbag by Acces Direct. Details, last pages.

USA—Blazer: $440 Blouse: $150 Trouser: $200

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Talking fashion...

Vogue takes a walk on the wacky side with actor John Cleese; sees backs swayed by fashion; parties in Paris with Philippe Starck and in Tinseltown with Princess Stephanie; then sorts through an American obsession: trash.

Talking Fashion Editor:
Gabé Doppelt

Paris swizzled during the French collections and at Princess TNT's party at Les Bains. Wearing pink Montana and new marigold hair, Gloria von Thurn und Taxis had guests Boy George and Jack Nicholson tangoing till dawn.

ROXANNE LOWIT

Talking fashion...

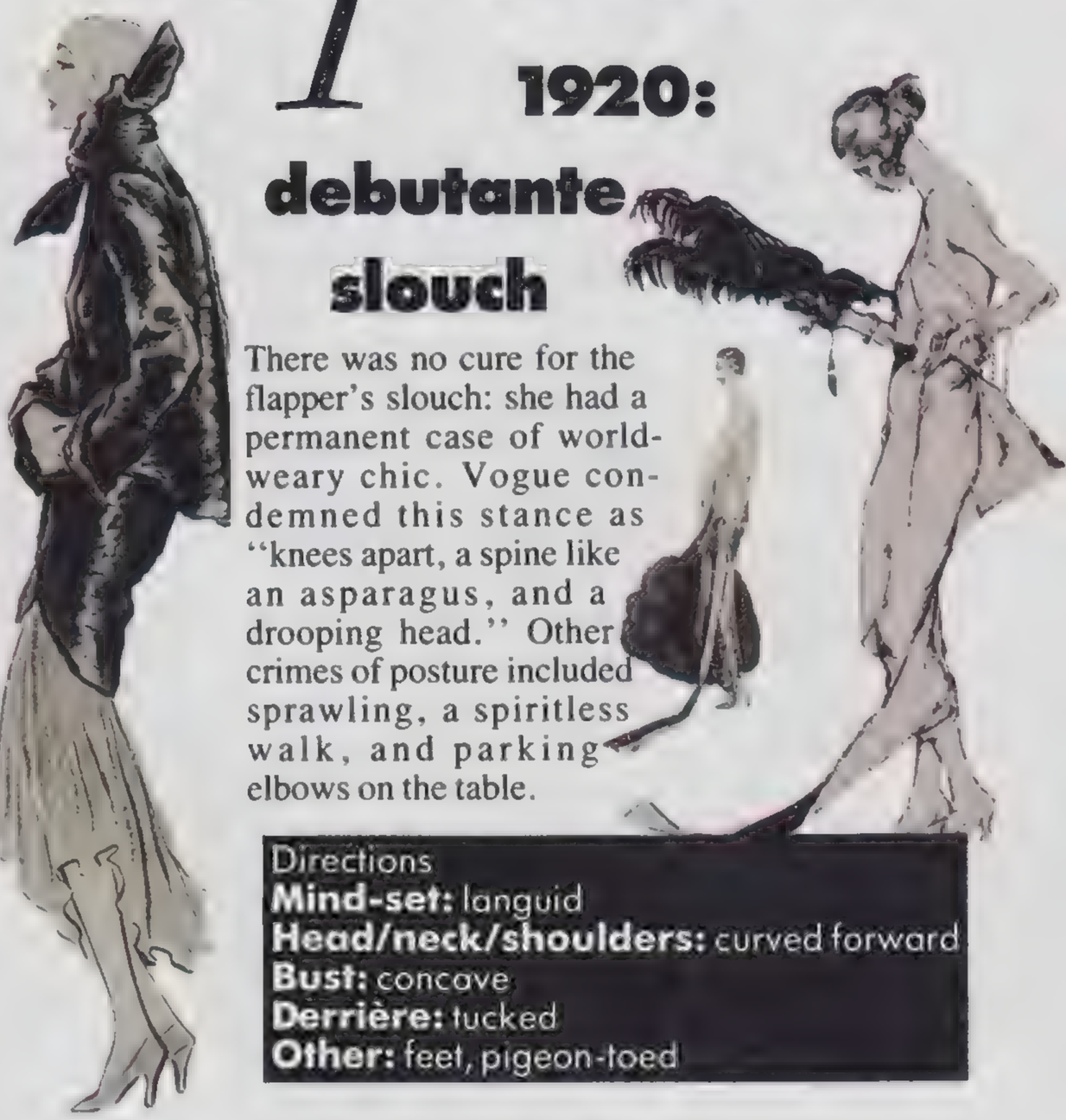
Spines

1900: "S" curve

Fiercely laced corsets created an imposing "S" stance, featuring a jumbo bosom and equally jumbo derrière. Couturier Paul Poiret marveled, "On one side the bust, and on the other the whole of the rear end, so that women were divided in two and looked as though they were dragging an anchor." Shortly before 1910, Poiret killed this corseted posture when he introduced the sylph-like Empire dress.

Directions
Mind-set: lower-back pain
Shoulders: back
Bust: heaved forward
Derrière: stuck out
Other: inhale deeply, hold breath

1920: debutante slouch



There was no cure for the flapper's slouch: she had a permanent case of world-weary chic. Vogue condemned this stance as "knees apart, a spine like an asparagus, and a drooping head." Other crimes of posture included sprawling, a spiritless walk, and parking elbows on the table.

Directions
Mind-set: languid
Head/neck/shoulders: curved forward
Bust: concave
Derrière: tucked
Other: feet, pigeon-toed

1950: couture crouch

This aching, exaggerated silhouette looked as if only whiplash—or a punch in the stomach—could have achieved it. The posture impossible was nearly a half-crouch. It was the culmination of Dior's New Look, launched in 1947. The key points: hunched shoulders, a wasp waist, a stiff bodice, pushed-out pelvis. Couture's Pied Piper, Dior, let women ease this posture slightly when he introduced his baggy chemise dress.

Directions
Mind-set: whiplash
Head: thrust forward; back, hunched
Bust: pointed
Stomach: sucked in
Other: feet in ballet's fourth position

1960: pretzel twist

Members of the switched-on generation were good-posture dropouts. Their posture à go-go: arms wildly akimbo, legs spread at a gawky angle, shoulders stooped, back drooped. The signature model pose of the decade: the bent-leg lunge. Hippies were equally awkward, practicing a long-hair-in-the eyes, passive-resistance slouch.

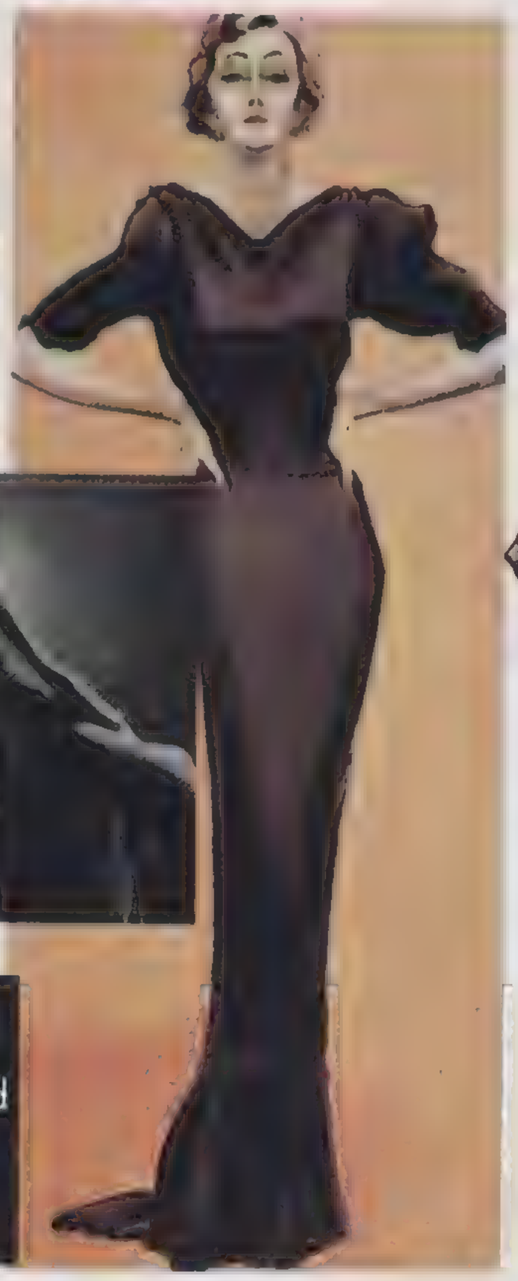
Directions
Mind-set: droopy flower power
Head: hung; jaw, slack
Shoulders: hunched
Hips: jutted forward
Other: knees knocking or never touching

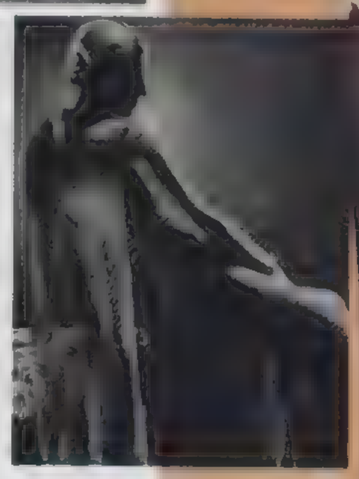
like us

JODY SHIELDS finds that clothes count, but posture is the real backbone of fashion

1930:

supersophisticated
uptight
superbitch



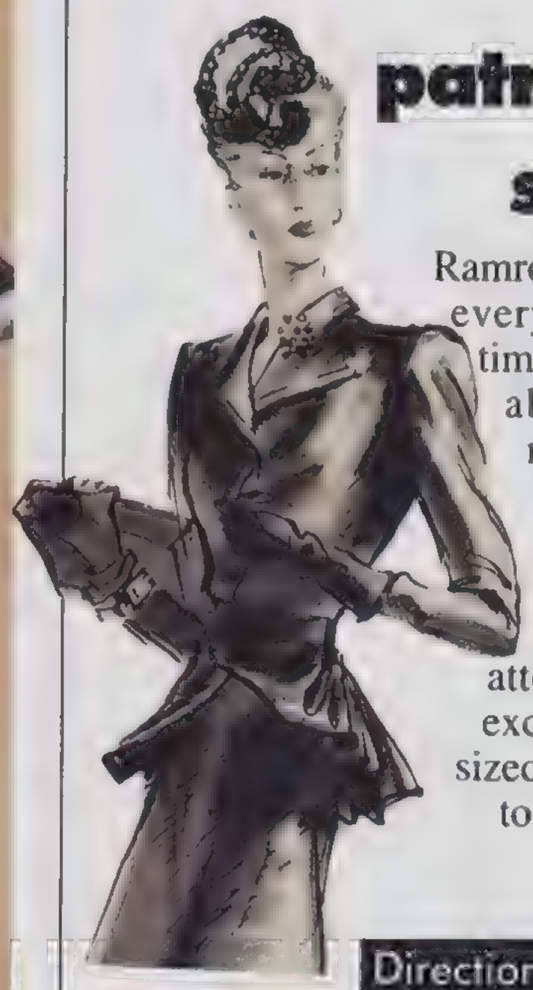


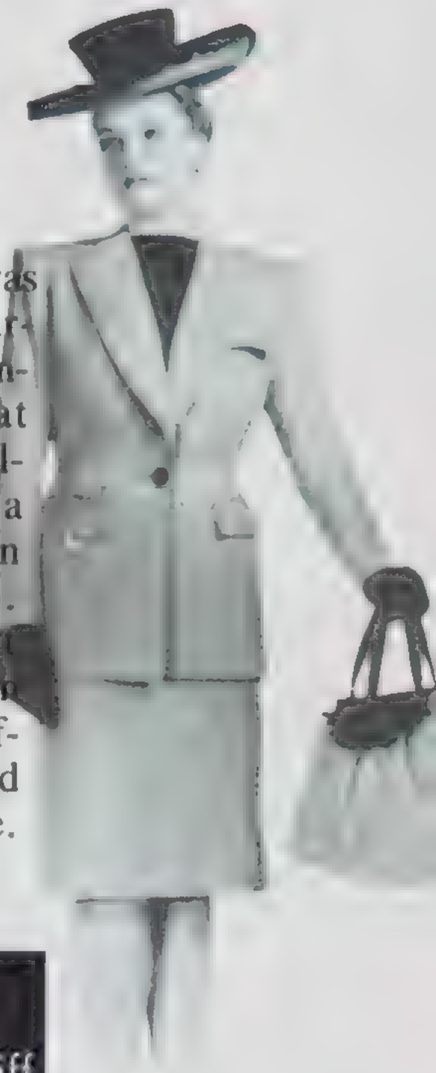
Cecil Beaton tagged these big-shouldered, hands-on-hips gals in tailored suits "Amazons." A relaxed version of this posture was cultivated for slinky satin gowns à la Jean Harlow.

Directions
Mind-set: Joan Crawford
Head: up; shoulders, locked
Bust: every inch counts
Hips: straight
Other: eyebrows raised

1940:

patriotic salute



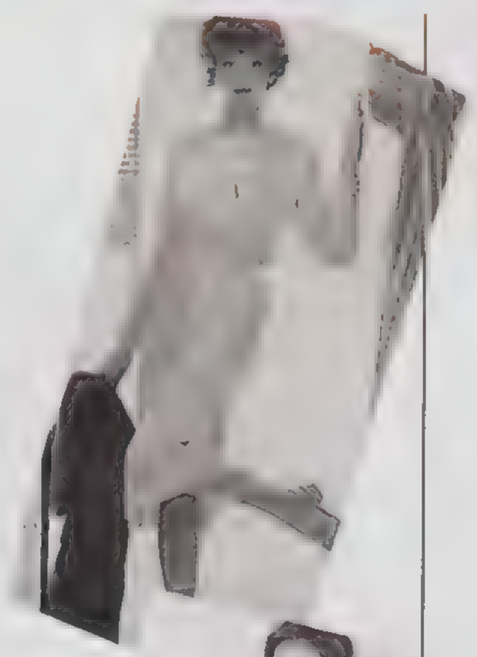


Ramrod straight posture was every good citizen's wartime duty. "The fashionable figure . . . is that represented by the military ideal," cooed a women's fashion magazine in 1943. Women stood at attention, straight as an exclamation mark. Shelf-sized shoulder pads added to the masculine profile.

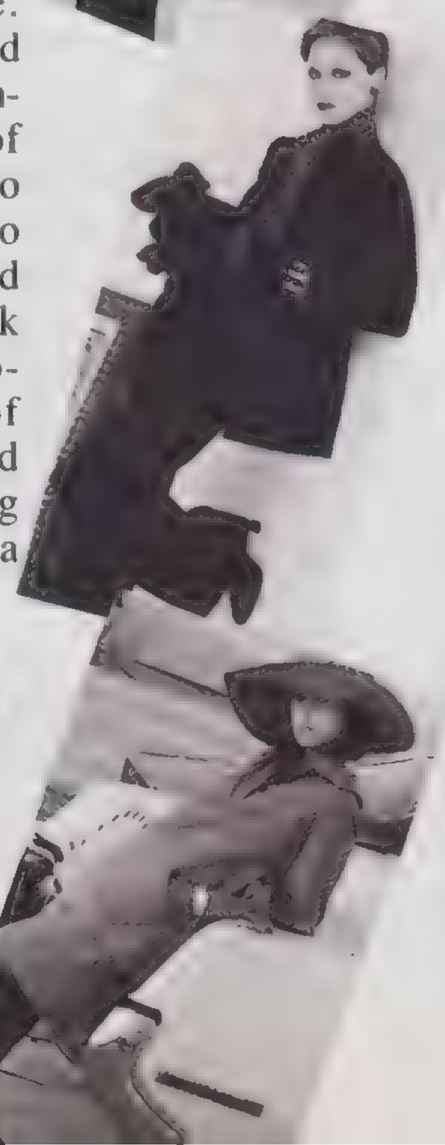
Directions
Mind-set: saluting the flag
Head: jaw, locked; neck, stiff
Bust: ten-hut!
Stomach: suck in that gut!
Derrière: straightened

1970:

libber lean

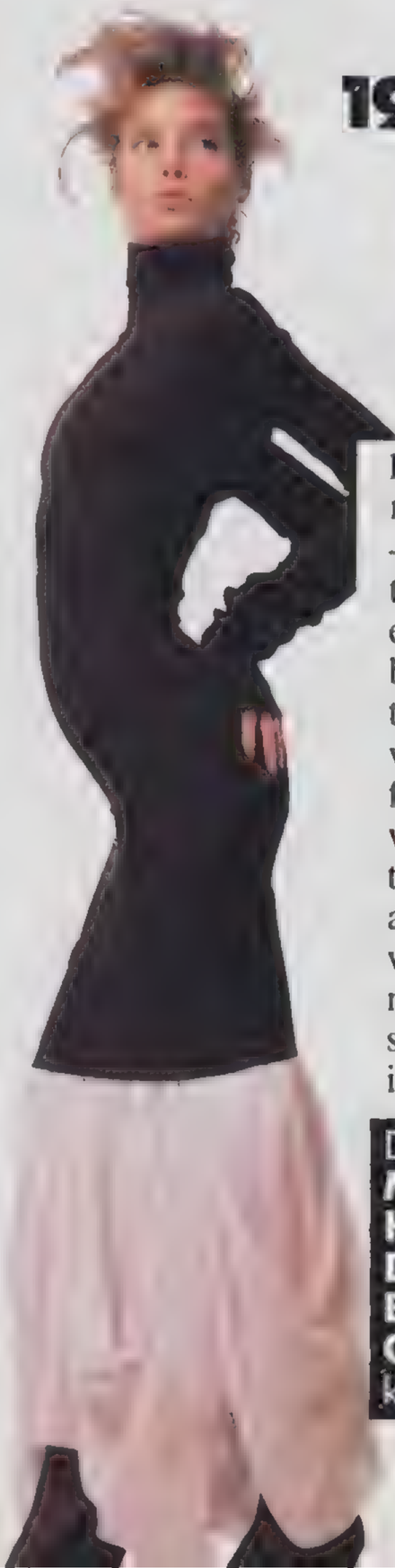


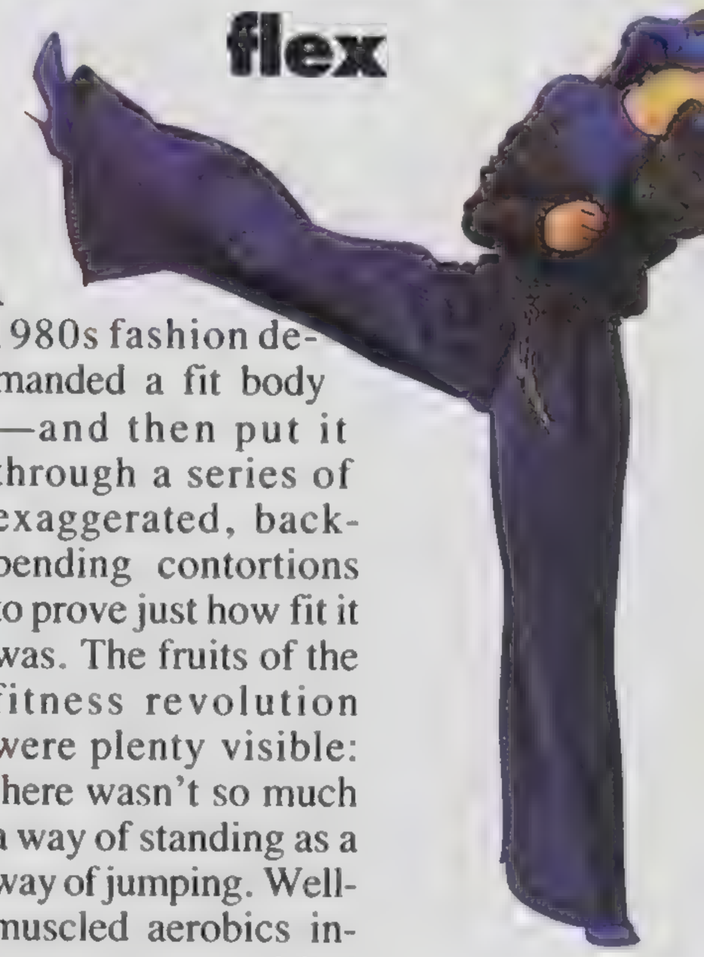
Liberated females stole the bent-legged slouch and strong-shouldered pose from men. "Do you need convincing that learning from men has nothing to do with looking like one?" Vogue chided, attempting to correct this silhouette. Obviously, Vogue would have preferred that women follow the slogan of liberation and really try to stand on their own two feet. Ironically, at the end of the decade, the punk rock revolution introduced a novel kind of slouch: "bad" boys and girls adopted the snarling attitude—and pose—of a whipped dog.



Directions
Mind-set: "I'm O.K., you're O.K."
Shoulders: squared
Chin: out
Derrière: straight
Other: left leg up

1980: Jane Fonda flex





1980s fashion demanded a fit body—and then put it through a series of exaggerated, back-bending contortions to prove just how fit it was. The fruits of the fitness revolution were plenty visible: there wasn't so much a way of standing as a way of jumping. Well-muscled aerobics instructors provided inspiration.

Directions
Mind-set: make it burn!
Head: up; shoulders, back
Derrière: stuck out
Back: arched
Other: kick high, shake it out, keep breathing

LANVIN, PENN, STEVEN MEISEL, ARTHUR ELGORT, FRANCESCO SCAVULLO, KOURKEU PAKCHANIAN, FRANCO RUBARTELLI, FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN; illustrations courtesy of B. T. BATSFORD, LTD., London

talking to...

Sharp Cleese

The consummate mad-dog Englishman gives VICKI WOODS *a lesson on funny names and bad-taste ties*

Tacked to the front door of John Cleese's house in the London district of Notting Hill Gate is a sign that reads: *"Attention—chien bizarre."* Around the corner from his house is his office; the sign on that door reads: *"Attention—chat lunatique."*

I have an appointment at the house. Outside is a two-year-old Bentley saloon in a very upscale color known as British racing green. British racing green is very dull, very dark, and very stylish. Also, very unpopular outside of London and Tokyo.

Under the sign telling me to beware of the bizarre dog is another telling me not to ring the doorbell. I don't ring it. The door swings open. John Cleese says, "Hal-lo. Come in." He is wearing a striped rugby shirt, faded blue denims, and white Reeboks, and he looks an inch or two under seven feet tall.

We wait in his sitting room in nervy silence for the photographer to arrive. Hysteria bubbles at the back of your throat when you sit in a room with John Cleese. For more than twenty years, on television and in movies, this extremely tall and extremely manic person has been striding through comedy routines with wild eyes, a British army officer's barking voice, and a complete inability to come to terms with a hostile world. My favorite scene is from *Fawlty Towers*, in which the car he's driving in a murderous hurry breaks down. Cleese gets out, swearing. He shouts at the car, tries to reason with the car, hurls epithets at the car. He realizes he's making no impression at all on the inanimate object that's let him down. So what does he do? He pulls up a young tree by the roots and dents the car with that. People still weep helplessly when that scene, now several years old, is shown on TV.

Cleese makes a little conversation about the photographer who hasn't shown up yet. "Vadukul," he says. "Funny name. Sounds like something you get on your foot." While we wait, we look at our watches. Cleese made a film called *Clockwise*, about a headmaster who was punctual to an insane degree. I'm not saying Cleese is punctual to an insane degree, but he's pretty clock-wise himself. He tells me he is forty-eight "and three quarters." He says, "I have only one and a half hours at your disposal." And as we wait for the photographer to arrive, Cleese says, "It's half a minute to ten right now. So if he arrives any time within the next half minute, he's still on time." As he finishes speaking, the doorbell rings. To my relief.

It is decided, since it is an uncharacteristically sunny day in London (the first since Easter), that we will walk to the park to take photographs. "What kind of photographs?" Cleese asks. "I hate having my photograph taken."

"Well, kind of off the wall."

"Kind of off the wall?"

"Well, kind of."

Cleese throws on an old tweed jacket of *(Continues, page 235)*

MAX VADUKUL

CALEY

SOUTH

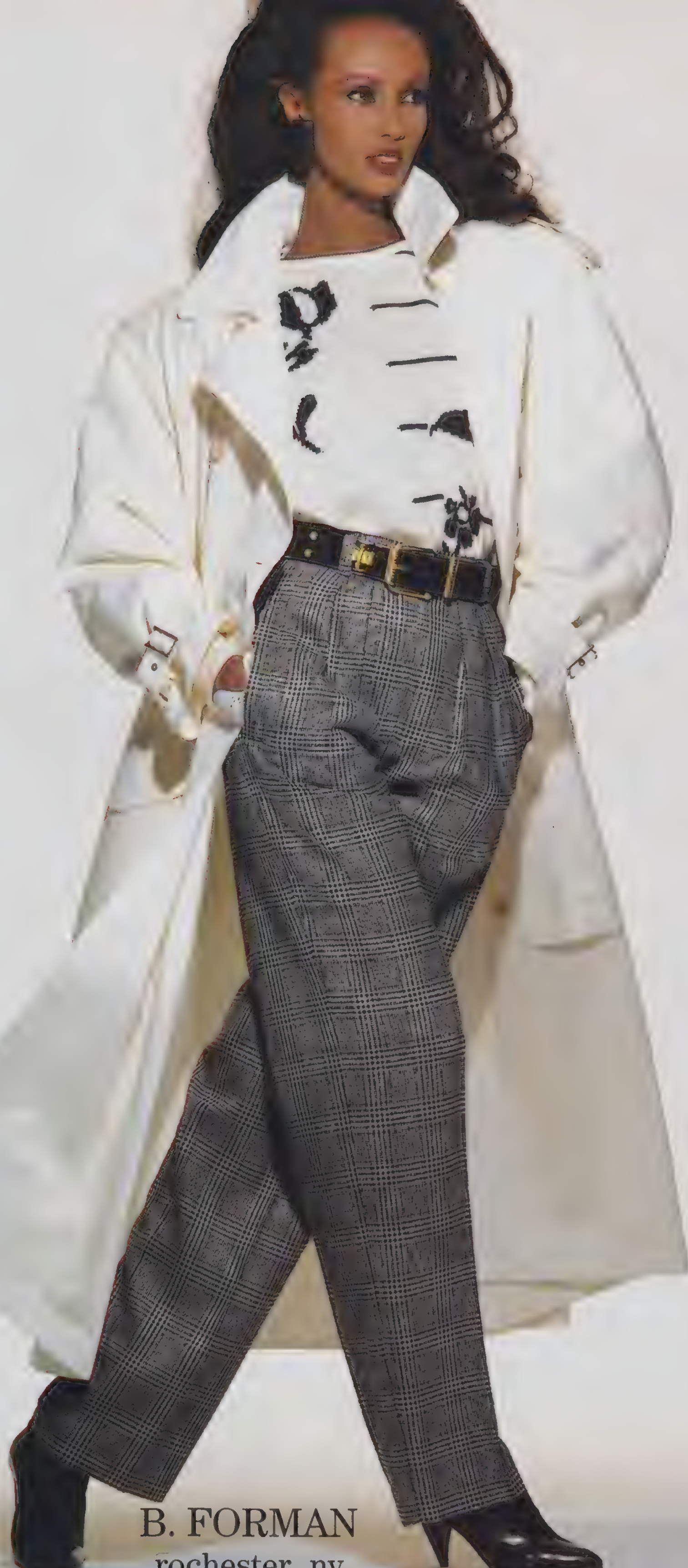
BY MARGARET THATCHER

SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE

Wool rich blends

JEGGING

BY MARGARETHA LEY



B. FORMAN
rochester, ny

ESCADA SHOP at
BERGDORF
GOODMAN

ESCADA

MARGARETHA LEY

BY MICHAEL

ESCADA BOUTIQUES

GREAT NECK
Middleneck Road
BOSTON
The Heritage on the Garden
TORONTO
Hazelton Avenue
MONTREAL
Ogilvy
OTTAWA
Sussex Drive
WINNIPEG
Portage Place
EDMONTON
Manulife Place

talking to...

unfashionably snug cut and we set off, him striding along at a rate of knots and the rest of us scuttling along to keep up. As we whirl through the Notting Hill streets, Cleese chats with Max Vadukul about his funny name.

They agree that it is pretty exotic. Vadukul says it is Indian. Cleese says that it sounds imposing. Vadukul inclines his head graciously. Cleese explains that names containing the letters O, U, and A always sound more imposing than those with I and E. "If you want to make a character in a sketch sound feeble, you call him Figgis or Biffen." Or Cleese, of course. Which Cleese's father changed from Cheese, in a sensible move, just before Cleese *père* signed into the army.

At a corner on Holland Park Avenue stands a marble sculpture. "How's your eyesight?" shouts Cleese. "Who's that a statue of?"

"It's, uh, St. Wolodymyr, the liberator of the Ukraine," says Vadukul's assistant, squinting.

"The *liberator* of the *Ukraine!*" shouts Cleese with delight. Hysteria bubbles again.

Long, long before Cleese became a cult figure in America, he was popular in his native Britain. Cleese looks like, and brilliantly acts, the kind of mad-dog Englishman who went out in the midday sun and ruled an empire: a larger-than-life, irascible, wildly energetic, manic, driven, domineering, woman-hating headbanger.

To walk through an English park with such a figure is to take a lesson in British reserve. Everyone in the park over the age of four recognizes him. No one approaches closer than twenty feet. No one addresses Cleese directly, though two boys about age twelve urge each other to ask for his autograph. Two girls walking by with their boyfriends burst into nervous giggles. Meantime, Cleese goes off the wall. He leaps into the lower branches of small trees, bursts from behind bushes, bowls imaginary cricket balls, strikes heroic poses. He takes to Vadukul in a big way. "Good bloke, this photographer," he says. "Fast worker. I'll do my Vogue model pose." He sucks in his cheeks and rolls his eyes, looking about as much like a Vogue model as George Bush.

Only one person speaks to him. She is dressed in a black jogging suit and has an American accent. "Excuse me," she says. "*A Fish Called Wanda* is one great movie." Cleese beams at her. "How kind," he says. "How very sweet of you to say so."

I ask him where he gets his clothes. From rubbish dumps, he says. "In summer, I wear jeans and tennis shoes and white tennis shirts. That kind of thing. In winter, I wear a winter version of this. Cords and soft shirts."

Then he says that while he was in America promoting *Wanda*, he suddenly realized it was time to buy a few more flamboyant clothes. He bought four bad-taste ties at the Wharf in San Francisco. "With animals. Fish. Quite unacceptable patterns."

I ask him where he gets his clothes. From rubbish dumps, he says

While he was in Hollywood, he pondered aloud about what to wear for some tony publicity do or other. "I said, 'Shall I wear the gray suit? Or the sports jacket and cords?' They yelled at me, '*Come arn, Jarn*, this is *Los Angeles*.' So I went to Ralph Lauren and bought two South American-dictator suits. The kind of suits you couldn't wear in England. White and cream."

He beams. "I got a 50 percent discount," he says. "That was one very nice thing. And the other very nice thing was that when I was trying them on, the man from Ralph Lauren said, 'You're very hard to fit, Mr. Cleese. You've got such a tiny waist. And such broad shoulders.' "

I wonder why he can't wear his South American-dictator suits in England. "Oh, it just doesn't feel right," he says. "English style is so monochromatic. Like an English watercolor, which is quiet and tasteful. With just a *little* life. A tiny dab of red." We look around the park. The sun is struggling through a typical English cloud layer. Everyone is wearing Burberrys and looks fairly monochromatic. A little blond girl runs past, her red rain boots making a tiny dab of color.

Cleese wants to go off to Liberty's to buy furniture for his empty house. On the way back out of the park, we cross Holland Park Avenue again. It's a four-lane highway and always busy. The traffic lights a hundred yards away change to green. It is clearly a DON'T WALK situation and Cleese says, "*Now!*" We hurtle over to the central island. I stop dead and Cleese gives me a vigorous push in the small of my back. "Don't dither, woman!" he yells and we leap for our lives. ▽

(Talking Fashion *continues, page 236*)

Getting flowers shouldn't be a major achievement.
HORACE P. SANTRY, VICE PRESIDENT
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Talking parties...

Putting on the Ritts

Los Angeles photographer Herb Ritts knows how to draw a crowd. His one-man show, at So-Ho's Staley-Wise gallery, opened to a packed house of models, stars, and fellow shutterbugs. An NBC camera crew, filming for Maria Shriver's spot on *Sunday Today*, drained the gallery's power supply, killing the lights—but not the party—for one long moment.

A photographer and his subject: Herb Ritts and Richard Gere

Cover girl Tara Shannon and bathing beauties

Elite face in demand: Linda Evangelista

Photographer Steven Meisel: life imitates art

Suzanne Lanza; photographer Sante D'Orazio

George Michael in Beverly Hills, too

Manager Michael Lippman threw a post-tour party for George Michael. Arriving guests drove through a human tunnel of one hundred parking valets. Inside, buffet tables were set up like a French boulangerie and a Mexican taco stand. The entertainment: glassblowers, tarot-card readers, Las Vegas showgirls.

Actress Donya Fiorentino; Andrew Ridgeley

Emily Lloyd

George Michael

Corbin Bernsen; Amanda Pays

Ron Bloom; Princess Stephanie

ROXANNE LOWIT

CHRIS HUNTER, SCOTT DOWNEY/CELEBRITY PHOTOS

(Talking Fashion *continues, page 238)*

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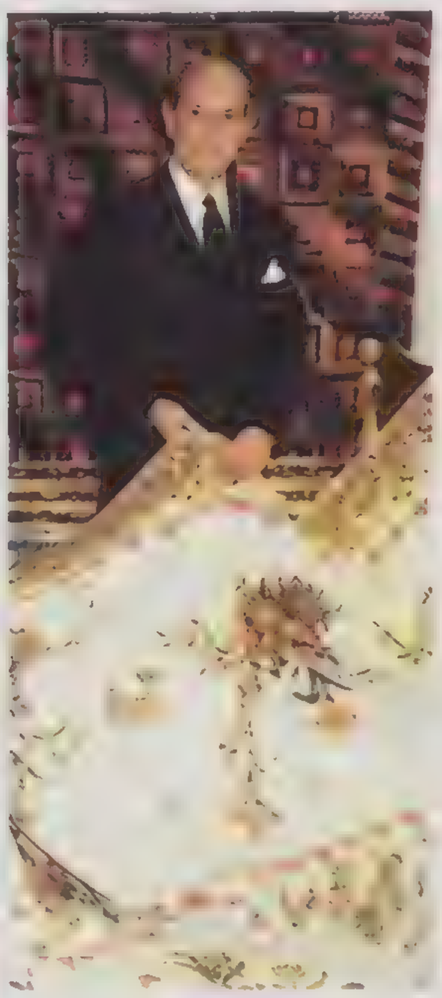
talking parties...

Philippe Starck; photographer Dominique Issermann

AIDS benefit

Eight hundred of fashion's heaviest hitters gathered for cocktails at the Louvre and dined in the Cour Carrée. The AIDS fundraiser's highlight: an auction of a quilt made by thirty-six designers to Claude Challe (of Les Bains nightclub) for almost $35,000.

Ricky and Ralph Lauren



Oscar de la Renta shops for a rug

Same Chanel: Marie-Hélène de Rothschild; Ines de la Fressange

Piecing it together. Designers, left to right: Enrico Coveri, Lolita Lempicka, Emmanuelle Khanh, Patrick Kelly, Elie Jacobson, Sonia Rykiel, Kenzo, Michel Klein, Marc Bohan, Jean-Charles de Castelbajac, Chantal Thomass, Claude Montana

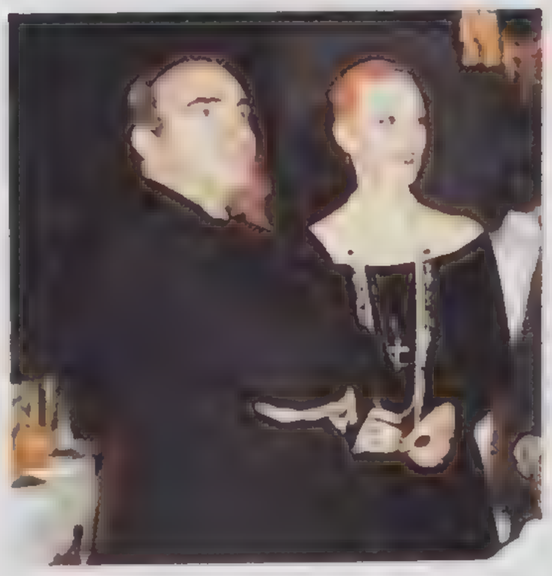
Dustin Hoffman

Bruce Weber; C.Z. Guest

Just plain folk

The Museum of American Folk Art honored Ralph Lauren at a benefit preview of the Fall Antiques Show. Lauren's design team used barn timber and six hundred antique country chairs (later sold at the show) to transform New York City's Pier 92 into the American frontier.

—HELEN ELIZABETH LEE



Louis Dell'Olio; Jac Dubelle

ROXANNE LOWIT, MARY HILLIARD

(Talking Fashion *continues, page 240*)

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4 levels of salon Shampoos.

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"Who does your hair?"

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Talking fashion...

Model author Brad (Scary Kisses) Gooch—a Gatsby-esque affection for Perry Ellis shirts
Ecroll McDonald wears Valentino around Random House —Matsuda to the Apollo
Who's that Shamrock-ed man? Screenwriter David Stern
Spy's Graydon Carter —chic in Tom Wolfe's clothing
Terry McDonell, Smart's head honcho, would rather be in Montana, so he wears Paul Smith shirts without a tie
Publisher Morgan Entrekin is big on croquet—and London's Thomas Pink
P.J. O'Rourke sure looks Republican in Brooks Bros., J. Press, and L.L. Bean

Royalton flash

Publishing is the last place you'd expect sartorial genius. Women writers, after all, have always dressed eccentrically at best, from Marianne Moore in her tricornered hat to Isabelle Eberhardt, who donned male drag to seek oblivion in Algiers. And when Edna Ferber met Noel Coward, they both were wearing double-breasted suits. "You almost look like a man," Coward said. To which the unflappable Ferber replied, "So do you." But the literary dandy, oddly enough, has a long and (loudly) checkered past. Think of Baudelaire, with his mad monk eyes and floppy ties. (In those days, if you had the Divine Spark, a single affectation was enough.) Or parodist S.J. Perelman, whose impeccable duds were takeoffs on British haberdashery. Or Lucius Beebe of the old New York *Trib*, who packed seventy-two shirts for a weekend in Hollywood. Alexander Woollcott, the Round Table's portly founder, was big on spats, though he secretly adored women's clothes; and the *New Yorker*'s dapper Peter Arno drew in shiny opera pumps.

Today, Bob Gottlieb, the *New Yorker*'s current chief, takes his style cues from Woody Allen and rarely lunches at "the Gonk." And the average first novel commands a $3000 advance. But a contemporary dandy, who makes up for in cash what he lacks in panache, is still willing to shell out that advance for a fistful of Egyptian cotton shirts—or $9.50 for finger food at the sleek new Royalton Hotel. Once the refuge of threadbare types who couldn't afford the Algonquin, the Royalton has been tarted up to attract the likes of Jay McInerney, whose prose may be cut-rate but whose clothes are gratis Armani; and Bret Easton Ellis, who claims that he "writes in a suit." The only reminders of the Round Table's rapier wits are Siamese fighting fish in the lobby.

RUEDI HOFMANN

(Talking Fashion continues, page 250)

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Dressy support that looks and feels like real silk from the Orient.™

She's got L'eggs™

FAY WELDON: A SHORT STORY

(Continued from page 185)

by none other than young Princip, which had missed. Princip had vanished into the crowd and gone to sit down in a corner café and ordered coffee to calm his nerves. I expect his hand trembled at the best of times—he did have TB. (Not the best choice of assassin, but no doubt those who arrange these things have to make do with what they can get.) The archduke's chauffeur panicked, took the wrong road, realized what he'd done, and stopped to await rescue and instructions just outside the café where Princip sat drinking his coffee.

"What shall we talk about?" asked Peter, in even less of a good mood.

"The collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire?" I suggested. "How does an empire collapse? Is there no money to pay the military or the police, so everyone goes home? Or what?" He liked to be asked questions.

"The Hungro-Austrarian Empire," said Peter to me, "didn't so much collapse as fail to exist any more. War destroys social organizations. The same thing happened after World War II. There being no organized bodies left between Moscow and London—and for London read Washington, then as now—it was left to these two to put in their own puppet governments. Yalta, 1944. It's taken the best part of forty-five years for nations of West and East Europe to remember who they are."

"Austro-Hungarian," I said, "not Hungro-Austrarian."

"I didn't say Hungro-Austrarian," he said.

"You did," I said.

"Didn't," he said. "What the hell are they doing about our wild boar? Are they out in the hills shooting it?"

My sister Clare had been surprisingly understanding about Peter. When I worried about him being older, she pooh-poohed it; when I worried about him being married, she said, "Just go for it, sister. If you can unhinge a marriage, it's ripe for unhinging, it would happen sooner or later, it might as well be you. See a catch, go ahead and catch! Go for it!"

Fay Weldon with her sheep at her farmhouse in Somerset

Princip saw the archduke's car parked outside, and went for it. Second chances are rare in life: they must be responded to. Except perhaps his second chance was missing in the first place? Should he have taken his cue from fate, and just sat and finished his coffee, and gone home to his mother? But what's a man to do when he loves his country? Fate delivered the archduke into his hands: how could he resist it? A parked car, a uniformed and medaled chest, the persecutor of his country—how could Princip not, believing God to be on his side, but see this as His intervention, push his coffee aside and leap to his feet?

Two waiters stood idly by and watched us waiting for our wild boar. One was young and handsome in a mountainous Bosnian way—flashing eyes, hooked nose, luxuriant black hair, sensuous mouth. He was about my age. He smiled. His teeth were even and white. I smiled back, and instead of the pain in the heart I'd become accustomed to as an erotic sensation, now felt, quite violently, an associated yet different pang which got my lower stomach. The true, the real pain of Ind Aff!

Instead of the pain in the heart I'd become accustomed to as an erotic sensation, I now felt, quite violently, a different pang

"Fancy him?" asked Peter.

"No," I said. "I just thought if I smiled the wild boar might come quicker."

The other waiter was older and gentler: his eyes were soft and kind. I thought he looked at me reproachfully. I could see why. In a world which for once, after centuries of savagery, was finally full of young men, unslaughtered, what was I doing with this man with thinning hair?

"What are you thinking of?" Professor Piper asked me. He liked to be in my head.

"How much I love you," I said automatically, and was finally aware how much I lied.

"And about the archduke's assassination," I went on, to cover the kind of tremble in my head as I came to my senses, "and let's not forget his wife, she died too—how can you say World War I would have happened anyway. If Princip hadn't shot the archduke, something else, some undisclosed, unsuspected variable, might have come along and defused the whole political/military situation, and neither World War I nor II ever happened. We'll just never know, will we?"

I had my passport and my travelers' checks with me. (Peter felt it was less confusing if we each paid our own way.) I stood up, and took my raincoat from the peg.

"Where are you going?" he asked, startled.

"Home," I said. I kissed the top of his head, where it was balding. It smelt gently of chlorine, which may have come from thinking about his wife so much, but might merely have been that he'd taken a shower that morning. ("The water all over Yugoslavia, though safe to drink, is unusually chlorinated": Guide Book.) As I left to catch a taxi to the airport the younger of the two waiters emerged from the kitchen with two piled plates of roasted wild boar, potatoes duchesse, and stewed peppers. ("Yugoslavian diet is unusually rich in proteins and fats": Guide Book.) I could tell from the glisten of oil that the food was no longer hot, and I was not tempted to stay, hungry though I was. Thus fate—or was it Bosnian willfulness?—confirmed the wisdom of my intent.

And that was how I fell out of love with my professor, in Sarajevo, a city to which I am grateful to this day, though I never got to see very much of it, because of the rain.

It was a silly sad thing to do, in the first place, to confuse mere passing academic ambition with love: to try and outdo my sister Clare. (Professor Piper was spiteful, as it happened, and did his best to have my thesis refused, but I went to appeal, which he never thought I'd dare, and won. I had a first-class mind after all.) A silly sad episode, which I regret. As silly and sad as Princip, poor young man, with his feverish mind, his bright tubercular cheeks, and his inordinate affection for his country, pushing aside his cup of coffee, leaping to his feet, taking his gun in both hands, planting his feet, aiming, and firing—one, two, three shots—and starting World War I. The first one missed, the second got the wife (never forget the wife), and the third got the archduke and a whole generation, and their children, and their children's children, and on and on forever. If he'd just hung on a bit, there in Sarajevo, that June day, he might have come to his senses. People do, sometimes quite quickly. ▽

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MINIMALISM WITH A FLOURISH

(Continued from page 200)

The raucous screeching that pierces the richly varnished door of his current New York apartment is the greeting of not one but five parrots. This rain-forest chorus that echoes through the spare rooms is more than just an unorthodox accompaniment to the buzz of a doorbell: it is a hint of the duality that inspires Sanchez's sophisticated yet suggestive designs. "Fernando is an exotic bird," says longtime friend and downstairs neighbor Leo Lerman. "You think his parrots are exotic, but he is more so."

The apartment's large unadorned spaces—the severity of which Sanchez attributes to the "rigor" of his Spanish side—are fringed with pockets of lovely, eclectic furniture and exotic objects. These include Gaudí settees and chairs, Baroque mirrors, a polished coconut shell from the Seychelles, a collection of Chinese snuff bottles, and a statue of Buddha left to him by his mother as well as a Moroccan street cat and his boisterous birds. "I'm not very good at decoration," he says with stern modesty. "I don't have a sense of objects. I can't deal with things on the table. I like living in other people's decorated houses, but I don't think I could have that myself. I try to make my apartment as natural and as simple and as pretty as possible—without trying to make it what it is not."

Precision gives way to clutter in Fernando Sanchez's kitchen

The same balance of discipline and spontaneity, sobriety and humor characterizes both his designs and his personality. "Fernando's clothes, while sophisticated, have a wonderful sense of the grand courtesan," says fashion illustrator and friend Joe Eula. "They really border on the tart."

Says Sanchez, "I had no idea of what the needs of the American market were. It would never have occurred to me. But I always enjoyed doing those kinds of sexy, Hollywood nightgowns. I take a cliché, and I use it in the most tongue-in-cheek way, the most comic-strip way. So you start with a giggle and then a laugh. But you can't continue joking for years. It doesn't work. So I started thinking about the necessity of women's lives. I knew that they could not stay all day long in satin nightgowns with slits and trains. There are other things to wear, wonderful pants, a shirt, or a sweatshirt and so on.

"I'm very envious of those people who design active sportswear. I think, ultimately, they are today's clothes. But even when I try to make something simple, it turns out expensive. Unfortunately, I can't touch anything without it turning to gold." ▽

OZBEK: ON THE FRINGE

(Continued from page 167)

Ozbek snaps. "I can see already your future's *totally* bleak." The rude businessman gets up from his table; Ozbek looks at his incredibly boring suit and hisses, "What *is* he wearing? *Not* a very strong look."

When Ozbek came to England nineteen years ago from Istanbul, it was to study architecture rather than fashion. "I left college after two years when I realized I was having far too good a time partying," he says. Back in Turkey, a designer friend encouraged him to apply to St. Martin's School of Art, one of England's foremost fashion institutions. "I was amazed they accepted me. All I had were eight really rough, tacky sketches. I mean I didn't have a clue how to draw humans."

Three years later he graduated with honors and left to apprentice in Milan. Back in London again, he found work with Monsoon, a clothing chain specializing in Indian fabrics for broad-hipped women. The English government granted him residency, and he decided to set up his own business with backing from Gulf Oil—a bizarre business bedfellow for our hero, but a more supportive, less interfering bunch of oil slickers a designer could not wish for. Gulf gave Ozbek the means to set up a showroom in the quaintly named Haunch of Venison Yard, where he has remained ever since. He held his first show in his parents' London apartment; his clothes were photographed first by American Vogue. Nineteen eighty-nine ushers in his fifth collection.

This year the influences of Morocco, Tunisia, and Afghanistan are evident in his cropped boleros, pajama jackets, thick embroidery, and leopard-printed belly-dancer bras with jet fringing worn over silk trousers that sit on the hips. Burnt orange, wine, and plum show up in heavy rayon sewn with tramlines of antique silver beads. Unlike some Parisian designers who wrap and bow a woman like a Christmas gift, Rifat's clothes are witty but wearable. "I design for intelligent women, not bimbos."

Rifat's shows are renowned for his bizarre choice of music and their professional polish.

When Ozbek came to England nineteen years ago from Istanbul, it was to study architecture, not fashion

But his obsession with detail takes its toll. "I find it all very draining. I have to retreat and have time to myself," he says. That retreat is an apartment in Notting Hill Gate decorated to look and feel, not surprisingly, like the interior of a Bedouin tent. —LIZA CAMPBELL

Liza Campbell *is a freelance writer living in London. This is her first article for American Vogue.*

GAULTIER

(Continued from page 162)

designers, Gaultier found himself in an embarrassing position. The young loved his clothes, but they couldn't afford them. So Gaultier did the obvious thing—he created a collection specifically for them and not based on his more expensive line.

With his success, Gaultier has distanced himself from his often vituperative critics. "Sometimes when I'm criticized, it sounds like they don't exactly know what they're talking about. After one negative review, I didn't invite some journalists to my show for two years. In the end, I sold more clothes than before. With my clothes, I'm trying to say we are in a moment of mixing. I would like to say to people, open your eyes and find beauty where you normally don't expect it."

Does Gaultier think that, as he grows older, his clothes will change and perhaps become more sedate? "I don't know," he says. "My clothes are always influenced by the people around me, so now they are very young, but everyone is changing very fast today."

Not least, Gaultier himself. Uppermost in his mind right now is a question: should he change his hair from his trademark platinum blond flattop to something less redolent of the eighties?

"We haven't stepped out of this decade yet," says Gaultier. "Maybe for the nineties I'll have eighteenth-century hair, long sideburns, and, who knows, curls." ▽

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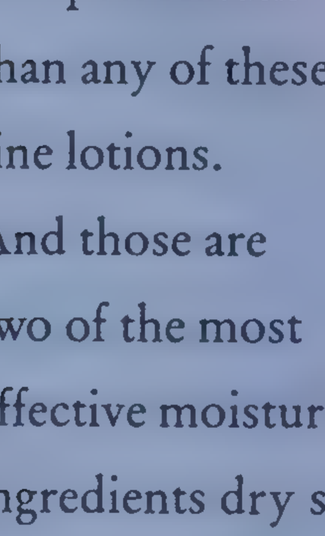

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in this issue...

Details, prices, more stores, more...on this month's looks

Page 6 (Cover Look): Jacket, $1,825. For stores, see page 181. Bikini, $44. Barneys New York. Tiziana, Los Angeles. Bandanna, J. Crew. **33:** Michael Kors washed rayon shirt, $260; satin wool gabardine vest, $260. Barneys New York. Pocket watch, The Sentimento Collection at Bergdorf Goodman. **36: 1)** Fabric by Fisba. At Jerry Brown Imported Fabrics, NYC. Silk crepe de Chine pants fabric by S. Shamash & Sons. At Rosen & Chadick, NYC. Ralph Lauren Footwear. **2)** Vest and skirt, Gianfranco Ferre. Glasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Bloomingdale's. Bracelet, Gianfranco Ferre. Scarf, Hermès. **3)** Adrienne Vittadini silk vest, $126, and shorts, $150. Bergdorf Goodman. **4)** Rayon and linen jacket, $665; vest, $232; pants, $276; cotton shirt, $280. All by Dolce & Gabbana. Outfit at Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Vest and shirt at Charivari, NYC. Cap and tie by Dolce & Gabbana. **5)** Vest, blouse, pants, and hat by Sybilla. **38: 1)** DKNY dress, $300, and bodysuit, $85. Bergdorf Goodman. Hat, Ralph Lauren for Hat Attack. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC. **2)** Hat, Ralph Lauren for Hat Attack. Ralph Lauren hat band. **3)** Linen and ramie sweater, $440; cotton petticoats, $200 each. By Ralph Lauren Roughwear. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC. **40: 1)** Silk chiffon shirt, $1,535; and cloque silk pants, $535. Both by Carolyne Roehm Separates. Saks Fifth Avenue. **4)** Donna Karan New York silk bodysuit, $210. Bergdorf Goodman. Linen trousers by Reminiscence, NYC, $50. Belt, Donna Karan New York. Barneys New York. **41: 5)** Rayon crepe jacket, $184, shirt, $104, and trouser, $128. All by Laundry. Macy's, Herald Square. Shoes, Diego Della Valle. Rolex watch. Pen, Montblanc. Dempsey & Carroll, NYC. **7)** Cotton sweater, $220; silk and cotton trousers, $140. Both by DKNY. Saks Fifth Avenue. Canvas sneakers, DKNY. **8)** Calvin Klein nylon and spandex swim dress, $120. Bergdorf Goodman. **10)** Hat, Lori Henle for Il Tetto. Victoria Falls, NYC. **42: 2)** Giorgio Armani Couture cotton jacket, $1,030; silk pants, $905; blouse, $865. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. **3)** Romeo Gigli top. **4)** Moschino Couture acetate and viscose dress, $820. Bergdorf Goodman. **5)** Christian Lacroix for Diego Della Valle sandals, $340. Diego Della Valle, NYC. **6)** Claude Montana silk chiffon shirt with attached vest, $7,502; viscose pants, $2,017. March at Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills. **48:** Towel, Primrose Bordier for Descamps. **52:** Wrist to cuff: Necklace worn as bracelet, Citra Trading. Beaded bracelet, Peggy Stephaich. At Kogan & Co. Watch, Ebel USA. **88:** Top: Paul Conklin/Monkmeyer Press Photo Service. Center right: Louis Faurer. Bottom: Gjon Mili, Life Magazine © 1963 Time Inc. **108:** Both models are wearing tanks and briefs by Dance France. Available at The New York Body Shop, NYC; Dance France Bodywear, Beverly Hills. Tights by Marika Bodywear. Available at Capezio East, NYC; Dayton's; Hudson's. Belt by Torso at Taffy's, NYC.

The fashion news '89

135-137: Elaine Ellman. Isaac Mizrahi's rubberized cotton raincoat, $850. Bloomingdale's; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Mary Jane Denzer, White Plains NY; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati, Indianapolis; Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. **138-139:** Pierre Scherman; Guy Marineau. Left to right: Sylvia Heisel's silk dress, $465. Linda Dresner, NYC; L.H. Rogers, Salem MA; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Jennifer George's viscose georgette skirt, $270. Feb. at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; I. Magnin. Emanuel Ungaro Parallele patent leather skirt, $860. Mid-Feb. at Younkers, Omaha NE; Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, Dallas. Adrienne Vittadini cotton sweater, $152; rayon faille skirt, $232. Macy's Northeast; Neiman Marcus. Bob Mackie cotton ottoman dress, $1,270. Martha; Sara Fredericks, Boston; I. Magnin. Junior Gaultier cotton and elastin skirt, $95. Bergdorf Goodman. Bill Blass silk crepe ensemble, $6,600. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Montaldo's; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. **140:** Polyester and nylon dress. Earrings, Tina Chow. Bergdorf Goodman. **141:** Left: Elaine Ellman. Gold boots painted by Isaac Mizrahi for his show. Right: Pierre

(Continued on page 248)

149

Norma Kamali's passage to India: a chiffon sari with a cotton shirt and fitted gabardine blazer. See fashion information for page 149.

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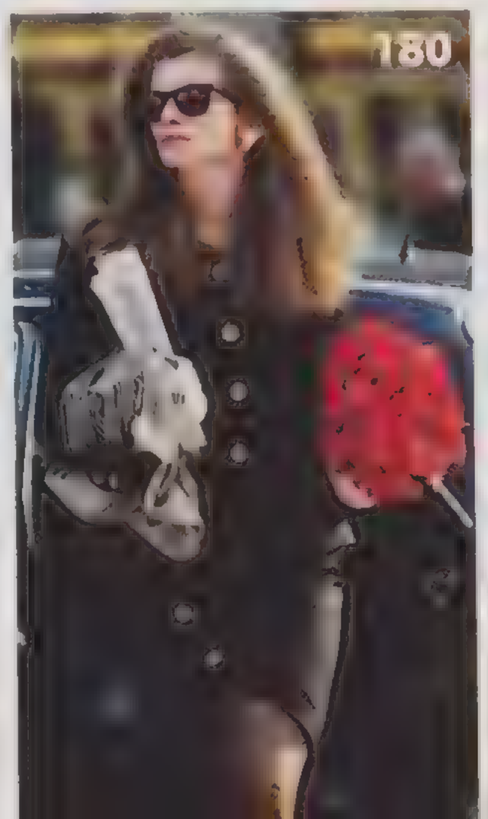
in this issue...

(Continued from page 246)

Scherman. Isaac Mizrahi crepe satin dressing gown, $1,352. Saks Fifth Avenue; Saks Jandel; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Molly Moses, Pittsburgh; Lewie Watkins, Little Rock AR. Earrings, Cynthia Rybakoff for Isaac Mizrahi. Bloomingdale's. **142:** Pierre Scherman. Large photo: Isaac Mizrahi. Jacket, $1,010; vest, $375; pants, $750. Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston and Chestnut Hill MA; Saks Jandel; Jamie, Nashville TN; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Tootsies, Houston; The Gazebo, Dallas; I. Magnin. Insets: above, Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's liquid silk jersey T-shirt, $500, and skirt, $750; wool melton vest, $250. Late Feb. at Martha, NYC, Palm Beach FL; I. Magnin. Accessories, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. Center: Michael Kors viscose and silk romper, $300. Italian rayon string knit sweater, $310. Feb. at Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Front Room, New Orleans; Harry B.'s, Nashville TN; Adaria, Birmingham MI. Below: Isaac Mizrahi silk jacket, $582; shirt, $502; cotton pants, $292. Late Feb. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Charles Sumner, Boston and Chestnut Hill MA; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Bullock's; I. Magnin. **143:** Inset, Elaine Ellman. Jumpsuit, $3,995. Earrings, Christina McCarthy for Geoffrey Beene. Barneys New York. **144:** Ronaldus Shamask linen shirt, $195; linen jacket, $340; and pants. Bloomingdale's; Galloping Boutique, West Hartford CT; Scarboro Fair, Glencoe IL; Miki, Mill Valley CA. Robert Lee Morris gold necklace (worn around wrist), $1,000. Necklace and belt at Robert Lee Morris, NYC; Cookie M, Cleveland; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI. **145:** Left, Elaine Ellman; right, Pierre Scherman. Deerskin skirt, $1,600; cotton shirt, $79. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Georgetown and Washington DC, Beverly Hills. **146:** Inset top, Elaine Ellman; inset center, Pierre Scherman. Carolyne Roehm dress, $990. Bergdorf Goodman; Mary Jane Denzer, White Plains NY, Westport CT; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Suzanne, Boston; Harry B's, Nashville TN; Jacobson's. Earrings, Leslie Block. Bracelet, Diva Fantasy Designs. Shoes, Norma Kamali. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Calvin Klein Collection's rayon tank, $129; rayon and acetate skirt, $265. Saks Fifth Avenue; Saks Jandel; Montaldo's. Calvin Klein Collection Footwear. Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. cotton blouse, $310, and silk georgette sarong, $590. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's. Geoffrey Beene dress with jacket, of rayon and wool with cotton, $1,995. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. **147:** Silk chiffon scarf, Frances Patiky Stein. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; Neiman Marcus; Creeds Canada. Earrings, Tina Chow. Bergdorf Goodman; Maxfield, Los Angeles. **148:** Elaine Ellman. DKNY cotton tank, $25, jumpsuit, $320, and parka, $260. Bloomingdale's; Dayton's; Hudson's; Liberty House of Hawaii. Accessories, DKNY. Earrings and bracelet at Saks Fifth Avenue. Shoes, DKNY. **149:** Left: Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's silk and nylon top, $440; bodysuit, $660; silk mousseline skirt, $1,320. Late Feb. at Barneys New York; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL; Gallay, West Hollywood CA; I. Magnin. Sandals, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. Right: Norma Kamali wool jacket, $610; cotton shirt, $212; sari, $785. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Shoes, Norma Kamali. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. **150:** Left to right: Sonia Rykiel silk dress, $765. Sonia Rykiel Boutique, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Beverly Hills. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche silk dress, $2,295. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Costa Mesa CA. Christian Lacroix "Luxe" silk dress; $7,000. Mid-Feb. at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Bloomingdale's. **151:** Pierre Scherman. Insets, left to right: Bob Mackie silk chiffon dress, $5,400. Sara Fredericks, NYC, Boston, Palm Beach FL; Femina, Phoenix AZ; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Isaac Mizrahi cotton and sateen dress, $1,075. Mid-Feb. at Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston and Chestnut Hill MA; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Marshall Field's; Dayton's; Bullock's; I. Magnin. Geoffrey Beene cotton and nylon dress, $2,995. Feb. at Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston, Chestnut Hill MA; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. **152:** Dress, $2,708. Silk chiffon underskirt, Giorgio Armani Couture, $345. For stores, see page 152. Also at Giorgio Armani Boutiques, Chicago, Los Angeles. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **153:** Giorgio Armani Couture polyamide bodysuit, $3,255; silk skirt, $890. For stores, see page 153. **154:** Camisole and skirt, $13,500. **155:** Jacket and pants, $2,550; blouse, $830. Also at Giorgio Armani Boutiques, Beverly Hills, Quebec and Ontario Canada. **156:** Issey Miyake polyester pants. Cotton shirt, $255. Issey Miyake Boutique, NYC; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. **157:** Outfit also at Janet Brown, Port Washington NY; Panache, Millburn NJ; Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Rich's; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Accessories, Jewelry by Karl Lagerfeld. Shoes, Karl Lagerfeld. **158:** Jacket and pants also at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Washington DC; Rich's; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. **159:** Outfit also at Nordstrom, Seattle. Pants also at Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. Accessories, Chanel. **160:** Top and pants, $2,845. Shoes, Christian Lacroix. **161:** Shirt, $1,300; pants, $9,600. Hat, Christian Lacroix. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Shoes, Christian Lacroix. **162:** Guy Marineau. Jean Paul Gaultier linen and cotton outfit. Jean Paul Gaultier pants at Charivari, NYC; Georgina, Hewlett NY; Mary Chancis, Fort Lee NJ; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Romanoff Boutique, Coconut Grove FL; Dayton's; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Buffalo, Tarzana CA. **163:** Cotton pants and jacket at Emphatics, Pittsburgh; La Boutique Francaise, Washington DC; Russo, Chicago; Cielo, Palo Alto CA; Buffalo, Tarzana CA; Susan of Burlingame and San Francisco CA. Belt, Jean Paul Gaultier. If Soho, NYC; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Marshall Field's. Shoes, Jean Paul Gaultier. **164-165:** Left to right: Claude Montana jacket, $1,160, and pants, $495. Suit at Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Pants at Bloomingdale's. Krizia also at Krizia Boutiques, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL, Houston, Toronto and Quebec, Canada. Giorgio Armani also at I. Magnin. Genny suit (sold with two shirts, not shown) also at Suzy, Great Neck NY; Marshall Field's; Greta, Beverly Hills and Palm Springs CA; Ira Berg, Ontario Canada. Jacket only at Butch Blum, Seattle. Romeo Gigli also at Shauna Stein, Los Angeles. All models: Shirts, Izod Lacoste, $32 each. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Dayton's. Hats, Lacoste. Glasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Bloomingdale's. Belts and sneakers, Surplus Bensimon for Autour du Monde. **166:** Polyester and polyamide jacket. Rayon bra and pants. Also at Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Nuages, Aspen CO; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Belt by Ozbek. Rings, Nicola Bateman, London. **167:** Leopard-back dress also at Alan Bilzerian, Worcester MA; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Nuages, Aspen CO; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Orange dress, $2,100. Also at Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Rings, Nicola Bateman, London. **168:** Insets, top and bottom, Guy Marineau. Center left and right, Pierre Scherman. Moschino Leather's jacket, $1,750. Saks Fifth Avenue; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Shauna Stein, Los Angeles; Ralph Davies, San Francisco; Christian Boutique, Ontario Canada. Giorgio di Sant'Angelo silk stretch gauze tank, $210, and skirt, $155. Kris Ruhs for Giorgio di Sant'Angelo necklace, $1,500. Barneys New York; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Carolyne Roehm Couture wool jersey dress. March at Bergdorf Goodman. Patrick Kelly cotton and spandex with polyester dress, $1,215. February at Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Julee Julee, Westport CT, Palm Beach FL; Marshall Field's; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Bullock's; Macy's, California. **169:** Pants, $13,000. Sandals, $370. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue. **170:** Romeo Gigli cotton and Lycra bandeau and pants. Silk chiffon top. Also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. **171:** Romeo Gigli cotton and polyester with elastic top. Silk chiffon pants. Also at Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. **172:** Guy Marineau. Bottom left: Viscose suit, $2,500. Gianfranco Ferre merino wool top, $200. Outfit at Bergdorf



Goodman. Top at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Top left: Silk top, $895, and scarf. Gianfranco Ferre polyester pants, $550. Outfit at Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Top and scarf at Hirshleifer's, Manhasset and Forest Hills NY; Liberty House of Hawaii. Top also at Pino's, Seattle. Top right: Gianfranco Ferre silk blouse, $1,495, and suit, $1,995. Bergdorf Goodman. Bottom right: Silk jacket with viscose embroidery, $2,500. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; Neiman Marcus; Diagonale, San Francisco; Pino's, Seattle; Liberty House of Hawaii. **173:** Silk satin pants, Gianfranco Ferre, $1,560. Outfit also at Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills NY. Glasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Macy's Northeast; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. Belt comes with outfit. **174:** Left and inset top right, Guy Marineau. Insets: above left, Christian Lacroix Prêt-à-Porter jacket, $1,190, and pants, $1,160. Mid-Feb. at Bloomingdale's; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI. Above right: Junior Gaultier dress, $400; pants, $300; scarf, $40. Late Feb. at Bergdorf Goodman. Below: Karl Lagerfeld jacket, $1,340; skirt, $1,030; blouse, $565. Bergdorf Goodman; Chez Catherine, Palm Beach FL, Ontario Canada. Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. **175:** Outfit also at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, Bal Harbour FL, Houston. Photo right: Cotton sateen fabric photographed by Peter Volkmer. **176:** Left, Peter Read Miller/Sports Illustrated; right, Guy Marineau. Gianni Versace silk crepe de Chine dress, $1,690. Gianni Versace Boutique, NYC, Chicago. **177:** Acetate and viscose dress also at Mary Jane Denzer, White Plains NY; Sakowitz. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. **178:** Wool suit also at Mireille, Wayne NJ; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; Romanoff Boutique, Bal Harbour FL; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. **179:** Wool suit, $2,700. Chanel scarf, earrings, and gloves at Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Chicago, Palm Beach FL, Dallas, Beverly Hills. Glasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. See info. page 173. **180:** Suit, $2,500. Also at Sakowitz; Liberty House of Hawaii. Glasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Bloomingdale's. Earrings and gloves, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Shawl, Hermès. Hermès Boutiques, NYC, Boston, Palm Beach FL, Dallas, Chicago, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. **181:** Suit, $2,420. Also at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Chevy Chase MD; I. Magnin. Glasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. See info. above. Earrings and gloves, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. **186:** Real Academia de Bellas Artes de San Fernando, Madrid. **187:** The Prado Museum, Madrid. **188:** Scala/Art Resource, New York. **189:** Madrid, Museo del Palacio Real. **190:** Top: National Gallery of Art, Washington DC. Bottom: Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. 1951 Purchase Fund. **191:** The Trustees of the National Gallery, London. **192:** Hair, James Harris for Audrey Smaltz, Inc.; makeup, Alfonso Grundy for Audrey Smaltz, Inc. **193:** Hair, James Harris for Audrey Smaltz, Inc.; makeup, Alfonso Grundy for Audrey Smaltz, Inc. **207:** Cotton fabric at Landau Woolen Co. Regent Fabrics, NYC; Dress 'n Drape, Strafford PA; Eunice Farmer, St. Louis. Danskin Antron and Lycra pants. For stores, call 1-800-824-0807. Jeans, Levi Strauss & Co., $32. The Gap.

All the white moves

209: Shirt and skirt also at Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Apropos, Orange County and Woodland Hills CA. Shirt at I. Magnin. Rayon and Lycra matte jersey skirt used as belt, Jennifer George, $170. Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; The Gazebo, Dallas; Apropos, Orange County and Woodland Hills CA. Shoes, Hirica. San Francisco Clothing, NYC. **210:** Pants also at Neiman Marcus, Houston; L.S. Ayres; Thalhimers. **211:** Polyester satin T-shirt. Hat also at The Twenty-Four Collection, Boca Raton FL; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ, La Jolla CA. Ted Muehling earrings. Artwear, NYC. **212:** Polyester and Lycra suit also at Swim 'N Sport, Fort Lauderdale and Miami FL; Gantos, Grand Rapids MI. **213:** Dress also at Chanel Boutiques, Palm Beach FL, San Francisco, Honolulu; Dayton's. **214:** Blouse and shorts fabric at Rosen & Chadick, NYC. Earrings, Christian Dior. Shoes, Joan & David. Saks Fifth Avenue; Joan & David, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Man's clothes: Shirt, Calvin Klein Sport for Men; pants, Benetton. **215:** Necklace, Fortunoff, NYC and Westbury NY; Paramus and Wayne NJ. Belt, Jill Stuart. **216:** Polyester satin skirt. Hat, Patricia Underwood. For stores, see page 211. Glasses, Christian Roth for Optical Affairs. Robert Marc Opticians, NYC; Voorthuis Opticians, Washington DC; Eye to Eye Boutique, Laguna CA. Man's sneakers at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Washington DC, Beverly Hills. **217:** Dress, $2,425. Also at Gracie's Mansion, West Orange NJ; Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills; Beaton's, Scottsdale AZ. Belt, Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Dallas, San Francisco, Honolulu. Donna Karan Footwear. Bonwit Teller, NYC, Bal Harbour FL. Giorgio, Roslyn NY, Fort Lee NJ.

Black and white's new look

218: Viscose and elastic knit top. Hat, 59th Street Army & Navy, NYC. Earrings, Scooter. Julee, Julee, Westport CT, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL. **219:** Top also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ, La Jolla CA. Shorts, Isaia, NYC. For stores, see page 220. Hat, Jeanette Kastenberg for St. Martin. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL; Caché; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **220:** Blouse also at Gianni Versace Boutiques, Miami, San Francisco, Honolulu. Cotton and Lycra pants also at Tokyo Collection, Washington DC; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL. **221:** Left: Pants also at Luna, Bal Harbour FL; Max, Denver and Aspen CO. Hat, 59th Street Army & Navy, NYC. Shoes, Armando Pollini Design. Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Holt Renfrew of Canada. **222:** Shirt, $5,600. Also at I. Magnin. **223:** Shirt (sold with skirt, not shown), $5,400. Also at Panache, Millburn NJ; Regine, Los Angeles; Susan, Burlingame and San Francisco CA. Hat also at Vogue Shops and Body Shops of America, Jacksonville FL; Blondies, Marina Del Rey CA. Rings, sculptress Maria Snyder, NYC. **224:** Inset left: Cardigan also at Krizia Boutiques, Bal Harbour FL, Chicago, Houston, Quebec Canada. Shorts also at Lewie Watkins, Little Rock, AR. Inset right: Dress, $3,850. Robe also at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Bal Harbour FL. Luc Benoit bag. Bloomingdale's; Posh, Chicago; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. **225:** Reynolds cotton "Saucy" yarn. Bag, $53. Tehen, NYC; Sophy Curson, Philadelphia. **246:** For Norma Kamali stores, see info. on page 149. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

Vogue Knitting Offer

To order instructions by mail, please send $1 check or money order to: Vogue Knitting Offer, Box 549, Dept. VM, Altoona PA 16603. Offer available only through Vogue. Good until April 1, 1989. Make check (in U.S. dollars only) payable to Butterick Company, Inc. Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

CORRECTION: In the November 1988 issue, the Gianni Versace Fur on page 419 was made by Papillon S.P.A., not Giuliana Teso Furs, as indicated.

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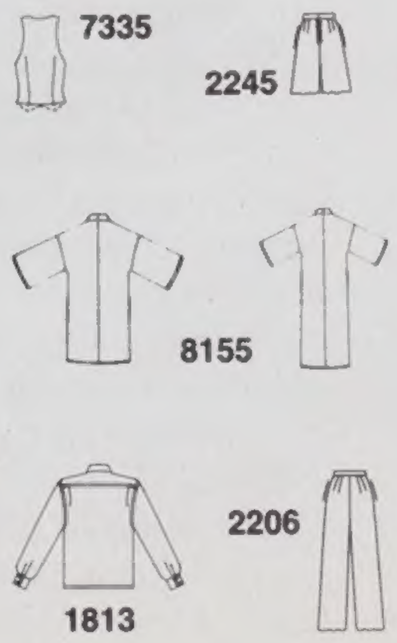
VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardage, details, pages 36, 207, and 214.

Page 36. Vest: Vogue Pattern #7335, View A. Sizes 6-22. Size 10: 1 yard 58-59" fabric. $6.95. Canada, $9.35. **Pants:** Vogue Pattern #2206, View D. Sizes 6-22. Size 10: 3 yards 45" fabric. $7.50. Canada, $10. **Page 207. Kimonos:** Vogue Pattern #8155, View A or B. Sizes XS-XL. Size M: 4 yards 45" fabric. $4.50. Canada, $5.50. Sewing tip: taper sleeves 2" away from seam allowance. **Page 214. Shorts:** Vogue Pattern #2245, View A. Sizes 6-22. Size 10: 2½ yards 45" fabric. $8.95. Canada, $12. Sewing tip: press in pleats. **Blouse:** Vogue Pattern #1813, View A. Sizes 8-24. Size 10: 2⅜ yards 45" fabric. $5.95. Canada, $7.30.



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The new refuse

Trash has become a national obsession and style says JOHN DUKA

I am watching the Sally Jessy Raphael talk show (an activity I recommend to no one). The guest on screen has a TV caption inscribed across her upper regions. "Morganna," it says, "has sixty-inch bust." Now I am watching Club MTV, MTV's dance show. A girl with long stringy blond hair, a cotton bra top, and low-slung pants is dancing with a boy with long stringy blond hair, a cotton bra top, and low-slung pants. Their dancing simulates a characteristically canine kind of lovemaking. I turn to my collection of CDs and find the new one from Prince, for which the royal rocker has been photographed stark naked. I open a magazine and, in a blue jeans ad, see a shirtless male model photographed with his crotch as the center of attention.

I, former hippie, political activist, and ill-mannered lout who did not learn to greet others properly at social gatherings until I was thirty-five, am overwhelmed by the trash of it all. I would like to think I am not alone. I may be.

Trash has become a national obsession. America generates 157.7 million tons of real trash every year. In 1987, Los Angeles produced more trash per capita than any city in the world—six and a half pounds per day—while Calcutta's output was only one pound a day per person, most of whom have nothing to throw away anyhow. Never mind. We are up to our suspenders in trash, and not just the kind they move around with bulldozers. Trash has become a national style.

Born fitfully in the late fifties, trash blossomed into a phenomenon when Andy Warhol, the crown prince of trash, created films that depicted a trashy way of living experienced only by those on the fringe. Film critics applauded. The respectable looked on incredulous, unbelieving, fascinated. Trash became a verb. The young, of which I was then a member, wanted to "trash" traditional values. In England in the mid-seventies, trash became punk, an even trashier expression of anti-establishment feeling.

Strangely, trash reached its peak during the Reagan era. Everyone from midwestern housewives to Wall Street executives became addicted to the *National Enquirer*, the *Star*, and the supermarket tabloid mentality. Trash at the checkout counter!

I, former hippie and ill-mannered lout, am overwhelmed by it all

In fashion photography, Bruce Weber, whose single most important contribution to the American public may be the male armpit, set a new standard for the photography of men in his ads for Calvin Klein. For the first time, men were photographed as objects of desire. Even if the inspiration for many of his photographs is the kitschy muscle magazines of the fifties, Weber changed the way the nation looked at itself, gave Madison Avenue a wealth of fashion ideas, and made a fortune. At another time, his work would have been called pornographic; today, it's just high-class image-making.

But, it was a little Italian-American girl—Madonna—who took trash mainstream. Drawing on one of the street styles of the early eighties, Madonna brought ripped fishnet stockings, high-heeled ankle boots, miniskirts, motorcycle jackets, and sweaty tank tops to the public. It wasn't new, and it had been done in sleeker, more powerful versions by fashion designers way before the intrepid material girl got up the nerve to introduce herself to Barry Diller at one of Diane Von Furstenberg's parties.

Why did Madonna succeed in bringing the New Refuse to the public? Probably because she didn't take it seriously, which may be the key to living with, if not accepting, the trashiness of American culture today. In Madonna's hands, trash jumped, bopped, hopped, and was fun.

As John Waters, the film director who discovered the late Divine and has, himself, gone a long way to make trash fun, says: "Trash isn't deadly anymore. It's just a way of laughing at those things we don't understand and can't control."

Now, I guess I'll be able to look at Huey Lewis's video in which he and his band sing in a huge garbage dump, and laugh. But I don't think so. ▽

HÉLÈNE TRANI

Virginia Slims remembers how the woman of 1902 pulled herself up by the bootstraps.

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